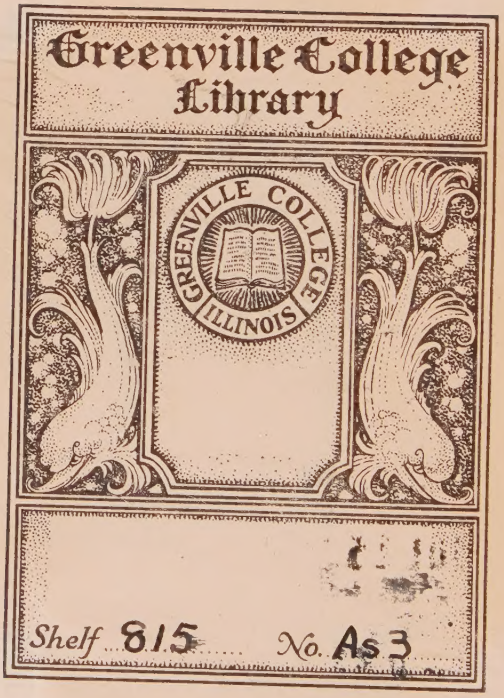
50 ORATIONS THAT HAVE WON PRIZES IN SPEAKING CONTESTS

Winston H. Ashley


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FIFTY ORATIONS
THAT HAVE WON PRIZES IN SPEAKING CONTESTS

Including the orations that have won prizes in the Interstate Oratorical Association and other Intercollegiate Prize Speaking Contests.

COMPILED BY

WINSTON H. ASHLEY

Instructor of Public Speaking
(Crawfordsville, Indiana, High School)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Professor of Public Speaking
(Wabash College)



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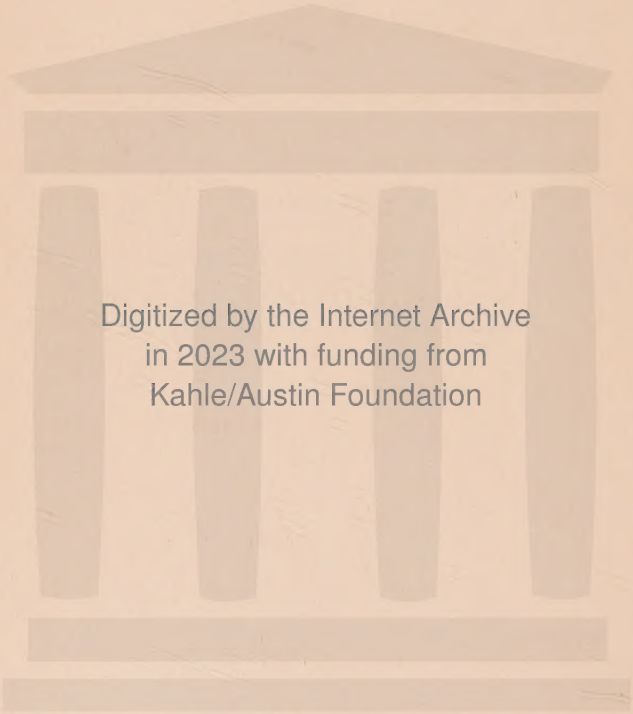
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DEDICATED TO

THE INTERSTATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

The oldest and largest oratorical association in the United States, whose work and leadership in oratory have been a constant and inspiring example to the undergraduate student body of the American college.


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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To the authors of all the Orations used; to Prof. C. C. Crawford of Oak Park High School for permission to use material from his book "Forty Years of Winning Oratory"; to the Interstate Oratorical Association, through its business manager Prof. H. L. Ewbank of the University of Wisconsin, for its cooperation; to Miss Edith Marken of Beloit College, and to Prof. W. N. Brigance, whose advice and counsel were invaluable in making this compilation, I am deeply indebted.

WINSTON H. ASHLEY

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INTRODUCTION

In offering this volume to the public, Mr. Ashley has given us a work both of historical and contemporary value. It is of historical value in that it is complementary to the earlier publication of winning speeches of the Interstate Oratorical Association (1874–1907) and so renders available for the first time all the winning speeches of that famous oratorical association. It is of contemporary value because it puts into one volume a collection of excellent college speeches affording material highly suitable for memorized selections as well as for the study of speech models.

The historical value of the winning speeches of the Interstate Oratorical Association deserves a special consideration, since this association is not only the largest but the oldest in the United States. It dates back to 1873, when on November 4th of that year, according to the historical statement of the association, Representatives of the Adelphi Society of Knox College sent a letter to several colleges proposing an intercollegiate contest in oratory. Favorable replies were received from the Illinois State Industrial University, Monmouth College, Chicago University, Iowa State University, Iowa

College and Beloit College. The first contest was held at Galesburg, Illinois, February 27, 1874. This was probably the first intercollegiate contest in oratory ever held in the United States.

At this first contest it was decided to form the Interstate Oratorical Association which was to operate in connection with state associations as is the case today. At a meeting held in Chicago, June 9, 1874, a permanent organization was formed, including Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Michigan.

Contests have been held every year since 1874. The Association has expanded until it now includes 125 colleges in fifteen states. It would be hard, indeed, to overestimate the influence that this Association has had on public speaking throughout the Middle West.

An investigation of the winners of this contest found in Who's Who in America was made by Professor H. L. Ewbank of Albion College in 1924, and a supplementary investigation was made by myself in 1927. These investigations covered the years 1874–1907, since men who had been out of college less than twenty years could hardly be expected to have attained this distinction. During this period there were thirty-four annual contests which, considering winners of first and second places, gives us sixty-eight orators. Of this number, twenty-four—more than one-third, have been listed in Who's Who in America.

They include one Governor, two United States Congressmen, two United States Senators, three clergymen including one bishop, three lawyers, three authors (including Senator Beveridge who was both an author and senator), and eleven educators of which one was a dean, four were professors, and six were college presidents. The detailed list is as follows:

1. Olin Alfred Curtis, deceased; one-time professor in Drew Theological Seminary; second place in 1876 representing Lawrence College.

2. S. Frank Prouty, Congressman, address, Des Moines, Iowa; second place in 1877 representing Central University of Iowa.

3. E. A. Bancroft, lawyer; general counsel International Harvester Company; first place in 1878 representing Knox College.

4. Robert M. LaFollette, deceased; United States Senator from Wisconsin; first place in 1879 representing the University of Wisconsin.

5. Richard Yates, ex-governor; governor of Illinois 1901-5; address, Springfield, Ill.; second place in 1880 representing Illinois College.

6. Charles F. Coffin, lawyer and life insurance official; address, Indianapolis, Ind.; first place in 1881 representing DePauw University.

7. Charles T. Wyckoff, educator; Professor of History, Bradley Tech., Peoria, Ill. First place in 1884 representing Knox College.

8. George L. Mackintosh, educator; President of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.; second place in 1884 representing Wabash College.

9. Albert J. Beveridge, deceased; United States Senator

from Indiana; author; first place in 1885 representing DePauw University.

10. H. H. Russell, clergyman and reformer; address, Westerville, Ohio; second place in 1886 representing Oberlin College.

11. John H. Finley, educator, editor; President, College City of New York, 1903–13; President University State of New York, 1913–21; Associate editor New York Times; first place in 1887 representing Knox College.

12. Henry Morrow Hyde, author; address Simeon, Albemarle Co., Va.; second place in 1888 representing Beloit College.

13. Edwin Holt Hughes, bishop; Bishop in Methodist Episcopal Church; first place in 1889 representing Ohio Wesleyan University.

14. J. A. Blaisdell, educator; President, Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.; second place in 1889 representing Beloit College.

15. S. W. Naylor, educator; Dean, Lawrence College; first place in 1890 representing Washburn College.

16. F. A. Fetter, educator; Professor of Economics, Cornell University; first place in 1891 representing Indiana University.

17. Guy Everett Maxwell, educator; President, Winona State Normal, Winona, Minn.; second place in 1891 representing Hamline University.

18. Mrs. E. Jean Nelson Penfield, lawyer and parliamentarian; address, 34 Pine Street, New York City; first place in 1892 representing De Pauw University.

19. C. F. Wishart, educator; President, Wooster College; first place in 1894 representing Monmouth College.

20. Otto A. Harbach, author playwright "High Jinks," "Madame Sherry," "No! No! Nanette," and 40 others; first place in 1895 representing Knox College.

21. Perl D. Decker, Congressman; U. S. Congressman

from 15th Missouri district; first place in 1897 representing Park College.

22. Oscar Edward Maurer, clergyman; Pastor Central Church, New Haven, Conn.; first place in 1902 representing Beloit College.

23. Washington I. Maurer, educator; President, Beloit College; first place in 1903 representing Beloit College.

24. Walter L. Ferris, educator; formerly of Yale University; first place in 1904 representing Beloit College.

Twenty years hence the names of the winners found in this volume will afford interesting material for an additional study.

Perhaps a few words ought to be added concerning the use of these speeches for memorized selections. The day of declamatory contests is still with us and it gives fruitful promise of long residence. Properly executed, it possesses a distinct training value in speaking, but improperly done it sinks to that level which Lincoln had in mind when he said that the traditional orator of his day "threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the rest to God." Now some of us who have long served as judges of declamatory contests would find relief in the assurance that never again would we be forced to hear Sparticus tongue-lash his fellow gladiators in this the twentieth century A.D., or that we should never again be called upon to stand judge at the bedside of Benedict Arnold. Even Grady's excellent "New South" loses flavor when its average is two renditions per contest, as now seems the rule.

Many teachers and students in high school are tired of these timeworn selections but complain rightfully that it is almost impossible to get suitable new selections. For the past five years, dozens of them have applied to me for fresh selections suitable for their use, and I have supplied them with such individual copies of the Interstate Oratorical speeches as I had in my possession, until now they are in constant use throughout the surrounding communities. This compilation of Mr. Ashley's, containing all the winning speeches of the Interstate Oratorical Association, for the past twenty years, together with a large number of other similar speeches, will make available to all prospective declamatory contestants the most comprehensive material that, to my knowledge, is contained in any single volume.

WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

How to Abridge an Oration

By William Norwood Brigance

Since these Orations are approximately seventeen minutes in delivery (varying from fifteen to twenty minutes according to the individual speech rate of the speaker), a certain amount of cutting will be required to make each fit the desired time limit. But this is an easy task and can be done by either teacher or student, to fit the needs of the individual speaker and of the individual contest, far better than by any professional compiler of declamatory selections.

Every Oration has a proposition, stated or implied, which the speaker wishes his hearers to accept. In support of this proposition there are several main topics or heads—usually two, three or four, although there is no magic to these numbers. Now the student who desires a selection shorter than the whole Oration, may choose one of two of these main topics and omit the others. If the main topics he selects are not well joined after the other parts of the Orations are cut out, then a new transition may be written in, so that the Oration flows smoothly from one part to another. If the speaker

chooses to use only the latter part of the Oration, omitting the first part, then he will probably find it necessary to compose a few words of explanation that will lead the hearer to an understanding of the selection.

"Some seem horrified by such tampering with printed words," says Professor James A. Winans in his book on Public Speaking "but . . . most students have too much awe of books. It is really excellent training in speech writing to make a good selection, cutting out here, remodelling there, and producing a clear, unified, strong Oration. It is rarely that we find a selection of just the right length without some cutting."

FIFTY ORATIONS THAT HAVE WON PRIZES

The Meaning of Americanism.

WILLIAM VERHAGE.

Awarded first prize in the Wisconsin State Oratorical Contest.

THE common catchword of our citizens today is Americanism. But words are oft deceiving. They become mere threadbare tags, devoid of definite thought. They are carelessly mouthed by the crowd, misused by the sensational press, and debased to selfish ends by smooth-tongued politicians. Such is now the tragic fate of that noble word, Americanism. Misunderstood, misinterpreted, misapplied, it is in danger of losing all meaning, and with it all that is finest in our American life and history.

What, then, is the essence of Americanism at its best, in past and present, in pilgrim and pioneer, at home and across the sea?

Three centuries ago a little band of pilgrims forsook the autocracies of Europe forever. They

braved uncharted seas in their frail craft in search of a new home of freedom. They faced the dangers of the frontier and reared their homes amid the towering pines. These were true progressive spirits; impelled by a divine discontent; courageous seekers for a larger human welfare; passionate believers in the dignity of man. These were the fathers of Americanism.

Just seventeen years later, another band of pilgrims sought our shores, among whose names stands out one, Samuel Lincoln. Urged on by the spirit of the pioneer, his descendants pushed ever westward, to Pennsylvania, to Virginia, to Kentucky. There on the frontier of American civilization, in 1809, was born the great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, who reigns preëminent in the heart of America and of the world, as the author of a new freedom.

"For him her old world molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

* * * * *

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Would you know the essence of Americanism? You can find it in the faith and courage of those Plymouth Pilgrims who staked their all for a more

abundant life. You can find it in that splendid incarnation of the spirit of the Pilgrim, broadened, sweetened, and enfranchised by the spirit of the West. Paramount in the purpose of the pilgrim, deep in the heart of the first American, was the ideal of human freedom,—freedom to work and to worship, freedom for every man to live, to grow, to rise to his best. This is the goal toward which all human struggle tends. More than the meaning of Americanism, it is the very heart of genuine democracy the world over.

But this freedom is not to be defined in terms of license. License is the anarchy of the jungle. License spells social chaos; freedom spells social order; license is destructive; freedom is constructive; license is concerned with privileges for self; freedom is concerned with the rights of others. License is the law of primitive man. Every step from barbarism to civilization is marked by the decline of license and the growth of freedom. Every advance from primitive simplicity has meant an increasing limitation upon license to do as we please. But every loss of license has been a gain for freedom. Every individual privilege lost, has opened a richer, fuller, nobler, life for the entire commonwealth. Individual license hinders another's freedom but individual welfare is prospered by the welfare of the group. Freedom, unlike license, means the highest welfare for all, in domestic and world relations, whether racial, indus-

trial or religious. And this is the freedom that truly expresses the meaning of Americanism.

It is our selfish interpretation of this word Americanism that is hampering our advance to the largest social and individual well-being and withholding us from taking our due part in world affairs. During the past few years our country has been swept by a wave of intolerance. The spirit of the Man of Galilee, expressed in the freedom of true Americanism is being lost by Fundamentalists and Modernists alike. Doctrinaire reformers on every hand attempt to force their patent cure-alls upon a long-suffering public by the simple method of legislation. We are badly afflicted by a superiority complex born of a naïve ancestor worship. Our state legislatures pass laws to protect the halos of the fathers and save the patriotism of the youth. The Nordic myth has gripped the Main-street-mind of self-styled pure Americans. Dictatorial organizations, intolerant in their cock-sure dogmatism, with the flag as their idol, and the Constitution as their Bible, tell the world that they are 100 per cent Americans, and in their self-righteousness, they demand that every citizen be just such as they are.

This attitude of superiority and intolerance is all too well expressed in our present methods of Americanism. To the freedom-loving immigrant, who seeks our shores, such an attitude is suggestive of the Prussianization or Russification from which he

fied. Must all the rich, historic distinctions, in race and religion, in art and culture, be crushed out, and the whole reduced to a colorless uniformity? Such methods produce results opposite to those which we seek. They stimulate race consciousness, and create antipathy to American ideals and institutions. They are fruitful of factions and of that spirit of license and lawlessness which threatens the disintegration of American society today.

This is a primary cause for the superficial slogan of personal liberty among our foreign-born citizens. Disheartened and disgusted by our coercive attitude they resort to this anarchic plea. Personal liberty, it is the sordid cry of every selfish interest; liberty to corrupt; liberty to destroy; liberty to prey upon the passions of the weak; liberty, in defiance of law and constitution, to put the selfish interests first; liberty to place alleged rights before social duties, money before manhood, profits before human life. This is the naked meaning of that specious plea when reduced to its lowest terms. It is the very antithesis of genuine freedom and true Americanism.

This personal liberty slogan is also dominant in big business and industry. The all-winter deadlock of the anthracite operators and miners is a notorious example. Each was selfishly blind to the interests and rights of the other. Neither could see the advantage of cooperation for the welfare of both. Together they utterly ignored public well-

being, and said in effect, by their intolerant attitude,—"the public be damned." But in the spirit of Americanism, business should be devoted to public welfare. Not alone the physician, the teacher, or the minister should serve mankind, but, in the language of Ruskin, "even the merchant shall be, like the captain of the ship, the last to go down in case of disaster."

These false interpretations of Americanism on the part of Americanizers, immigrants, laborers, capitalists, are totally devoid of the spirit of true Americanism. Noble words should not be made to conceal selfish ends or to justify coercive laws. Our attitudes must not antagonize the immigrant or make him rebellious. Americanism should mean freedom to live, to grow, to rise to the fullness of our manhood. It demands that we place social duties before selfish rights, service before acquisition, and give every man an opportunity to rise to his best.

The same fundamental principle of Americanism should determine our policy in world affairs. That same American freedom should equally represent our attitude in international relations. But, since the rejection of the League of Nations, our country has had no constructive foreign policy. We have played the rôle of destructive critic, Pharisee, exacting creditor. Our attitude has been expressive of counterfeit Americanism, reactionary, provincial, intolerant. Even the mild proposal for

the cooperation of America in the World Court conjured up before the minds of the bitter-enders all the bogies of the most childish fancy. But at last, America turned a deaf ear to that narrow and selfish nationalism and voted to join the nations in this great venture. At last, America has shown some indication of applying true Americanism to the problems of human welfare. We have begun to appreciate our international dependence.

The age calls for a changed national psychology. The modern means of intercommunication and transportation have literally brought the ends of the earth together and made the nations one. Human society has grown enormously complex. Its races have become inextricably mingled. Its pressing economic needs cannot possibly be met except by international reciprocity and cooperation. The old national cut-throat competition for monopoly of world trade and resources cannot continue with impunity. The very future of American civilization demands that we should accept our share of the responsibility for saving others, if we should save ourselves. Europe's interests are our interests; they are all world interests; the world's problems are our problems; the earth's prosperity is our prosperity; another World War will inevitably be our war.

The present situation in Europe invites the application of true Americanism to the problem of peace. Locarno sends a clarion call to America,

"Arise from your negative dalliance, step forth into the midst of world councils, and accept your full share of responsibility for human welfare." The treaties of Locarno have established an entirely new basis for European collaboration. In the past we dealt to our advantage with each nation individually. Today, the solidarity of western Europe expressed in Locarno has changed this. We must now frankly cooperate or be left in isolation to face a united Europe alone. We must be willing to pay the price of cooperation or we shall suffer the penalty for our selfish nationalism. Just as every advance of society has meant increasing limitation of individual rights, so international advance must mean limitation of national rights. But just as every loss of license has been a gain of freedom for the individual, so will it be for the nation. Our principle of Americanism must mean to us not only opportunity for America to rise to her best, but opportunity for every nation to rise to its best. Henceforth, the only Americanism worthy of the name, is that which defines its freedom in world terms.

Americanism then, is more than a mere word to be mouthed by thoughtless masses and profaned by self-seeking politicians. It is a word made rich and sacred by the aspirations, the struggles, and the sacrifice of the pilgrim and the pioneer. It stands immortally incarnated in our sun-crowned hero, Abraham Lincoln, whose great heart beat in sym-

pathy with the heart-throb of the world, who belongs not only to America but to the ages. It is consecrated by the age-long struggle for human freedom, of which ours is but the shortest chapter. It is beautifully symbolized in our flag, the meaning of whose glorious stars and crimson bars, is neither selfish license nor the provincial nationalism of "America first," but rather that self-giving spirit of human freedom, defined in terms of obligation as well as privilege, whose noble watch-word is, "Above all nations is humanity."

Living Democracy.

ALBERT KISSLING.

Awarded first prize in the Missouri State Oratorical Contest.

HUMAN beings must dwell on the earth together. They can live in constant strife springing at one anothers' throats, or they can live together in mutual accord and helpfulness. Man has long dreamed and seen visions of an harmonious state. He has named his brightest dream, Democracy. It is the peculiar purpose of democratic government not merely to regulate men's relations with one another preventing strife and bloodshed, but to inculcate and develop within the breast of every man the principles of freedom, equality, and jus-

tice; so that men no longer will seek to cripple and destroy each other, but will rather dwell together in peace and unity.

Of ancient peoples, the Athenians approached more nearly to the democratic ideal in government. But they fell short, for they offered no opportunity of self-expression to the masses within their borders. For Grecian authentic aristocracy could conceive of no state in which slaves could have a voice. It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that common humanity began to give effective expression to the democratic ideal.

This expression was founded upon the principle that all men are created free and equal, and that each individual shall possess equal rights to liberty and happiness. None shall come into rulership by privilege; the ruler shall come as a servant at the call of the sovereign people.

It is not surprising that this new form of government sprang into being in the New World where new conditions had to be met; where great trackless forests and vast expanses of territory challenged to the utmost the power and skill of the pioneer. Class distinctions were broken down as men united to conquer the vast unknown. Seven years of war helped to break down the wall between aristocrat and plain man; a new spirit of democracy permeated the new land of America. Freed from false traditions, men of rank found that beneath the homespun shirt of the pioneer there beat the heart

of a fellow-man equal in right with the highest born citizen of the land. It had been 1800 years since the Saviour of the world had set forth the true rule of living—that as we would have others do unto us, so also should we do unto others. And now at last a government had come into being which aimed to fulfill this golden rule of life. It proposed to give to all men liberty and equality before the law. This form of government by the whole people, gave promise of securing the two main objects of all governments, Justice and Happiness—"Justice because no man or class or group would be strong enough to wrong the others, Happiness because each man judging best what is for his own good would have every chance of pursuing it." How well has this government succeeded in accomplishing its purposes?

A cursory glance at our nation would indicate that democratic government has been successful. For, have we not grown from a group of weak wrangling states into a strong cooperating commonwealth? Have we not stood forth as the champion of the ideal of democracy? But let us examine our government at closer range and see in our political organization itself whether or not we have carried through the ideas of democracy.

Flaws at once make their appearance and dangers lurk in city, state, and national politics, dangers fraught with serious consequences. Our city governments are marred by vice and corruption as the

result of "Boss rule." In the sale of franchises, jobbing of contracts, and actual thefts from city treasuries we see only a part of the weakness. Offices are bought and sold, votes are traded for favors, and entire elections are won by the proper manipulation of political strings. Those in touch with the political machine can often predict the result of an election. And why not? Are not all the henchmen lined up? Each alderman, each ward boss, each precinct captain has been swung into line. Votes are purchased, ballot boxes are stuffed and weak citizens misled or intimidated by threat, till the last possibility of defeat is removed. How successful it has been is shown by its power in our great cities. New York has long been under the sway of Tammany Hall, Chicago has her political machine which time after time succeeded in returning the same corrupt mayor. Philadelphia in 1884 destroyed the power of the corrupt "Gas Ring" which had strangled the city's life, only to succumb again to "boss" control when the reformers ceased their vigilance.

And these party machines do not stop at local governments but extend to our state and national legislative halls, where lobbying and log-rolling have come to be accepted as the natural thing. State governments have been throttled by corrupt rings; selfish corporations have bought entire state legislatures. The late John Wanamaker, former Postmaster General, said that it was a disgrace to

sit within the halls of the Pennsylvania state legislature. Are our state politics so corrupt that many good and efficient men refuse to take office, too ready to abandon their country's welfare to the forces of evil?

Nor is our national life free from dishonesty and corruption. The influence of the money power has too often been the determining factor in national politics, and the interest a source of wonder that many constructive measures are defeated. Necessary laws are neglected, selfish measures are rushed through, while great national crises are met in the spirit of mean and petty politics. And has our Democracy come to this? Has Justice been displaced by Greed and is Happiness to be driven forth by bitter Hate and Strife?

What are the causes of such conditions? The heart of the difficulty is that a democratic people is not practicing its democracy. The very strength of our democracy has proved an element of its weakness. The great mass of people knowing that they have the right of participation in government cease from all participation in it. This gives to the unscrupulous and scheming politician the very opportunity he desires. How true are the words of Jefferson, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We have failed of being vigilant and as a result have sacrificed much of our liberty to the corrupt politician. The ignorant are the blind tools of the selfish; they offer to the unscrupulous leader the

opportunity he desires to gain voting power. Here indeed is a dangerous group, ready material for the corrupt political machine. Greed has exploited ignorance, the selfish rest secure in their control of the illiterate, while indifference blinds intelligent citizens to the danger.

The man of sound judgment and upright life will not trouble to cast his ballot. He is too engrossed with his private business to give heed to the common weal. Little wonder then that our political ship draws perilously near to treacherous shoals, while our best seamen are content to loll at ease on the sunny deck. Democracy distributes her bounties, but exacts her rightful duties. In his failure to assume these duties the citizen destroys the possibility of the full development of our democracy. Politics cannot be made pure by Pharisaical aloofness. Democracy demands intelligent men ready and willing to fulfill their duty to the commonwealth.

> "Our mighty bark with masts that rake the stars,
> Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed,
> An idle crew, or with wild mates caroused,
> Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars."

But shall we say that the dream of Democracy has failed? Shall we allow apathy and indifference to block our way, or shall we arise from the slumber of indifference and face our plain duty as citizens? The flaws we have seen are not irre-

mediable. The tide of political corruption can be stemmed. But it will never be stemmed if we remain indolent, self-centered and careless. We need not less politics, but more good politics. The politician must be shown that he is the chosen agent and servant of the people; that he must not betray his public trust for private gain; that he must not spend his master's means in riotious living; that he is not to turn the people's temple into a den of thieves. The time has arrived when the just wrath of our citizens must assert itself in the cause of righteousness and purity.

The nation cries for men; men of clean hands and pure hearts, imbued with the spirit of democracy; men with convictions and the courage to assert them; men who will not flinch in the face of duty, but with fearless devotion to the ideals of our democracy will hurl themselves into the forefront of the battle and lead the forces of law and justice to victory. Indeed, too long have we decried our evil conditions without endeavoring to better them. This is no time for the citizen to lounge at his ease, reviling the politicians while he himself is too indifferent and lazy even to go and cast his ballot. If it be despicable for the craven to deliver his vote for a cigar or at the frown of a political henchman, what shall we say of him who refuses to vote at all?

The dream of democracy will be realized when, and only when, a devoted and intelligent citizenship

shall be led by men of vision permeated by loyalty to her ideals. Then with the coming of living democracy shall the temple of the people's rights be made clean.

Democracies, of all governments, require common intelligence. Its leadership is changing constantly, so that it requires a large number of intelligent men, ready at an instant to answer to the call of duty. Of what vital importance is it then that our educational system be unimpaired. Pressure must be brought on legislators that proper financial support be given our institutions of learning. And as our youth are educated to be intelligent, vigorous, alert, and just in politics of the day, they will furnish to us the fountain from which we shall draw forth leadership of vision and power. Our leadership has too long been moved by petty partisanship and by low vision. The hour has come when we must have leaders with a national outlook, unimpaired by allegiance to partisan selfishness; leaders like Patrick Henry, who, when he heard of Concord and Lexington, sent these words to Massachusetts, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." And so at this hour we need leaders who are not Republicans, who are not Democrats, but who are Americans. For the production of such leaders we must look to the common people of America.

For, it is the people of our land, intelligent or indifferent, good or bad, who are the fountain from which the waters of our national life spring. This

fountain of living waters must be kept clean, and pure, and free,—a task which we must recognize as an individual one; a task from which cupidity must not deter us; a task which will require consecration to the ideal of democracy. And as we respond to this challenge shall we not see the Palladium of the American ideal—the goddess of the just eye, the pure heart, and the equal hand, standing as stood the image of Athene above the upper streams of Simois:

> It stood, and sun and moon rained their light,
> Upon the pure columns of the glen-built hall,
> Backward and forward rolled the waves of fight
> Round Troy—but while this stood Troy could not fall.

The Challenge to America.

PAUL A. WOLFE.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE entrance of America into the European War was a remarkable and significant event in world history. For three years we had striven to be neutral spectators of a struggle whose issues became more and more clearly defined. We were loath to take up arms. It was not until treaties deliberately broken, international law ignored,

Hague conventions violated, and the common rights of humanity disregarded, presented incontrovertible proof of the nature of the conflict, that America felt herself to be a necessary party to it. We saw absolutism arrayed against democracy, brute force against reason, paganism against Christianity, with the destiny of civilization in the balance. We saw in the existence of autocratic governments a perpetual menace to peace and freedom. We cherished no desire for territorial aggrandizement, for conquest, or for booty. Traditionally committed to policies of peace, we took up the gage of battle with the natural foe of liberty, and pledged our strength to make the world safe for democracy.

The War is a conflict of principles. It is not simply a War between Germany and the Allies. It is a War between despotism and liberty. Germany, in all her habits of life and thought, is hostile to the ideals of democracy. She has enthroned brute force, exalted the desire for powers, and violated the accepted principles of humanity. To her the question of right is an affair of rulers. "Take what you can. You are never wrong unless you are forced to give back." With her egoistic philosopher, Nietzsche, she says, "All that increases the feeling of power is good. All that comes from weakness is bad. Active sympathy for the weak is more dangerous than crime." Her emperor openly delights in absolute authority. "There is but one master in this country," says he. "It is I, and

I will bear no other." The nation says, in the words of one of her professors, "England and France are inferior peoples, who must become hewers of wood and drawers of water. If unable to perform this humbler task, they must perish." Because she has accepted these ideals, Germany has thrust the principles of freedom and enlightenment into the darkness of a modern feudalism.

This philosophy has been voiced by the teachings of her universities, the preaching of her pulpits, and the declarations of her militarists. In pursuance of the spirit thus engendered, Germany has annexed Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine; she has reduced to vassalage Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria; she has joined hands with the "unspeakable Turk" even in the Armenian massacres; her abominable system of espionage has been extended world wide; her ambassadors have treacherously undermined friendly governments whose hospitality they enjoyed. For more than a generation Germany has been an armed camp. Huge stores of ammunition have been accumulated whose only purpose was foreign conquest. One arm of the octopus has stretched across Turkey and Persia to India; another has crossed the continent of Africa; another South America; and even North America has felt the clutches of German intrigue. The whole world is under the shadow of the "mailed fist."

Because of this menace, Germany must be over-

thrown on the field of battle. Her militarism, her ruthless barbarism, her contempt for peace, and her autocratic system must be destroyed. The ideals of democracy must triumph over the sinister influences of pagan imperialism. We have but one aim in the War: to do away with the despotism which dominates Germany. Thus shall we remove the barriers to a larger human brotherhood.

The defeat of German autocracy, however, is not an end in itself. The realization of our ideal is not to be found in victory alone. The War must end with a conquered Germany. What then? Europe will be war-weary; her population decimated; her industries paralyzed; her political condition chaotic. A century ago at the close of the Napoleonic wars a similar condition existed. After twenty-three years of strife, Europe was at peace. The representative of military despotism had been banished to the isle of Elba. It seemed as though unlicensed ambition had been overthrown. Here was the opportunity to perpetuate the blessings of peace. But the Congress of Vienna failed to interpret the issues of the war between Napoleon and the Allied powers in the light of progress. That Congress became the avowed enemy of freedom and enlightenment. Dominated by the reactionary Metternich, the greedy King William of Prussia, the romantic Czar Alexander, and the conservative Lord Castlereagh, the Congress completely disregarded the principle of nationality and

crushed the only chance of the small states of Europe to gain even a semblance of Liberty.

And when the armies of Europe have battled to exhaustion and the present conflict is ended, the world powers will again meet to take up the task of reconstruction. Again the world will struggle between reaction and progress. But there must be no Metternich, no Czar, no Hohenzollern, in the coming peace congress. The boundaries of the new Europe must be settled by representatives of popular government. The principles which will actuate these leaders in determining the interests of nations, have already been made clear in the statement of the war aims of the Allies. Of this we may be sure: no conservation of princely dignities, no preservation of dynasties, no grasping after territory, will be permitted to obscure the rights of the people of Europe to self-government.

Nevertheless, at the close of the European War, the crisis will be tremendous. The problem of self-government for recreated Europe is fraught with grave possibilities. Even now Russia, suddenly made free from absolutism, is delirious in her new-found freedom, incapable of governing herself. Her industries, her finance, her social life, are all disintegrating under the uncontrolled license of anarchy. Austria-Hungary is menaced by the imminent danger of internal revolution. The great Moslem Empire, crumbling beneath the excesses of the Young Turks, is tottering to its fall. Bulgaria

is the newest pawn in the hands of the Hohenzollerns. The other sadly wrecked nations of the Balkan peninsula have never found the true opportunity of self-determining states. Our duty to these peoples is clear. As the most powerful of the world republics, our task will be to guide and support, to insure and establish the liberties of the weaker nations. America must learn a lesson from the failure of the Congress at Vienna. While we are using all our strength to create a military machine our minds must not become infected by militarism. The "glittering armor, the stirring music, and the brilliant charge," must not dominate our thought. The ideals and aims with which we have entered the war must never become tarnished by one act of selfishness or aggression; but rather, purged and classified by the self-sacrifice of the struggle, may they emerge, panoplied in justice, radiant and resplendent against the deep-rooted passions of greed and hatred, highly endowed to lead our own nation and the world into the grander day of free civilization.

The spirit of democracy is in the air. China has but recently thrown off the dynastic yoke of centuries. In England and in France the conservative aristocracy has become silent and the people speak through a Lloyd George or a Clemenceau. Russia, though mired deep in superstition and ignorance, gives promise of better times. The voice of peoples above the selfish desires of tyrants

and despots is heard today as it never was heard before. The carnage of Europe has thrown the world into a fresh perspective, completely dominated by the ideal of international democracy. The vision which we now see is a world gripped by the ideals of democracy; a world in which the power of autocracy has been crushed and peoples have become the sole arbiters of their destinies; a world in which all states are controlled by the principles of democracy. In the words of President Wilson, "We fight for the ultimate peace of the world; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their own way of life and obedience."

This is the goal toward which the world is moving. Universal democracy must guide the work of permanent restoration after the cataclysm of war is past. Upon this mighty force rests the ultimate hope of progress. Only upon the principles of self-government can there be based international agreements to guarantee co-operation. The realization of world democracy will usher in the day of permanent peace. In that day when privileged classes are no longer able to foment international strife for individual ends, when the idols of despotism have been broken, when all peoples are blessed with liberty and justice, in that day shall war no longer devastate our fields or lay waste our civilization; the temple of Janus shall be forever closed; the voice of Mars shall be forgotten; international

righteousness shall dominate the world, and "the kindly earth shall slumber, rapt in universal law."

The future of democracy for mankind is dependent upon America. Toward this favored land are turned eyes that wistfully watch for the fulfillment of America's declaration of international righteousness. When we consider that our nation has ever fostered and promoted the principles of freedom, and is now commanding the confidence of the foremost nations of the world by her unselfish devotion to these principles, and her effective application of them in the present struggle, we are filled with hope that America is destined to lead the world into the new day of human liberty. We are awaking to our national responsibility. The farmer is leaving his plow, the student his books, the mechanic his lathe, and the minister his pulpit, that they may contribute to the emancipation of humanity. But for the full realization of our hope, our ideal must become the active motive of our whole national existence; our national animosities must be forgotten; our loyalty to the larger human brotherhood must transcend our national patriotism; our fortunes and our lives must be completely dedicated to the liberation of human life. This is our duty and our privilege: to be true to the principles of liberty, justice, and equality for all mankind; to live in the light of the highest hopes of humanity; to give to the world the reality of democracy and peace.

Recall the incident of General Pershing at the

tomb of Lafayette. When, as the leader of the American Forces, he placed a wreath on the tomb of the great patriot, his simple words while he stood at attention were, "Lafayette, we are here." Our debt to France, our debt to the cause of freedom, our high resolve, our glorious devotion, were compressed into those three words. We are here, obedient to the call of the oppressed. We are here, exemplifying before enslaved peoples the reality of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. We are here, in the enjoyment of an incomparable privilege, in the discharge of a lofty obligation. We are here, the end before us, nations set free, despotism forever abolished, Christian civilization reestablished, human brotherhood cemented throughout the world. The call has come. The soul of a people makes unanimous response "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among all nations."

The College Man's Creed.

HAROLD D. SHAFT.

Awarded first prize in the North Dakota State Oratorical Contest.

THIS is the creed of the college man:

I believe in the Creator of the Universe, the maker of all things perfect—I believe in God.

I believe in the greatest handiwork of God, the one

of all His creations made in His own image—I believe in Man.

I believe in the noblest and best of the attributes of Man—I believe in Gentlemanliness.

These three tenets do I hold forth to you—you who see in me, the College Man, a power for good; you who see in me a mere harmless personality; and you who see in me a baneful thing. To you who see in me something of merit, I set forth my creed that you may feel justified in your belief in me; to you who see in me neither harm nor good, that you may see a little more of the purpose in my existence; and to you who see in me an evil influence, that you may come to see that I am right at heart, that you may see, in the end, that I, the College Man, am a positive power for good in the world.

Of late much has been said of the College Man—his morals, his standards, and his value to the world. And because much of this has been derogatory, it is my purpose to present the creed of the College Man, that you may know what is going on in the hearts of the men in your colleges and universities.

I believe in God. I believe in God, because my reason tells me there must be a God. I have found in my studies that there is a limit to all knowledge. There is, in each and every study, that line which can not be passed. The sciences, the histories,—everything I study can teach me much, but there

is ever that border beyond which they cannot pass: the dividing line between the finite and the infinite —and beyond that line is God, the Master of it all; God who made the suns and the moons and the stars and set them all swinging in their eternal harmony.

I believe in God because my heart, my soul, tells me there must be a God. Pleasure there is, and pain; gold there is, and dross; beauty there is, and ugliness. And it is not these that make life worth the living. Do we cherish life for its pleasures, its beauties, its gold? What is pleasure, but a fleeting phantom? What is gold, but a means of buying transitory pleasures? What is beauty? The rose blooms, and droops. The purpose of Life is found, not in these, but in something deeper, broader, holier. It is that something which makes of men more than mortals. It is that something which puts the laughter in the heart of a child, puts the light in the eyes of a mother, brings peace to a restless soul, and gives to man the only true happiness: the knowledge of a life well-lived. And that sometimes is God, the God of our Fathers.

You say the College Man is Godless? You do not know! Perhaps I do not shout my godliness from the housetops. Perhaps I am a trifle impatient with religious orthodoxy. Perhaps I am irregular in my attendance at church. Perhaps I do seldom wear a long face. By these things do you judge me! And if you continue to judge by

them alone, then must I, in your eyes, continue to be Godless. But look you into my heart! And there—in the heart of the College Man—you will find God!

Yes, I believe in God, because my mind and my soul tell me that omnipresent here on earth there is a God, the Governor of all natural laws, the Master of the souls and the hearts of men.

I believe in Man. When I matriculated in college I looked at the men about me with suspicious eyes, and classified them as rich, or poor; grinds, or flunkers; popular or unpopular. But it did not take long for me to discover that I must erase my lines of distinction. I found the grinds helping the flunkers; I found no man so popular as not to have his faults known, and none so unpopular as to have no friends; and I found the rich and the poor closely bound together in the spirit of good-fellowship. I found that no matter how rich or poor, how popular or unpopular, how well or poorly endowed mentally—"a man's a man for a' that!" I found my lines of distinction all wrong. In my life at the university I found it so necessary to be associated with all types of men, that I came to know them. And as I learned to know them, I was surprised to find, that, deep in their hearts, they were all very much like me! Somewhere I once read:

> "If I knew you, and you knew me
> How much better friends we'd be!"

And in university life, how true I have found that little couplet.

You say I am a cynic, suspicious, distrustful of my fellow-man. I say that nowhere in the world will you find men so desirous of imputing good motives to questionable deeds of others as in your colleges. I say to you that nowhere will you find men so quick to forget a grievance, so quick to forgive a wrong. No, I am not a cynic; I know that I *can* trust, and I *do* trust, my fellow-man.

And what does it mean to believe in Man? It means to me the enduring joy of many friendships. It means to mankind Peace on Earth—Good Will! If only everyone in the world believed in everyone else in the world, small need there were for armies and navies and Leagues of Nations and Disarmament Conferences! Disbelief in man breeds all that is troubles in the world! belief in man builds up that understanding which enables man to fulfill the commandment: "Love one another."

I believe in man, because without belief in man I cannot comprehend belief in God. I believe in man because I have found that no matter what a man may appear externally, deep down in his heart there burns a spark of the Divine; and no matter how he may seem from the outside, once you learn to know him, it is more than possible that

> "Despite his dirty 'ide,
> He's white, clean white, inside!"

I believe in Gentlemanliness. I believe the true gentleman is a composite of the two qualities which the word connotes: he is both gentle and manly. I believe in gentle manliness. That the college man believes in manliness cannot be denied. The memory of the countless thousands of college men in khaki but three years ago brooks no such denial. The quality of manliness is impressed upon the student as soon as he enters the college gates. The clean athlete, the good loser, the quick defender of honor, the man of convictions—these are the heroes of your college man. With him, good sportsmanship is almost a religion. More to be dreaded than the yellow fever, is the yellow streak! The very air is surcharged with a something which in even the newest freshman the desire to throw back his shoulders and say, "Here stands a *man*!"

In the college atmosphere manliness comes quickly; gentleness comes more slowly, but it comes! Gentleness of voice; gentleness of demeanor, gentleness of spirit slowly and unconsciously envelop him like an invisible cloak. A gentle respect for womankind, a gentle tolerance of human fallibility, a gentle respect for the opinions of others, a gentle sympathy infuse his spirit. Slowly he learns the value of gentleness, until your college man who has been responsive to the best influences about him approaches the ideal of Cardinal Newman: "A gentleman is one who never gives pain."

I believe in Gentlemanliness. A small thing, this, to form a tenet of my creed. No, it is not small; it is broad, almost to infinity. Gentle manliness! Socrates was a gentleman. Gentle, inoffensive, sympathetic in every dealing, yet thoroughly a man when he defied his accusers before the five hundred, a man when he calmly drank the hemlock, a man when he lay dying, regretful only of the sorrow his death would cause his friends. Gladstone was a gentleman—Gladstone, the Iron Man of England, whose gentleness is proverbial. Gentlemanliness was one of the finest attributes of Lincoln. Rough shod though he was, Lincoln was a true gentleman, for his heartstrings were tuned to a gentle sympathy with every living thing—yet for every one of his principles he fought the fight of a man!

But One there was, Who stands supreme in the ranks of gentlemen. Humble though His station in life—but a lowly carpenter—the Christ of Nazareth was the Gentleman of all time. Gentleness was His ruling passion. What gentler principles have ever been advanced before men than those set forth in the Sermon on the Mount:

"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Gentle He was even on the Mount of Olives, betrayed, and in the hands of his enemies. When

His friend drew his sword to protest He said: "Put up thy sword into its place." Gentle even in His agony on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Gentleness, yes, but manliness also was His. Consider his Manliness, when you picture Him driving the money changers from the temple with a lash. Remember Him tracing His steps fearlessly back to Jerusalem where He knew death awaited Him. Witness Him standing before Pilate, undaunted. Finally, witness Him in the long dark hours at Gethsemane,—and you have pictured a gentleman.

Yes, Gentlemanliness is worthy to form a tenet of my creed. I believe in Gentlemanliness. I aim toward this idea. Realizing how pitifully short of the mark I often fall, still I can endeavor to follow the admonitions of Thackeray:

> "Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
> Let young and old accept their part
> And bow before the awful Will,
> And bear it with an honest heart.
>
> "Who misses or who wins the prize,
> Go, lose or conquer if you can,
> But if you fail, or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a Gentleman."

This, then is my creed—the creed of the average College Man. In these things does your college man believe, and toward them does he strive. True, he falls often by the wayside; true, his youthful impulsiveness often leads him through paths which

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his creed cannot justify; true, at times he forgets his creed, and stoops to the inexcusable, for he is but human. But "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thus thinks your college man in his heart; in these things does he believe, in them does he place his trust. He is in your colleges preparing his mind for the mental combat of the world by learning; and preparing his soul for the moral combat of the world by living, as best he can his creed.

The College Man of today needs no defense; he makes none—he *lives* his defense! Upholding this creed, he stands before you—and before God—unafraid.

I believe in Gentlemanliness—in chivalrous, honest, courageous, clean-minded, God-fearing Manliness.

I believe in Man—in the masterpiece of God's creation, the finest of all fine things in the world.

I believe in God—the infinite Architect of the Universe, the compassionate ruler of Destiny.

The Liberal College.

HAROLD JOHNSRUD.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

"WHY attend a college of liberal arts?" "In what are you specializing?" These are common questions addressed to the college undergraduate. Because the college seems to have no definite aim, certain

practical citizens say that it must go. Thomas Edison has devised a set of test questions, and from the responses of college men and women he has come to have but a poor opinion of the worth of the college. Henry Ford's aversion to history and similar subjects of the college curriculum is well known. When a college student is asked about the purpose of his course, and cannot answer that he is training for law, or medicine, or factory management, practical men sometimes say that he is wasting four years of his life.

These critics of the college refuse to admit that an institution which is not committed to making dentists, or lawyers, or accountants, but to the more difficult task of making men, can be of any use. Liberal education is unnecessary; they can see no return on the investment. They want professional training. They condemn the college by classing it as a luxury.

At the same time critics of a different stamp have leveled their guns against America. While an Edison has belittled college training, a Sinclair Lewis has cried, "What is the matter with America?" A cartoon in the *Saturday Evening Post* portrays a familiar situation: a lecture platform; a long-haired speaker; oratory something like this, "America has no background, no national character, no traditions, no soul!" This cartoon is an overdrawn example of a school of criticism which has flourished recently, predicting national failure.

While some hard-headed citizens question the need for the liberal college, many a pessimistic orator has styled America, "the modern Babylon," and has set himself up, like Daniel, to read the handwriting on the wall and to prophesy ruin.

If we look behind this denunciation of America, and if we ignore the radical outcry, we see men of sincere idealism who have found something lacking in the life of America. They appeal for appreciation of beauty, understanding of humanity. From the wildest visionary to the friendliest observer of American life and manners, these idealistic critics see in America a lack of the very traits which the college seeks to nurture. In their indictment of America we find opposition for the man who, like Mr. Edison, criticize the liberal college. If the case of the idealists can be established, and if America is indeed immersed in material progress to the exclusion of things of the spirit, we may find a place for the college in spite of the attacks made against it. If in America beauty and culture are often neglected, if the nation is so efficient that machine industry has made it forgetful of humanity, it would seem that the college has a glorious rôle to perform. If college people have this faith in their college, it may be that the liberal spirit will be preserved in the American soul.

The author of "Main Street" was bitter in his satire of small-town culture. College people, with supposedly cultural training, do well to heed his

attack. American small towns are not so very "intellectual," nor American cities either. But Mr. Lewis might have been more sympathetic. In the Mississippi valley we are but a generation removed from the pioneer. Farther west we are still pioneers. The remarkable thing is not that Main Street is uncultured, but that we have any Main Street at all. The nation is young; its character is still in the making. There are certain traits of the American mind, known and familiar to all, that the nation had best watch carefully. Eugene O'Neill, master American dramatist, in his play, "The Emperor Jones," approaches tragedy as powerful as that of the ancient Greeks. I overheard a man remark after a performance, "Nothing in this show. Give me vaudeville every time!" Educated folk might grow arrogant in repetition of similar banalities, but they have small cause for pride. Theatregoers like this man, sightseers like the woman who stood on the brink of the Grand Cañon, talking of the food at the last hotel, are all too common. None of us is exempt from reproach. Yet the American people are not hopelessly crude, nor do they exhibit signs of decadence, so much as of youth. Rather must they guard against the cultivation of poor taste. In the task of creating national taste, in making educated men who know how to spend their leisure, the American college finds the first part of its mission. The idealists do well to warn us that the tastes of our early national

years make the strength or the weakness of maturity. Lack of appreciation of natural beauty, of anything but cheap amusements, absence of permanent interest aside from food, business, excitement—may be condoned in a young, untutored nation. But if these same traits are carried into maturity they become, not a sign of national strength, but an omen of national weakness.

If we follow the criticism of the idealist in our attempt to justify the college, we come to the charge that America is neglectful of humanity. New York papers record a sorry example of American speed and efficiency that would seem to show that a kindlier feeling for humankind is greatly needed. Two Slavic immigrants, man and wife, wandered about the city. They spoke no word of English. They were directed to the subway, and hurried along toward the train. A guard, instructed to pack in just so many human bodies, closed the gate between them. Husband was torn from wife and carried off in the tube; mad with anxiety, he flung himself from the train and was killed. The woman lost her mind from the shock. This is not a pleasant incident—of two, so hopeful, crushed at the goal of their pilgrimage. But it is one that may kindle reflection. From such incidents some critics have built up a powerful impeachment of modern commercial life. They picture laborers at machines for twelve hours a day; pale and joyless children in factories; women breaking their health in the

dust of industry. They may point to the golden ages of the past in appealing for justice, equality, and freedom. They do not remember that even the age of chivalry flourished on the bodies of serfs; that we cannot return to the past. But in considering the future, in the task of humanizing our machine civilization, may not the college find the second part of its mission? Our super-structure of efficiency must be carefully built, lest it topple and destroy us. Progress we almost take for granted, but progress is never secure when Man himself is forgotten. When we sacrifice all to the God of Machines, America's soul is in danger. The industrial age is a blessing only while it continues humane. When sympathy and understanding are lost, the beneficent smoke of factories may be transformed into the deadliest poison.

We are a nation of specialists. The work of America could scarcely be accomplished unless trained men were in charge of every division of labor. The theory is that every specialist contributes to the general welfare. It matters not "if a man in himself is but a poor, lop-sided fragment, if only that fragment is serviceable, if only it can be built into the very walls of the temple of Progress." I know a man of small education, who is successful in an important business. He is an intelligent man, but he has no interest aside from his work. The unused corners of his mind have died for lack of cultivation. When he is no longer

in business he will be a burden to himself and his family because his concentration has made him one-sided. The idealists warn us not to become a nation of such "lop-sided fragments." The blindness of special interest, the corruption of special privilege, judgment colored by creed, prejudice born of ignorance, will tear us asunder. There is a mighty task for a liberalizing influence. Opinion without understanding, decision without knowledge—if the Mind of America is guilty of this, it is well to think of the danger.

Having examined the case against America, now what can the college do? To those who question the mission of the college, our answer is strong and apparent. This "vast, half-articulate land" has a longing and need for beauty. The captains of industry are heroes. They have increased our material welfare. But the heroes of the future are those who will bring to the soul of America the "wide spread diffusion of music, literature, human intercourse, happiness"—who will supply our spiritual hunger. Shall we then abolish the liberal college, an institution whose province is the making of minds; where art is found to belong to life? Shall we forget that half of our leaders have lived within college walls? Recalling the indictment made by the idealists, mindful of our need for someone to lead us into a more complete national life, shall we abandon the influence of the liberal college in making the Mind of America?

The practical men would have the college student join the ranks of the specialists. They forget that for problems of national scope not only specialists, but generalists as well are needed; not men with a mere smattering of diverse branches of knowledge, but men with a background of liberal culture; men who can see all horizons, whose minds can make excursions into visions which lie just beyond. The American people have been called "a disjointed mob of provincials." If the college teaches the art of choosing the best things first, of seeing past narrow borders, if we have taken its men for our leaders, let us preserve its ideals.

The spirit of the college is present tonight. It stands for the "Law of Man" as against merely the "Law of Thing." An educational system which does not take Man into account is courting national failure. Literature, language, the "humanities"—studies of Man as well as of Things, are inseparable from the ideals of a liberal college. At a time when a vast unrest is exciting labor, is it not dangerous to place the study of Things before the study of Man? If labor ever revolts against its machine-imposed service, all of us will go down in the crash. Industry is mighty. Economics is vital. But humanity stands above all. Let us then preserve the place of the "Law for Man," the guide to understanding and liberality of outlook. Let us defend the liberal college against its attackers.

Thoreau once asked of Americans. "How can

our love increase unless our loveliness increases also?" This is America's problem, a matter of love of country dependent upon national loveliness; not love of the bond-buying kind alone, nor only physical loveliness, of mountain, of lake, and of river; but loveliness of intellect, of soul, and of spirit. The college justifies its existence. Appreciation of beauty, understanding of humanity, breadth of vision, "sweetness and light"—it stands for all these things. When our national loveliness has increased, the college will be proud of its place in the achievement. On that day it will lead in the cry that will come from the soul of America, "O beautiful, my country!"

Creative Education.

A. L. SCHULTZ.

Awarded first prize in the Minnesota State Oratorical Contest.

"HISTORY," says H. G. Wells, "is a race between Education and Catastrophe."

Whatever our appraisement of Mr. Wells' philosophy, so arresting a statement merits consideration, and we look about, perhaps skeptically, for evidence of its truth. With that splendid optimism, so characteristically ours as a nation, we dis-

port ourselves in delighted contemplation of our educational institutions. We see America with her vast and intricate public school system, bringing her thousands of children into conformity with the standards of a high and noble citizenship. We see America with her churches, training new generations in the ideals of her inherited religion. We see America with her homes, built for the most part on solid economic foundations, working with the church and school to produce better men and women. And we gaze with rapture upon that highest expression of American educational ideals, her colleges and universities, with their splendid equipment, their ever-enlarging student bodies, their distinguished scholars. Here, we muse, are three hundred thousand men and women, set apart to perpetuate and advance the intellectual life of our race. Their numbers are unprecedented. Their opportunities have never been equalled. And so the menace in Mr. Wells' statement diminishes, and our self-assurance returns. His figure of speech regarding a race between Education and Catastrophe may well have applied to the past, but the facts of our present-day educational vigor are overwhelming. And when we take account of the astounding advance of the physical sciences within the last few years, our self-assurance swells into complacency. What! Danger of Catastrophe in this, the Golden Age of education! Absurd! And so we can do no better than to relegate Mr. Wells'

startling statement to that limbo of false prophecies which are made by the alarmists of every age.

But in doing so, are we living ourselves into a Never-never land of childish fantasies and optimistic dreams? Has our procedure been altogether safe?

For justification, Wells need only make a sweeping gesture to the War, brought on under substantially the same educational circumstances as the present. It is true that before we had stumbled out of its terror, we thought we saw Catastrophe, lean, hollow-eyed, her skirts wet with the blood of our youth, her knee upon the breast of our civilization, her fingers tightening about her throat. It is true that, with our eyes forced out of their natural orbits, we thought we saw that an event, not only in our own little lives, but in the life of the world, was taking place. For a moment we saw the sinister might of our weapon of science: we saw whole provinces brought to destruction by bursting shells; we saw hundreds of men, beaten down like grass before the hail of bullets; we saw whole armies, dying in agony before poisonous gas; we saw man, divested of all evidence of civilization, transformed into a murdering brute. Then, for a moment, and this is the crucial point, we asked ourselves, why. The question shot like an arrow to the very heart of our social, economic, religious assumptions.

Today, and this is the tragic point, we no longer

ask ourselves, why. We have gone back to our little universes of selfish interest, and forgotten. Our life has resumed its complacent serenity. We talk with self-satisfaction of the things we possess, rather than of those things which the War has shown us, all too definitely, that we do not possess. The soft tints of optimism have become preferable to the sterner color of truth. We have stopped thinking about the conflict between force and ideals which we saw in the War. But the conflict itself has not ceased to exist! Every day science goes on, building up greater, more potent knowledge, constructive, perhaps, if we apply it intelligently, destructive, certainly, as too often we have applied it ignorantly. We have turned our backs, and are allowing the issue to work itself out, while we talk complacently of our advancement in education. We are forgetting the "whyness" of things, and are building up great systems of mechanisms which do not answer "whys."

Democracy, dependent as she is upon the intelligence of the individual, came to our civilization long before her ideals could be realized. It was a perilous proceeding that she did so. Our most dangerous power, science, and other similar powers, were taken from the hands of the intelligent creators to be wielded unintelligently by selfish leaders. And the discerning prophets of the new movement hastened in their attempts to supply the masses with individual minds. It was a tremendous under-

taking. The habits of a world of people cannot be changed in a day from unquestioning confidence in authority to a supreme faith in their individual minds. Freedom is a beautiful gift to receive; but freedom is a prodigious task to assume. The prestige of the aristocrats, who denied participation by the people, who dictated to them that which they had found to be true, who decided what they should believe, is not a bauble to be thrown aside in a moment. There are many who believe that it will never be thrown aside. Plato with his "Republic" is among them. But Democracy, with her supreme faith in the common man, gave him his freedom, and America has cast her lot with Democracy. That issue, for the time being, at least, we do not need to face. But the issues which the acceptance of Democracy entails, we do need to face,—and face with far clearer understanding than we have displayed thus far.

Education must meet this problem: the development of individual minds. It must transform the public mind from a unit, which is swayed and directed by emotional upheavals, incited not always by scrupulous leaders, to independent, essentially free, minds. This transformation will solve the basic problem of Democracy. So we turn to our educational institutions to discover whether the characteristics of critical independence, individual purpose, personal initiative, are being acquired by her students; whether, in a word, the college is

interested in mere collective man, or individual men.

But we have already lulled ourselves into self-satisfaction. We have seen the most glorious indications of external educational magnificence the world has ever known. Some critics, however, almost drowned out by our complacent chatter, have misgivings. A typical college spirit is drawn by the late Marion Le Roy Burton, president of the University of Michigan: "American college life has become a thing of rushing rabbles, jazz orchestras, pep-meetings, frolics, and dances. Students think they must follow the ideals held forth to youth in home and school. As a result, high accomplishment in art, literature, philosophy and science, is not adequately sought or sufficiently esteemed." Henry Smith Pritchett, former president of the Carnegie Educational Foundation, had great difficulty in distributing his educational funds. He discovered our educational institutions overrun with men and women who were investing in learning with the mere expectation of greater earning capacity. He cries out against social prestige or selfish personal culture as motives for an education. He demands a new earnestness on the part of the thousands of men and women within American college walls.

These indictments of our colleges and universities are not wholly false. They are based upon facts perceptible to all those who are willing to make a

serious study of college men and women, with their major interests as they are expressed in their educational programs and their personal lives. Such study will reveal at the heart of our educational situation a condition emphatic in its hostility to the purposes of Democracy. It is a condition of passive education, directed to material and immediate ends. Our colleges and universities have become factories to which raw material is fed every fall, material which is acted upon, given certain new abilities, usually intended for the advancement of its financial prospects, and sent forth with minds whose capacities have scarcely been touched. To a real extent, men and women no longer go to college to get an education; they are being sent there to receive one; sent by economically fortunate persons to receive the mere means of perpetuating their material comfort. Minds are not being trained to be productive; they are being trained to assimilate and to absorb the production of other minds. Minds are not being trained to perceive issues which do not interest them. Minds are not assuming the authority of a critical self; they are making themselves subservient and subordinate to older minds. Minds are not disciplining themselves to sensitiveness towards great problems; they are imprisoning themselves behind the walls of other men's prejudices, and their own narrowly personal ambitions. Minds are not entering into the rich heritage of freedom which our forefathers gave

us in Democracy; they are selling their birthright, the authority to think about great problems, for a mere mess of pottage, material comfort.

The War showed us in bold relief one of the great problems our civilization presents to us—our inability to apply humanely the powers which science has given us. The Catastrophe we saw impending taught us to ask, why. That Catastrophe is not dead; we hear talk of other wars. Shall we stand by idle, unquestioning, until we feel their hot breath upon us again? Or shall we not strive to face this problem, and other problems of our civilization courageously, asking ourselves, why, and nobly setting ourselves to the answer of our question?

Vital thought is provoked by vital problems. It is the first task of education to make problems vital. The educator must come to appreciate that the greatest service he can render the student is not to give him mere information, but to make him see the problems of his people, to cope with them with his own mind, to struggle with them with his own intelligence, to face them with his own understanding. He must realize that to teach a student to think, the accepted purpose of a college, he must present to him problems which compel thought. He must understand that his primary responsibility is to engender responsibility in others. He must perceive clearly, in a word, that the passive receptivity of our student bodies, so opposed to the spirit of

Democracy, must be converted into one of active, aggressive inquiry.

As the student comes to understand this new responsibility, which is being shown him, he must discipline himself to bear it. He must come to embody the spirit of mental independence, intellectual freedom, creative thought. It is a spirit which will transform education from an operation to a crusade. It is a spirit which will give college men and women a greater share of the very vital quality of life itself, as they come to think and work with new zeal, new vigor, new responsibility new power.

Our civilization is young. To our youth still belongs the great task to carve out of chaos the knowledge which will make them free, carve it out with a confidence in their ultimate success which is born of visions, visions from peaks looming high above the petty affairs of individual lives. Solemnly must youth, shorn of other men's prejudices, face the world. Solemnly must they perceive the task before them, must they realize the glorious privilege that is theirs in being pledged to its performance.

America was the first of the nations to announce her faith that all men searching for the Truth would find it. Now may America, her youth poised before the problems of her civilization, with high purpose dedicated to their solution, lead steadily onward to the consummation of those high ideals of Democracy which she has given to the world.

The Challenge.

FRANCES KILLEFER.

Awarded first prize in the Northern Oratorical League Contest.

THIS audience tonight offers a favorable occasion for my subject, one that touches college life. Your interest here proves that you are thinking of the more serious features of campus activities. So with confidence I give you the words of a challenge flung at us from the pen of an eminent writer, who has offered these words: "The chief difference between the British and the American student is interest in what his university will make of him; the American student is interested only in what people will think he is." In other words, this critic has said that the one seeks growth and progress, the other outward show; that you and I are mere pretenders; that we are not seeking for true values in our college education, but for a mere polish that will give us only the appearance of being college bred.

At this we might only smile and cry, "How grossly ignorant such a one is of us." We might flippantly remark, "How familiar his pessimism sounds to us, the younger generation, a pessimism which we easily consider traditional; we are used to that." We might declare that he is obviously prejudiced and therefore incapable of judging.

Yet, again, we can take quite a different attitude; we can consider his words as an echo of a universal opinion, can face them as such, and by introspection, discover how much truth they contain. Let us do so.

This challenge is not strange to us; it confronts us in our conversation, our thinking, and our daily reading; one that we like to ignore but for its increasing prominence on the horizon of our college life. It raises an issue which is nothing less than of extreme importance to all of us. Here we stand, in many ways the most highly-cherished member of the American family, accused of insincerity, of a false sense of life. Yet, though censured and condemned, we suspect that we are still a specially valued part of society. The world may pity us, envy us, particularly our freedom and our egotism, but always it likes to protect and to safeguard us even as the springtime cherishes her flowers. We can properly paraphrase an old saying into, "All the world loves a college student." For in us must be the promise of the future; in us must rest the responsibility of coming leadership; in us lies the hope for progress of the next generation. So that if we must some day cope with society's problems and yet are building with false notions of life, then well we may ask, "What is college life worth to us and to the rest of the world?"

With this question before us let us here tonight draw a picture of campus life with such clarity of

purpose, such honesty of intention, such candor of statement and accuracy of delineation that stepping back from the canvas we may say, "There are our faults, those are our mistakes." Permit me to draw the picture with broad strokes, allowing you to apply the tints and the hues. Let us begin the picture.

First, college today is chaotic. It is busier than the traditional three-ring circus, you and I the performers trying to play in all three rings at once. It is a carnival maze, you and I distractedly looking for the exit. It is a juggling act, we are the jugglers, focusing our eyes on the air full of campus knives, balls, and bottles. It is a salad of multifarious activities, with a dressing of school spirit enriching the taste of the whole and a dash of academic paprika giving a pungent flavor.

Next college life is exhausting. We enter the arena of campus life; we study; we plan great scholastic triumphs. Soon enough we begin searching for the liveliest path amidst the hubbub of college events. We cannot stand the pace, and every June sees us frayed and bedraggled. It is a life that exacts all the vitality of which we are possessed. Little time is there for repose and almost no time for quiet thinking. Yet, despite all this, there seems to be a tendency to increase the number of college activities with the increase in the number of students. The idea of the individual seems to be that each added activity is just for

him, that without his support it will fail and disgrace his alma mater. Bravely he shoulders the responsibility with an ever-increasing access of college spirit swelling within and an ever-decreasing capacity for doing anything well. He follows the American motto, "Get into the swim whether you drown or float, but get in!" It is not the purpose of the college student to analyze what benefit he may be deriving; he is too busy watching the "Stop and Go" signals that get in his way. His purpose rather is to collect many college pins, badges, honors, and pictures in the college publications, and to be considered a "big" man on the campus. With such an existence for four years should we marvel that our average college graduate is a weary, sophisticated, blasé individual with a one-track ambition, and that merely of gaining prominence in the sight of his fellow-men even at the cost of cheating not only himself but society also.

And next, college is conforming. Main Street has gone to college and there has found its melting pot. No longer is going to college exclusive; society has decreed that her young people be given equal opportunity in seeking an education. Figuratively speaking, along Main Street you can see a banner flying in the wind with this inscription on it; "College is not merely your privilege, but your right." College has now become a necessity; it is now even more than the thing to do. From the finest homes and from the most mediocre homes

off Main Street we come, bringing our own cherished college purpose with us, only to lose it in the stamping mill of college conformity. At the end of our senior year we may well wonder what the purpose was, and how we could have lost it. An observer of life might watch with pleasure the freshman while being stripped of idiosyncrasies that might distinguish him from the crowd; rough is his path if he fails to conform to the mould of his particular campus. That first anxious striving of the freshmen to become "collegiate" is unforgettable. By the way we dress, by the way we talk, by the way we act you can tell how close to our ideal of college perfection we have come. College is a place of fads and fancies and you and I are the mannikins. "Think for yourself" has become an empty phrase. Why should you and I think for ourselves when the upperclassmen have done all our thinking for us! Well might we recall the words of Lowell when he says,

"And I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak."

Imagine a freshman in a college fraternity saying this to a senior!

And finally, college life is artificial. Note the sign posts along College Road: "handing a line," "the razz," "dating," "fussing," "stepping high,"

and "high-hatting." It is "Away with dull grind" and "On with the dance!" We may hate "cokes," detest "getting by," abominate "developing a line"; but we soon enough acquire the taste. We tune our likes and dislikes to the campus radio. We affect the dispassionate air of the campus litterati, secretly wondering what it is all about. All the foibles of our college life can be pictured by saying, we have a country-club attitude of mind. Our idea of success five years after graduation is, not hard work, not service, not sincerity, not simplicity, but a ten-thousand dollar sinecure, a big car, membership in a golf club, and the name of being a big man in the community. Our college campuses are becoming preparatory schools for the golf course and the club porch.

So now the picture is drawn. There it is; college is chaotic, exhausting, conforming, artificial. Well then, what is to be done about it? No one can say that as college students we are plunging on an avalanche of destruction, nor can he say that we are undone as future members of society. But it can be said that external excitement has crowded out internal development; that superficiality has seeped into our very thought and act. It can be said that we would throw this superficiality, this glamor of college, around us as a crimson cloak to be worn during college days when youth flames to its height, to be flung from us upon graduating along with our regrets for the college days that

have gone. But the college cloak can never be so easily doffed; for as we think and live each day, so we grow and develop; so we inevitably become.

If tonight we could frame an answer to the challenge, perhaps it would be something like this: We would not say do away with all college activities. We would not say abolish all college social life; we would not be weighed by the scales of middle age. We like the song, we like the laughter, we like the gaiety, we like the excitement of college life. We would not say take away our college youth. Rather we would say, Let us check the swing of the pendulum of college life which has gone from the extreme sincerity and restraint of the old New England college to the feverish superficiality of present-day campus activities. Let us just tone down. Let us use this animation, this life, this vitality we possess, for enough serious things in college life to balance the lighter.

Perhaps we could pause there in our answer; for this problem is so like that of all present-day social life. We have granted the false atmosphere of university life, which hides the deeper things that must exist or college life could not go on. Can we not just admit that there are many factors in present economic and social conditions that have changed our living, about which Judge Lindsay has said, "Those external restraints take their place." Here is a ray of light. You and I tonight cannot solve this problem; we cannot change the legisla-

tion of any university; we cannot change economic conditions of present-day life; we cannot wage a hopeful war against false and cheap social standards; we cannot if we would stem the torrent of students coming to college. We can promise ourselves that we at least will strive for internal restraints and for a life of sincerity. But we can declare ourselves masters of our own college destinies.

For three centuries colleges in America have been a powerful force in our national life because they have succeeded in teaching a few students that are eligible to leadership. They have consciously urged that students soberly consider themselves a saving remnant, the leaven of society and of the state. My message tonight is that such groups as this shall consider themselves as of this saving remnant, as among those few chosen to lead, who admitting the truth of this challenge, will conclude to separate themselves from the chaos, the strain, the conformity, and the artificiality of college life, and to cultivate internal powers of thinking for themselves, and then to be wholly unafraid of the old-fashioned ideals of simplicity, sincerity, and service to mankind.

Is America Safe?

FRANK S. HODGE.

Awarded first prize in the Kansas State Oratorical Contest.

AMID the bleak foothills of Scotland before a corps of soldiers stands a group of condemned Christians. They are ruthlessly led to the funeral pyre—the torch is applied. But as their blazing bodies are silhouetted against the crimson sky a song is heard above the crackle of the flames. It is the battle hymn of a coming republic. As the "blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the church" so forth from the Old World came the survivors of this oppressed people to found a new home and a free nation on American soil.

In that very century in the Royal Gardens at Fontainebleau we find Louis XIV, his soul fear-stricken because of the havoc he has wrought and the blood with which his hands are stained. He sees now the handwriting on the wall and in the shadow the white specter of waiting death. A priest whispers in his ear that there is yet a way to win eternal salvation. Louis feverishly clutches at escape and with trembling hands revokes the Edict of Nantes. France is then plunged into such a carnage of blood as the world has seldom known. Men are crucified until there cannot be found wood enough for crosses. As a result of this cowardly

persecution 200,000 of the noblest sons of France push off from the shores of their beloved motherland to seek the land of liberty—America.

This stream of home seekers is swelled by yet other streams of liberty-loving people from Ireland, from Holland, and from Germany. As these colonists carry on the struggle with the wilderness their common purpose moulds them into one nation. And in the crucible of the first Revolution the Puritan and Cavalier, the Huguenot and German are lost and the American embodying a new spirit—the spirit of America—is given birth.

Today this once new civilization, reared through hardship and suffering is face to face with problems threatening her very existence. We are treading in the path of Babylon, of Greece, of Rome, a course which, if carried out spells death. It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope, but we must know the truth that we may save ourselves the fate of other nations. That every effect has its cause is the immutable law of nature. On every hand we see homes decaying, governments and courts ridiculed, and the spirit of political and social revolution—these are effects for which we must seek the cause.

The thoughtful student of history observes there not a series of disconnected incidents, great battles, and national rivalries, but one great tragedy threading the events of history. He sees the nations emerge from the dark mists of barbarism, gain the

sunlight heights of civilization, only to fall back with tragic failure into decadence. The advance of civilization depends upon its leaders, its men of genius and its substantial middle classes. Destroy these with their inherited qualities and capacities and civilization cannot endure. When civilization no longer produces the quota of its Edisons, its Hamiltons, and Lincolns to create and to lead and when it fails to produce its great middle class who are the conservers of civilization, then that country is imperilled. This is the repeated drama of civilization, this is the tragedy of history, and this is the problem that we face. Roman society was divided into six classes. The sixth and lowest class—the paupers, vagabonds, and degenerates, was exempt from civic duties, military service and the payment of taxes because of incapability. Yet these dregs of Roman civilization were called "proletarians," "producers of offspring" and the only service demanded of them was the bearing of children. Desirable citizens? Citizens capable of the burdens of civilization? When we think of such an attitude need we wonder why Rome fell. Yet behind the brave show of our civilization these fatal tendencies of the past are working—stealthily working—working to our speedy destruction. Will America follow the wake of other extinct civilizations? Shall America fail to heed the lesson of the past? Time and a thinking American people must answer.

Destroy the language of a country, destroy her reverence and respect for law, her ideals, her religious faith, and you destroy the very fabric of society. And this is exactly what you do when you destroy the race which gave these birth. The early settlers of America came not on account of conscience' sake. And American democracy, the expression of the dominant Anglo-Saxon, became not merely a government, but a spiritual community wherein government of the people and by the people sought complete expression. Built on Anglo-Saxon ideals America took form and grew in power; shaken by the undermining of her Anglo-Saxon race America today totters on the brink of ruin.

We are not by choice prophets of evil but such is the crisis which confronts us. Since 1890 the gateways of America have been thronged with alien hordes from Southern and Eastern Europe, from Japan and Asia. But America failed to see her peril resulting from these unassimilated peoples and the gates remained wide open. And today we see them lower our standards of living and make of American liberty a personal license; we see them segregate in city and in country and defy us by their ignorance and low mentality to make Americans of them. Today our dearest interests, our liberties, our constitutional rights themselves, tremble to their foundations.

Consider that one-third of our population is alien—

immigrants no longer of the Nordic Race, no longer in America seeking homes, no longer among us for conscience' sake, but for higher wages and quick-riches. Think of it—one half of New Bedford, Mass., is non-English speaking. And these unassimilated blocks in our cities are the basis for corrupt and vicious boss rule; they are centers of unrest, breeding places of crime and immorality. Not only do these people struggle to maintain their former ideals and language, but they organize to impose their embittered views, their customs, and their principles upon our American majority. Over eleven hundred papers published in thirty languages support these people in their unlawful and unholy struggle. Four hundred thousand soldiers in the late war could not understand the orders of their commanding officers. If anyone so lightly prizes American liberty that he will not learn her language, that person, we say, should be deported.

Our situation calls for action. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Our institutions have a distinct American form and will neither fit all peoples nor can all peoples operate them. Mexico with a constitution technically superior to ours stands as a mute and bleeding evidence of this fact. The blood of Americans fused with the blood of Europe's lowest types will not give Americans who can attain to or operate our civilization. Hence we must not, we dare not share our blood with any but the Nordic of the highest type—the race which

gave us our American spirit and institutions. The decrees of God are that everything is begotten of its kind. Because we are Americans we cannot stay these eternal laws. If we do not shut our gates these immigrants will drive us from our heritage and we must give up the cherished civilization of Washington and Lincoln and the government of Hamilton and Roosevelt.

But this is not all. Still a graver crisis confronts us—graver because this blood of low-type peoples is aggravating the fatal tendency of our civilization to destroy the human qualities which have produced it. Materially, our civilization seems greater than ever before, but in this hour of our seeming triumph let us pause and examine it. The hands of over one-half the race move only in obedience to the brains of the remaining one-half. Statistics give it that only one in eight of our people is endowed by nature to create and lead; that one in three is a conserver—qualified to consolidate gains. On the other hand one in every ten is utterly incapable of bearing the burden of civilization—not merely a degenerate, but a potential enemy of society. We can well believe these figures when we consider that twenty-five people do the thinking for the entire world; that two per cent of our population own sixty-five per cent of the wealth: and that one per cent of trade unions control their policy. Conversely ten per cent of our people live below the poverty line.

The advance of civilization depends upon the conservation of the superior class. Destroy this class—yes! even materially reduce their number, and these inferior peoples will revert to barbarism, (carrying civilization with them).

But today the lower class has the much higher birth rate. In New York city the birth rate in the tenement districts is four times that of the best residential districts and similar conditions prevail in Pittsburgh and a thousand other American cities. One thousand of the superior class will leave five hundred children to perpetuate its gifts while one thousand of the general mass will leave one thousand five hundred. One thousand Harvard graduates at the present birth rate will have but fifty descendents two centuries hence while one thousand Roumanians will have one hundred thousand. Truly if history repeats itself the present indications, viewed in the light of the past, spell destruction.

With the increasing surge of power of these inferior people and the weakening grip of the superior, the last stage in the cycle of history looms foreboding. On every hand we see the rise of the rule of the people—the unthinking mass. Never was there such a dearth of leaders. Political parties stand for little and exist, not because of any constructive policy, but because of their ability to avoid dissension.

Has the fateful hour of America struck? Every-

where a deep-rooted contempt for law manifests itself. Such a crime wave as we have never known is sweeping the land. It bursts forth here and there indicating a weakening of our structure, of the people about whom society is built. Everywhere the government is scorned: the courts ridiculed. The basis of our country is the home, yet one marriage out of every nine now ends in divorce. And these are but a few of the signs of a decadent nation. Already the skies glow with our impending doom. Is America to write her name with Babylon, with Greece, or Rome? Heaven forbid that we shall ever see the sun shining on the ruins of our once glorious civilization.

Men of America! Thoughtful decisions must be made and made quickly. The supreme crisis of our age confronts us. The American capitalist sold his birth-right to solve a labor problem—his posterity inherited a struggle for existence. Exploited by labor contractors, ignorant, utterly incapable of the burdens of the civilization thrust upon them these immigrants are revolting against the injustice of their situation! Not a narrow question of race or creed confronts us, but a menace which endangers our government, our heritage, everything that we hold dear. Shall we entrust our government, the maintenence of our ideals to races that have never yet succeeded in governing themselves? Shall the siren note of sentimentalism, voiced in the phrase "natural equality," that has

lured other nations to ruin, lead us now to destruction?

True Americanism must be the conservation and multiplication of our country's best physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual heritage. Students of America—in your hands rests the future of our country. Let us then be true to our trust "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government, of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Yellow Peril.

GLENN GINN.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

I COME to bring you tonight a message of goodwill from the Orient.

There has been much speculation of late over the outcome of the increasing contacts between the Orient and the Occident and there has arisen in the minds of many Occidentals anxiety lest these contacts shall bring about injury to Western civilization. From the jingoistic editorials of the newspapers to the scientific treatises such as "The Rising Tide of Color" and "The Revolt Against Civilization," this anxiety has been broadcast and advertised, until from the Parliament of Australia

to the Congress of the United States, measures of increasing rigor have been adopted against the Oriental. And it seems to me that unless an intelligent and unbiased approach to the problems involved are made, civilization actually may be in danger. If the despairing popular speculations about the so-called Yellow Peril are allowed to continue and increase, it is not impossible that in the end they may thrust mankind into a period of grievous bloodshed.

I wish to inquire this evening into the causes of this anxiety and to suggest, if possible, a more hopeful outlook.

Look at the Pacific Ocean as pictured by a writer in a recent issue of the *Survey*. It has become a mere pond, dividing two different cultures and races. On one side are nations with teeming populations; on the other, vast areas of relatively vacant territory. One rim shelters the oldest and the most stable of living civilizations; the other the most recent and the most progressive. On one side lives a race which feels itself superior and destined to lead and dominate the world; on the other lives another race which is smarting under a sense of wrong and injustice, and is becoming more determined not to accept the brand of inferiority without a decisive demonstration. The shadow of misunderstanding darkens both shores and the dreaded race conflict seems to threaten.

As long as the Pacific Ocean was five thousand

miles wide and seven thousand miles long, the danger of an open encounter was unthinkable. But the distance has been dissolved under the magic of steam and electricity. Ships of commerce in ever-increasing numbers ply the intervening waters and the shuttle of trade is weaving the races into closer and closer union. With the merchant has gone the scholar and the teacher. And the result has been an increasing cultural as well as economic unity, a shortening of the social as well as the physical distance. The Pacific Ocean has ceased to divide the Occident from the Orient; and this cultural and geographical impact has given momentum to the fear of a possible yellow domination and the suspicion and hate that have been brooding over the horizon of humanity appear to be leaping out of their simmering caldron.

This fear of the yellow race, arising from the increasing contacts between the Orient and the Occident, is both magnified and intensified by the growing importance of the Far Eastern peoples. The direction of progress has ever been westward and the center of importance is rapidly shifting toward the continent of Asia. "What is taking place around the Pacific," says Professor Park of Chicago, "is what took place some centuries ago around the Mediterranean; what took place a little later around the Atlantic. A new civilization, a new commonwealth of the Pacific, is coming into existence." Such a turn in the course of affairs

is not unexpected. Napoleon, for example, had likened China to a sleeping giant and predicted that when she was awakened, she would be a blessing or a menace to all the world. Secretary Seward forecast that the Orient would one day become the theatre of commerce and the center of world politics. Secretary Hay said that whosoever understood the social and political life of the Far East held the key to the peace of the world. And only the other day when Senator Borah was invited by the national council of Jewish women to speak on peace, he said: "You have asked me to speak on peace," and forthwith devoted his entire speech to the situation in China, declaring that world peace depended upon a frank recognition on the part of the Western powers of the rights of Asia in general and of China in particular!

These prophetic utterances of Western statesmen reveal the growing importance of the yellow race and suggest the increasing part which the Orientals are destined to play in human affairs. They also suggest the danger to the world, if, with the awakening of these vast multitudes to conscious solidarity and power, the frictions between them and the now dominant powers of the West are not abated and removed. No doubt, the destinies of mankind are wrapped up in the solution of the great Pacific Ocean problems and many fear the outcome if this solution should not embody the broadest principles of justice, equity and brotherli-

ness. If we should ever have a race war around the Pacific, there will be no victory; there will be no defeat; there will only be a universal destruction of all life. Science has made this world a powder camp, and the slightest spark would set it in ruins.

But must we allow these conditions to develop until only a martial clash of color can be the solution, a clash in which all our achievements of value and beauty, wrought through long years of struggle and toil, will be laid waste? Is our destiny so written in the Book of Time? If so, then we are miserable indeed; then there is no justice in the heart of the world, then all our hopes for a happier and more abundant life are mere inventions of some unseen power to mock the longings of our higher nature. God pity us if our future is so ordered!

I cannot believe that our relations will develop so tragically. I believe that the facts which have given rise to the yellow-peril conception have been misinterpreted, that these same facts when properly interpreted and understood will dispel all race fears and inspire humanity with hope for a greater civilization.

As we have seen, one set of conditions which has given rise to the current conception of a yellow peril has grown out of the increasing commercial and cultural contacts of the Occident and the Orient. Many Occidentals believe that these con-

tacts will be disastrous to Western civilization. Such an interpretation, friends, is not justified by the facts of history. Greece achieved her greatest glory when Athens was the center of international trade and the seat of the diverse cultures of the world. The influx of classical influences and commercial intercourse with India made Italy the pride of its people and the envy of all Europe. The brilliance and glory of the Age of Elizabeth had their origin in the contacts with strange peoples and cultures, brought about by Her Majesty's daring mariners. After a certain level of civilization has been reached, the very difference in different peoples stimulate to achievements. The increasing contacts between the Orient and Occident, therefore, do not necessarily constitute a menace to either.

The second occasion for the flaming up of the yellow-peril conception arises from the fact that the Far Eastern peoples are becoming more and more important in the affairs of the world. But to interpret this development as a menace to Western civilization shows an inadequate knowledge of Oriental psychology. The Oriental people are by nature a peaceful people. They dream of no empire of force; they contemplate no destruction, save the destruction of evil. The rising tides of nationalism across the Pacific harbor no ill for the interests of the Occident. They are efforts directed to liberate the human spirit from the oppression of

imperialistic commercialism imposed from the outside.

The recurring anti-foreign activities in China may be cited as evidence against the position I am taking, but I affirm in all confidence in answer thereto that when the Western powers have actually made good their avowed purpose to terminate the unequal treaties to which the Chinese are objecting, this anti-foreign feeling will die out and eventually will disappear. The Chinese want only to be left alone to work out their own destiny in the light of their best and latest wisdom and experience.

A recent survey of the opinions of Oriental statesmen in the matter of world peace, conducted by the *Chicago Daily News,* reveals nothing that might be interpreted as a yellow peril. President Coolidge, after having studied the statements of these Oriental leaders makes this significant comment: "One feels their earnestness, their sympathetic quality, their sincerity. Almost every principle and problem of civilized life falls within their range and their outlook consistently is that of the common interests of mankind." The awakening of the Far Eastern people is prompted by the love of freedom and not of destruction. The rising tides of Oriental nationalism are instruments of peace and not implements of war.

In the words of Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada: "There is no reason why war

should come in the Pacific. Cultural interchange, friendly, free, continuous, progressive—this, not war, is what the Orient needs, and what the Occident needs. . . . Our civilizations are not antagonistic, not mutually exclusive, but supplementary. This is the great fact for statesmen and for all moral and intellectual leaders to grasp and push powerfully to the front."

The undercurrents of history are ever working for larger human unity. The growing sentiment of the Far East is for peace. The silent, persistent yearning in the heart of all humanity is for a happier and a more abundant life. Shall not this meeting of the Orient and the Occident be the occasion for realizing this yearning of the human heart? Who knows what great works the East and the West may not undertake when once they have achieved a spiritual unity?

I believe a new civilization is in the making as a result of the meeting of these two great cultures. The human race has arisen from isolated nations. The twentieth century will witness the isolated nations merged into a world order, unified by the higher sentiments of humanity. This step is an inevitable historic sequence. "Custom regulations, immigration restrictions, and racial barriers may slacken the tempo of the movement; may halt it altogether for a time; but cannot change its direction; cannot, at any rate, reverse it."

This movement toward world unity threatens the

legitimate interest of nobody, and constitutes a peril to no race. It comes not to destroy, but to fulfill. It provides a privilege whereby each race may contribute its best in the making of a world society and in so doing fulfill its supreme mission in a new creation.

I do not mean to be unduly optimistic. The race relations in the future will be perplexing. Problems of gigantic magnitude with no parallels in the history of the world will develop. For a time there will be no smooth sailing. There are mountains of prejudice and hate yet to climb; there are rivers of suspicion and fear yet to cross; there are plains of covetousness and greed yet to traverse. Rumors of war will be broadcast. Threats of violence will fill the heavens. But in the end the increasing contact between the Orient and the Occident has hidden within its baffling labyrinth some precious jewel as bright as a star, that shall light our way into a happier world.

My friends of the Occident, there need be no "Yellow Peril!"

The Cycle of Civilization.

CHING YE TANG.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE oldest nation is the newest republic. While the Teutonic tribes were hunting wild beasts by the

North Sea and the Baltic, China was in her golden age. Her culture, carried westward by the Arabs, found its way into the life of Europe. For four thousand years she had been the mistress of the Orient, the center of eastern civilization. But the twentieth century marked a sudden change in her national life. The civilization of Europe, masterful in its grasp of material things and progressive in spirit, has threaded the Orient with paths of commerce and broken down the bar of Chinese seclusion. In the complexity of these new relationships with the western world, my country faces a crisis.

Western commercial expansion has revealed the inadequacy of China's industrial methods and her political weakness. With antiquated hand tools, China had for centuries maintained a scant living for her four hundred million people. Poor means of transportation made impossible a proper distribution of wealth. The ingress of the western standard of living has intensified these problems. Increasing wants have exceeded production. As China herself lacks the capital to develop a factory system, foreign investors have stepped in, seeking to control her infant industries. The Chinese people are awaking to the value of their rich ore fields, but find them already pre-emptied by foreign capitalists. The scantiness of home production, the rising cost of living, and the increasing wants of her poverty-stricken labor, are producing a social

unrest. The old monarch had failed to solve these problems and even the present Republic has not been adequate. Her currency system is undeveloped, her scheme of taxation is unorganized, administration is hampered by deficiency of revenue. A widespread irresponsibility endangers the efficiency of her government and threatens her national integrity. Beyond her borders, Russia and Japan, newly leagued, are constantly plotting to seize Manchuria and Mongolia. Soon the European nations, after vain belligerency against each other, will seek in the Orient political and economic control. Thus two alternatives confront my people: to fall before foreign exploitation or to use western civilization for the development of a new China.

To find a solution for the social and political problems of China we must understand their causes. During China's feudal days, her education was both liberal and universal. Science, as well as art and literature, entered into its content. But a century before Christ, the Confucian classics were rigidly established as the standard of learning, and scientific studies were abolished. The public education of the many gave place to the private training of the few; letters degenerated into scholasticism. Language was regarded no longer as a means of expression, but as the end of knowledge. Literature was studied, not as a record of human experience, but as fossilized learning, divorced from life. Inventive effort was discouraged and mechanical

genius fell into stagnancy. Hence, when the western nations, in an age of scientific discovery, cross the water with their modern implements and enter into economic competition with us, we find that antiquated tools cannot cope with modern machinery, that handicraft must yield to western manufacturing. Without the introduction of Occidental sciences, China cannot survive in the struggle of nations for industrial efficiency.

Politically, China's fundamental weakness has been her lack of national spirit. Until recently her government has been autocratic; the people, ground down by centuries of struggle with poverty, are yet unprepared for democracy. Since the decline of public education, class distinctions have appeared. The vastness of the empire and the deficiency of communication have also thwarted the development of a national spirit. The interest of the individual has been confined to his family and locality. True, this condition was harmless in the secluded empire; but today, in a world of economic rivalry and intense nationalism, it must prove fatal to the young Republic. There is a call for the union of four hundred million souls for a common defense; a call to mutual responsibility in the building of the new Democracy. There is a call to a new nationalism.

These two things then, China needs: western science and national spirit,—western science to promote economic prosperity, a national spirit to bring political unity. The new education must give

both scientific culture and vocational training. It must enable our people to compete in the world market and to secure economic independence. The new education must also preserve our inherited national memories. Art and literature must create a common spirit. Railroad and newspaper must standardize our dialects and bind our people into one. Military training in schools must give us the basis of an adequate defense. Only through scientific knowledge can we bridle the forces of nature and drive poverty from the land; only through an awakened nationalism can we toil for a common hope, or strive for a common ideal.

Yet these forces are not without danger. Lurking in the twentieth century, they have already thrown half the world into war. If uncontrolled by social justice, efficiency in my country will misdirect her industrialism. In the midst of bitter economic competition, the strong will crush the weak, the rich exploit the poor. If efficiency forgets the needs of men, it will create an economic yoke, a social despotism. When capital controls within the nation, it will spur national pride to seek conquest without. Thus may efficiency become the sword of the tyrant, and nationalism the tool for aggression.

Scientific knowledge alone does not bring social peace; national spirit alone does not warrant political security. Not until international righteousness dominates the mind of my people will nationalism be saved from selfishness; not until the principle

of social justice directs industrialism will efficiency become a blessing. Let an ethical education combine the best ideals of two hemispheres to mould the spirit of my people, that they may master science and yet clothe the destitute and feed the hungry, that they may become a strong nation and yet "weave between all peoples the ties of human sympathy." Let western thought vitalize China's own philosophical teachings, and they will contribute a new current to the stream of modern thought. Let western concepts regenerate her mystic Taoism, her serene Buddhism, and her broadminded Confucianism, to enrich both eastern and western life. Then China, a nation four thousand years old, will rise from her centuries of slumber to a place of high service in the world of thought and deed.

These hopes are not illusory. Review China's achievements of the last fourteen years. Observe the event of 1903, when the old examination system was abolished at one stroke and replaced by a system of modern schools. Note the revolution of 1911, when the three hundred years' rule of the Manchu dynasty was overthrown within one year. Witness the collapse of the recent monarchical movement, even individual selfishness was extinguished by public opinion. A new Constitution, a new Parliament, sound the key note of 1917. The wheels of reformation are in motion, and our duty is to keep them turning. Cannot a people who con-

ceive higher mathematics, who discovered the magnet, who invented printing, master new sciences? Teach them and they will learn and invent. Cannot a people, intelligent, honest, sympathetic, unite themselves into one? Inspire them by their own literature, the rich product of centuries of effort; make vital to them their own history; show them their past glory and present weakness, and they will rise up and demand a new birth for their country.

Civilization, born in the Orient, carried far from its cradle, and nurtured in the primitive home of the Caucasians, gave birth to modern Europe. Then, leaping the Atlantic and sweeping over a wild continent, it has produced this new America. Already it has crossed the Pacific and promoted the material growth of modern Japan. Today it is hovering near the shore of its mother continent, filled with a new spirit, enriched by new treasure. Shall not the Chinese youths of the coming generation welcome this homebound civilization, and use it to invigorate their national spirit? We will aim at political unity. Directed by our age-honored idealism, we will strive for a brotherhood of nations. In that dawn of a brighter day for reawakened China, the cycle of civilization will be complete. And from that "marriage of continents, climates, and oceans," the world may expect the birth of a new and better life for all humanity.

The New Frontier.

NEVIN S. JAMES.

Tie for first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

IN the spring of 1909 a group of Yukon gold-seekers stood on the shore of an Alaskan island, and looked across the Pacific. On the horizon the mountains of Asia could be seen, clear-cut in the blaze of a setting sun. To at least one man in that group came the consciousness that they were the outpost on America's last natural frontier. With her boundaries fulfilled, their country was entering a new epoch in her career. To-day America finds herself well advanced into that epoch which was dawning then. Gone are the frontier days, when the thrill of conquest made wrongs endurable and evils forgettable. Humanity, in its attempts to escape from undesirable conditions, is thrown back upon itself; evils must be met face to face. The hardships of the backwoodsman in his lonely cabin, of the miner in his windswept shack, of the hunter in his snowbound lodge have disappeared; but in their stead new problems and difficulties have arisen. The sturdy sons of America have conquered the last wilderness of nature, only to find themselves confronted by a new wilderness which man himself has created.

Where, do you ask, is that new frontier?

> "Look up the land, look down the land,
> The poor, the poor, the poor they stand,
> Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
> Against an inward-opening door,
> That pressure tightens evermore."

Yes, it is with the poor, the disinherited of life—it is with the little child who toils to-night in a cotton-mill, faltering from exhaustion, numb with agony, knowing no world but the whirring wheels; it is with the steel-worker who at this moment has slaved through a twelve-hour day in the heat of raging furnaces; it is with the mother who sews by candle light in her tenement garret, murmuring to her children, "Death is better than life!"—it is with these poor folk, "the children of the abyss," that America finds her new frontier. It is the frontier of social and economic inequality. A government report tells us that two per cent of the American people possess sixty per cent of the nation's wealth. They are the rich. And, on the other extreme, sixty-five per cent of the people have less than six per cent of our national wealth. They are the poor, indeed! Translate these bare figures into flesh and blood, and we find that the forty richest men in America (who could easily be placed right here on this platform) possess more wealth than does a class comprising fifty millions of their fellow-men. This is the situation.

And remember that it is Trade's hand which holds down the great masses of the poor, which

causes their faces to be pressed to the earth instead of being lifted to the sky. For the appalling inequalities of our social order are due not only to the unjust distribution of wealth, but also to the conditions which surround labor in industry. The processes of production have become so specialized that the workers are submitted to an almost unbearable, monotonous routine. Thought, judgment, foresight, imagination are not required of the modern worker. Why, in the performance of their work the slaves of ancient Greece and Rome had more chance to give play to originality than the average American workman has today! How often we see listed the results of our enterprise as so many million barrels of oil, so many million yards of cloth, so many million tons of steel. If that were the whole story, the true story, we might justly swell with pride. But, if we are truthful, we must add, so many millions of poor citizens, unrealized characters, dwarfed personalities. Truly, industry, made by man for his own benefit, has become an instrument for his own degradation. The three essentials of democracy—realization of the sacred worth of the individual, recognition of the brotherhood of men and acceptance of service as the motive of life—all these are forgotten as business follows

> "That ancient law, that well-known plan,
> That those shall take who have the power,
> And those shall keep who can."

Subservience to that "ancient law" has a yet more far-reaching and disastrous consequence. We find our house divided against itself, partitioned into the hostile camps of capital and labor. On each side selfish, personal aggrandizement jerks the strings that make the worker and the employer dance like crazed automatons. On the one hand, men like Howat and "Big Tim" Murphy are being elevated to positions of power in labor's army, and we hear repeated ominous demands for government ownership and labor operation of the railroads. On the other hand, certain wealthy capitalists, men who control some of our basic industries, maintain an attitude comparable to that of Marie Antoinette, who cried indifferently, "They want bread? Give them cake!" when she heard that hungry mob had assembled outside the palace at Versailles. Marie Antoinette lived to see the Reign of Terror; she lived to hear the carts loaded with victims for the guillotine rumble over the streets of Paris; she lived to taste the death she had unwittingly prepared for herself. To the listening ear, the present status of our nation's industry cries out, "After me, the deluge!" It is no idle prophecy to state that America will experience the turmoil of socialistic triumph, if the inequalities of society increase much longer as they are now increasing. Belligerent labor is dangerous. With minds dulled by factory life, with brains befogged with enmity, the slaves of the machine cannot see that socialism in prac-

tice would be as tyrannical as feudalism itself. Opportunities for corruption and usurpation beyond the fondest dreams of the most absolute of monarchs would be in the hands of one man, were America a socialistic state. In the last analysis, socialism and autocracy are identical. But can labor see this? Labor is turning to socialism as a force that would right its wrongs by bringing low its enemy, the capitalist. Agitators cry out, and with a degree of justice, that labor must not depend upon the benevolence of capitalists for a redress of its wrongs. Other voices just assure the American workman that neither is it by radical practices, in violence and sabotage, that he can attain the ends of justice only through a true industrial democracy.

We have consistently denied democracy a place in industry, and have tried to excuse ourselves on the ground of necessity. Hundreds of our industrial leaders admit that the present system is unfair to labor, but they usually add with a tone of finality, It cannot be helped; it is the inevitable outcome of the industrial revolution. It never occurs to them that labor should be compensated for its losses. Through the workings of the factory system, labor has been robbed of many liberties that can never be returned. We must make compensation to labor for those lost liberties by establishing industrial democracy. The workers must have a voice in determining shop conditions. And they must have a portion of industry's profits, not as a mere exis-

tence wage but as a partner's share. They must have bonds of material interest linking them to the industrial order. Some nineteen hundred years ago Tiberius Gracchus, that great and noble tribune of the Roman people, reproved the avaricious generals of his day in this manner: "You exhort your followers to deeds of valor in defense of their hearts and their homes, their altars and their shrines; when not one Roman citizen in ten has a hearth or home to call his own, to say nothing of altars and shrines. Your men cannot appreciate your appeals when they know not these things. You style them masters of the world, when they have not a foot of ground to call their own." When we exhort the American workmen to be energetic in their toil and zealous in the performance of their duty toward their country, we are just as unreasonable as those old Roman generals. We must comprehend and apply the truth of the parable of the two shepherds. When the wolf came, the hireling shepherd fled, Why? Because he was an hireling. But the good shepherd stayed and defended the flock. Why? Because the sheep were his. Possession is an impelling force. And not until the laboring men of the nation possess an opportunity to help order industry, not until they possess a fair share of industry's profits, can we expect to have a responsible and patriotic citizenry.

This wilderness of industrial inequality and resultant social unrest sends an insistent challenge

to the manhood of America. It is a challenge to make the spirit of democracy pregnant in our industrial life, even as it is paramount in our political life. We hear its call today, even as our forefathers heard the challenge of combat and adversity on the far-flung frontiers of America's vast empire. They answered that call; and the pioneer spirit which animated them felled the tangled forests, climbed the rugged peaks, and conquered the wilderness of nature. That same spirit will solve the problems of the new frontier. Already pioneers in industrial democracy lead the way. The nation shall follow them into that day when the status of our political, social and economic structure shall be adjusted to the prospect of a longer future, in which the good of our nation shall be confirmed in brotherhood, our liberty in law and our prosperity in justice and happiness for all.

The Fifth Horseman.

G. V. KELLEY.

Tie for first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

IN the Apocalypse of the Bible, a prophetic passage foretells the coming to the earth of four horsemen. They are Conquest, Warfare, Famine, and Death. In 1914 the last of these prophesies was fulfilled. For four years the Pale

Horse and his rider rode through Europe; and the fourth part of the earth was laid waste and ten millions of its sons were slain. But hardly had the tumult of the Fourth Horseman died away, when out of the north came thundering another horseman. And the horse that he rode was red, and it was blind, and knew not the bridle; for it was the spirit of political chaos. And the awful figure that sat on the horse, too, was blind. And his brow was low, his jaws massive; and he carried no weapons other than great hands, gnarled and hardened by centuries of hopeless toil. "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, hid themselves in dens, and said to the rocks and the mountains, Hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the horse. For the great day of his wrath has come; and who shall be able to stand?"

Thus, unprophesied, unhearalded, came the Fifth Horseman. He is the aroused proletariate that rose out of Russia, enraged by the memories of the past, blinded by the elixir of his new-found strength; and he is riding tonight among the political ruins of half the Old World. I am not here to discuss the economic and political tragedy of Europe, nor to foretell the coming to America of the Fifth Horseman. I come to announce that this fearful thing already is abroad in our land; that it is riding in the midst of our present industrial disorder, and that it comes not from Russia, but out of conditions in our own industrial system.

Strange as it may seem, the present social disorders in Russia and America have their roots in a common cause—antiquated policies of the State. But there is this difference: while the Russian situation is due to a prolonged suppression of the individual, that of America is due to an overemphasis on individualism. Our industrial system grew out of conditions peculiar to America. In the early days of our industrial life, the opposition to governmental restraint in the conduct of personal affairs was the dominant tone in our social and political philosophy. And as industry could be developed only out of private capital through private ventures, the principle was naturally projected into our economic life. While our industry remained in a simple state, any governmental interference would have proved a serious handicap to our adventurous pioneers with their meager capital, their scanty raw material, their limited supply of labor, the cut-throat competition from the Old World. But in time the simple industrial system gave way to the modern scheme of corporate control; and the human equation which had hitherto dominated the relationship between the employer and his men was supplanted by an impersonal economic principle that recognized only Capital and Labor.

This marks the parting of the ways, for the friendly co-operation of the employer and his men, with its We-feeling of mutual interests, had given way to a situation that had created conflicting

interests; and our modern industrial house began its existence divided against itself. For years the peace of our national life has been broken by the eternal struggle in this household; yet through it all the restraining hand of the State has been bound by antiquated domestic precepts, and has risen to bid the two unruly members, "Peace, be still." Let us consider how each has reacted to conditions in the absence of restraint.

The evolution of the capitalist marks a distinct change in the attitude of industry toward Labor. This came about through the birth of the corporation which, with its complex impersonal organization, its delicate balance of departments and divisions, destroyed the human equation, and reduced the workmen to mere cogs in a corporate machine. Here lies the evil inherent in the corporation. But the evil is only potential, and not a necessary one; for no one can deny that the corporation is indispensable to the success of modern industry, and a valued servant of society, IF PROPERLY REGULATED AND CONTROLLED. But the corporation in American industry has never felt the touch of a restraining hand. If the State had extended a helping hand to the earliest struggles of labor caught in the maze of corporate control, the Fifth Horseman would not be riding through our great industrial centers tonight. But the failure of the State to act emboldened organized capital to press on its ruthless exploitation of our human resources. Its power

was invincible, its will supreme, its only master the economic ledger of profit and loss. The ledger became its law-giver alike, and its court of justice; from it there was no appeal. It was the ledger that dehumanized labor by reducing it to a lifeless commodity. It was the ledger that lowered the standard of wages, increased the hours of work, and opened sweatshops to enslave the children of the land. It was the ledger that placed unprotected machinery in industry, with its inhuman toll of life and limb. It is the ledge that buys political conventions, directs the policies of men in office, and suborns our courts of justice. And it is the unerring ledger of organized Capital that recently released a powerful propaganda of antipathy to Labor and which is rankling in the minds of half this audience tonight. Thus has Capital reacted to conditions in our industrial system in the absence of restraint.

The reaction of slow-witted Labor to corporate control was first marked by dumb despair. A cog in a vast machine, for a time it reacted as a cog to the will of the master mechanic. But the cog took life and found a tongue to voice its growing resentment. Failing in its appeal to the State, Labor followed its master's example, and formed a powerful organization. The organization was crude, for it was the work of crude hands. And it evolved a dangerous weapon, which it lacked the wisdom always to use. Drunk with the elixir of

its new-found strength, Labor has swung this two-edged weapon of strike and violence in widening and ever-widening circles, its terrific blows falling alike upon friend and foe—paralyzing industry, and demoralizing the economic life of the nation. Stung by the memories of past justice, roused by the insidious voices of radical leaders, and unchecked by regulating authority, the peaceful workman has become at times the savage beast, flouting the law, defying the courts, and scorning the very sanctity of human life. Thus has Labor reacted to our industrial condition in the absence of restraint. Thus has evolved the Fifth Horseman.

Such are the conditions in our industrial system: and the struggle that has raged with increasing intensity is but a logical outgrowth of conflicting interests free to exert themselves. It has been a war to the death, and before we condemn either faction for its method of warfare, we should remember that in the struggle the primal instincts of the race were asserting themselves, unmitigated by ethical rules, unchecked by any power above. When Labor first learned that its precapitalistic methods of defending its rights could not avail against the powerful weapons of organized Capital, it appealed to the government for protection; but the government shook its head and said, "It is no concern of mine." And when Labor was driven to accept its only alternative, and organized to meet force with force; when peaceful strikes and lock-

outs grew into riots, and arson, and anarchy, and death; when the canker of distrust and suspicion crept into the hearts of the masses, and a pall of anger and hate spread over the land:—still above the din the voice of the State could be heard chanting its traditional note, "It is no concern of mine."

The time has come when the American people must supplant this antiquated slogan with a principle in harmony with the social and political needs of the day. We cannot go on with the society torn by industrial strife. Nor can our industrial house stand divided against itself. True, Labor is to blame, and Capital is to blame; yet neither is to blame. Each has reacted normally under conditions imposed upon it. We have provided courts of law for the petty thief, and tribunals of justice for the criminal genius; but to the warring factions of industry we have said, "Settle your difficulties in your own way." And if their ways have reflected jungle ethics, let us remember that jungle ethics have always dominated human conduct in the absence of law and order. Call it revolutionary if you will, but the time has come when the voice of the State must be heard within the sacred precincts of industry, and the regulating hand so long withheld must be laid upon the warring factions with the warning that "Henceforth the settlement of your differences shall be the business of mine."

But this is Socialism, you say. How many timid political faces have blanched at the mention of that

awful word! How many ideals and hopes and aspirations have been blighted by this fearsome bugaboo that rises like a phantom horror to frighten our wayward fancies back to the lap of traditional thoughts. No, my friends, the dangers of Socialism do not lie that way. Socialists are made by the failure of the government to meet the human needs of the day. Socialists are made in Russia or in America, by a slavish adherence by the State to policies and principles whose soul is dead. But why stand aghast at the mention of Socialism, when into our political vocabulary is creeping the insidious term of Sovietism; when the political structures of every nation of the Old World are threatened by the far-flung embers from burning Russia. Ah, but you say, this is America; the very nature of our political ideas renders us immune from such dangers. Yes, and so said the Czar of All the Russians, when out of the inarticulate depths of enslaved peasantry rose the first ominous rumble of awakening danger. "This is Russia," said he, "Russia, entrenched in bureaucratic power, and rooted in traditions of a thousand years." And when the frenzied masses rose in their awful power, and laid hold of the massive pillars of the State, still this modern Nero sat in the midst of the falling ruins fiddling the siren refrain that led him to his death, and his nation to political ruin, "This is Russia."

It is this siren note with its sense of false

security, its blind faith in traditions, that has lured men and nations to their ruin since time began; and the same fate awaits America if she blinds her vision of the present with false pride in the past. The Fifth Horseman is abroad in our land; and we cannot banish this living terror by hiding our heads in the sands of tradition and murmuring the magical phrase, "This is America." The menace must be stayed, and there is but one power to which we can appeal—a new State; a State expressing the crystallized conscience of the people aroused to a realization of the danger, and demanding the promulgation of an industrial policy in harmony with the human needs of today; a policy that shall reduce the status of industry from the master to the servant of society; a policy that shall guarantee justice to Capital, justice to Labor, and above all, justice to a hundred and ten million American People. Then shall the Fifth Horseman disappear from our land, for the warring sons of industry shall be united under the firm but benevolent will of a Master in the House.

Ropes.

STANFORD CLINTON.

Awarded first prize in the annual Northern Oratorical League Contest.

WE all know that the everyday, commonplace occurrences in our lives, often reveal problems of

the most complex and significant character. For instance, have you ever seen an irate young mother take her seven-year-old son, who has committed some boyish prank, and shaking him by the shoulders, ask in a tone mixed with anger and grief, "Johnny, why did you do that, why did you do that?" And Johnny would raise his clear blue eyes and with a puzzled expression on his face reply, "Why I don't know, mother, I don't know why I did it." And do you know that if Johnny's mother should continue to shake him until doomsday, he would be unable to explain the causes which had prompted him to do it. For Johnny's mother was asking him to solve the mystery of human conduct —a mystery which has troubled and challenged the minds of our sages and seers, our scholars and philosophers since history first records.

Human conduct! What controls and guides it? Human behavior! What are the forces which influence and direct it? Human destinies! What shapes and moulds them? Human beings! What makes them what they are?

We go upon the highways and byways of life and we see and hear of fellow-men and women of every type and stripe. And we learn that there are those who are good and evil, those who are strong and weak, those who are kind and cruel. We learn that there are people who are ignorant, jealous, and despondent; and we learn that there are others who are cultured, generous and light-

hearted. We learn that there are millionaires and paupers, society women and harlots, co-eds and salesgirls. We learn that no two people in the world are exactly alike and that each one of us is a human destiny unique, cast in a mold which will never be reused. "What," we ask, "makes human beings what they are?"

Time was when we believed that man was master of his own destiny. Time was when we thought man was good and bad by deliberate choice. Time was when we regarded man as "captain of his soul." But times have changed and the powerful beacon of education has served to light the obscure corners of the human mind, so that today science tells us that men is what he is because his heredity and environment—tools over which he has no control, make him what he is.

What is this ancestral struggle within us that we call heredity? It is the inheritance in mind and body that we receive from our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers, or any other of our more or less remote ancestors. Heredity expresses itself in our physical make-up, in our features and build, in the color of our eyes and hair, and in the structure and quality of our brains. Heredity expresses itself in our intellectual capacities—in our abilities, aptitudes and characteristics; in our traits, propensities and bents of mind. In a word, heredity is all that is innate and inherent within us—even if it be feeble-mindedness, a

neuropathic taint, a psychopathic personality, or an abnormal physical structure.

And what is environment? Education is environment; religion is environment; our home life is environment; example and precept are environment. Love and kindness, sympathy and understanding are environment. Environment is all our surroundings and all our experiences; it is all that we see, hear, feel and learn, from the instant the lamp of life is kindled to the instant when that light goes out.

In heredity and environment we may find the causes which prompt men in all their actions. A business man bankrupt through a fall of the stock market puts a bullet through his head in a fit of depression. A college student reprimanded by his parents for excessive expenditures, gasses himself to death. A beautiful woman, besieged by a host of admirers has her beauty hopelessly marred in an automobile accident—she swallows strychnine. A baby rolls downstairs and is picked up an idiot for life. Heredity and environent—they control and shape us all—the college professor, the gambler behind the faro wheel in Nome, Alaska—and the murderer. Oscar Wilde had many fine qualities, but his egotism, his vicious taint, and perhaps his unfortunate surroundings, drove him to shipwreck, with all his golden talents on board. Jonathan Swift, a brilliant mind, bitterly hated his fellowmen. During his last few years he was hopelessly

insane. After his death it was discovered that throughout his life he had been suffering from a tiny blood clot on the third convulution of his brain.

Just off the fringe of Chicago's Loop, a tall, grey, menacing-looking building rears itself six stories in height—the Cook County Jail. We enter the building and mount to the fourth floor. We look in through heavy steel bars into a long rectangular room—the fourth tier bull-pen, and we see the faces of about one hundred and fifty men. Faces that are sullen and brutal, hard and unimaginative. A guard leans over our shoulders and whispers almost simperingly in our ears, "Murderers." "Murderers!" Are they products of their heredity and environment? Yes, just like the rest of us they are what they are by nurture and nature, by birth and breeding—sullen, brutal, remorseless, unimaginative faces behind thick steel bars——. Ask them why they are there, and the answer is the old, old story: "Johnny, you tell me, why did you do it?" "Honest mother, I don't know why I did it."

On a hot, sultry day in a Criminal court, a prisoner is led before the Judge. "Have you anything to say before the Court Pronounces sentence?" The prisoner shrugs his shoulders wearily and looks blankly ahead of him. "Well, then," says the Judge, "because you have brutally killed a fellow-human being in cold-blood without excuse and without justification; because you have killed with intention and malice aforethought; because

you have killed in full possession of your faculties and with complete realization of your act, in order to deter and prevent others from the commission of a similar crime and in order to protect society, it is the verdict of this court that you shall hang by your neck until dead." Brutality? Yes, brutality of heredity and environment. Malice? Yes, malice of heredity and environment. Mind in full possession of its faculties? Yes, a mind of heredity and environment.

About a year ago an historical legal battle came to an end. It came to an end when the body of Gerald Chapman dangled from the end of a rope in the Connecticut State Penitentiary. Chapman was an unique figure in the criminal annals of the world. He was called a tremendous intellect, a master mind and a genius for avoiding punishment. Among his kind he was almost worshipped because of his loyalty, audacity and brilliant leadership. In the trial for his life he was defended by Frederick E. Cross, ex-Chief Justice of the State of New York, a man of unquestioned honesty and integrity of character. When the jury filed in and the verdict of death was announced, Chapman was the coolest man in the courtroom. But Judge Cross came running forward with tears streaming from his eyes and cried, "God, Chappie, I'm sorry." And Chapman, whose life was forfeited, patted his friend comfortingly on the shoulders and said, "Why, that's all right, Freddie; it's just the breaks

of the game." Sure, Chapman was hanged; his stiff neck was broken and he went without batting an eye. And what did we win? What did we gain? Murder goes on, hanging goes on, a mad merry-go-round of death!

We punish weakness with blows, and misfortune with chains. We exemplify gentleness and mercy with *ropes* dangling through the yawning traps of scaffolds. We brand the blind, and torture the imbecile, and execrate the miserable, and damn the diseased, and revile the fallen. And murder! It goes on because as Spencil says we cannot expect "golden ideals to spring from leaden instincts" and because we cannot expect roses to bloom on a rocky and ragged soil. And it will continue to go on as long as we have *ropes* the symbol of our civilization, the emblem of our mercy, and the measures of our understanding and charity. It will go on so long as there are environments that hold and form murderers and so long as there are heredities which bestow weak and vicious natures. And we can hang, burn and beat,—and it will still go on. *Ropes!* Quivering, trembling bodies dangling from the end of *ropes.*

Don't you see what I mean? Don't you see what I am driving at? What are we to do with this wretched desperate brother who will not love us though we whip him with whips of wire, who will not make friends with us though we spurn and spit upon him; who, though we preach to him, cannot

understand; who, though we teach him, cannot learn; who, though we hang him high as Haman, will "die game," and in spite of all our intellect and righteousness going back from us, a savage still, and in his angry heart and baffled mind holding *our* half-fledged knowledge and green morality in derision? What are we to do with this murderer? Shall we kill him? Well, we have been killing for a long time. Yes, we have done more than kill; we have boiled him in oil; we have burned him at the stake; we have beaten him to death with a cat-o'-nine tails; and we have broken every bone in his body on the rack. And in spite of all this we still have murder and murderers. Shall we kill him? No? Lest we forget, our God has said, "Thou shalt not kill!" Shall we confine him in the blackness of our penal institutions until the hand of Death loosens a troubled soul from its prison? That is the only thing that we can do now; the laws of necessity require that society be protected. But what of the generations yet unborn?

What can we do to prevent murder and murderers? One thing is clear; it is true that man is the product of his heredity and environment; if it is true that his conduct is the result of his birth and breeding; then, if we want to change and improve the behavior of human beings we must breed a better race of men and provide environment which will deaden and destroy evil and murderous tendencies.

And our quest is not in vain; for science has already shown us that dangerous hereditary strains can be checked and wiped out while desirable and valuable descents can be bettered and improved. And science has shown us that environments can be provided which enable and inspire men to live wholesome, happy, temperate and useful lives. Our task, then, as intelligent men and women is to accept the verdict of science and seek to eliminate murder and murderers by the application of scientific principles. It rests with us to determine whether brutality and ignorance or humanity and knowledge are to prevail in the solution of the problem of human conduct.

The Challenge of Crime.

A. B. CUNNINGHAM.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

FOR four thousand years, crime has ravaged society. For forty centuries it has unfurled the red flag of anarchy and marched through blood. But today in Old Jerusalem it cowers at bay, exposed, ridiculed, uncovered, by the man from Nazareth way. Forced into the open, it throws aside its subtleties, and flings its challenge into the face of civilization. Results follow in quick succession,

each freighted with momentous portent to the world. First, a vague perplexity; next, a wild, hysterical rabble; and then a mob pours through the Asmonian valley, down past Bezetha, and on toward the Tombs of the Kings. For a little, the babble and confusion subside, and quiet reigns in the well-nigh deserted city. Then, discord rends the stillness, and from the place called Skull, the low horrible jargon of the rabble fills silence with confusion. It is the demoniacal triumph of crime, satiated, surfeited, gorged with revenge, flouting its lawlessness in defiance of order. And the center of the scene is a cross.

The greatest tragedy in the history of life was enacted that day. It represented crime in all its concentrated fury taking the life of the world's Redeemer. But consummation though it was, the struggle did not end that day. Down from the place of the Skull crime swaggered triumphant to send its demonic spirit out to possess the hearts of men, and to dye with crimson the pathway of the race. All through the centuries it has left its black finger-prints upon the throat of humanity. It set the torch of a Savonarola; delighted in the dull dead thud that deprived England of him who dreamed the Utopian dream; and wielded the weapon that robbed America of her Emancipator. During her revolution, it held France in a grip of terror; it gloated in the pitiless slaughter of the Inquisition, and wrote the history of the Albigen-

sians in blood. And today, from the Camorra, where organized lawlessness sits in high places and dictates in the affairs of a nation, down through the intervening classes of society to the Black Hand, where brute strength scrawls its coarse threats in letters of blood, crime flings its challenge into the face of civilization. Shall it be met?

Man has ever given an affirmative answer. But it must be remembered that any true remedy for crime should deal with its cause. Different systems of penology affect results, and are but temporary safeguards, designed rather to suppress than abolish. The only possible way to blot out crime is to discover and remove its cause.

One class of agitators locate the cause of crime in the economic order. Oppressive conditions on the one hand, and a driving capitalism on the other, are the Scylla and Charybdis of modern society, between which the masses are goaded to crime by the iron hand of necessity. The natural man is not criminal. But an individualism that accepts as its slogan the merciless law of the survival of the fittest, throws as pitiless burden upon him and drives him to lawlessness even against his will. The solution is an economic reconstruction, in which the instruments of production become public property and, by the adoption of communistic principles, every man is assured the wealth which his needs demand.

But is crime peculiar to poverty? Does none but

the desperate with hunger set aside the mandates of the law? What of those who never know want; what of the rich? Do they never show contempt for authority or spill the blood of their fellows in murder? Behold the atrocities of a Leopold in Africa; remember the tragedy in Madison Square Garden with its recent developments; behold the invasion of Peru by British capital, when law was defied and life subserved to greed! Do these instances point to an oppressive order of economy as the cause of crime?

Another question confronts us: Whence comes our economic order? Is it the result of a combination of fortuitous circumstances operative under a law of blind fatalism? Admit such a proposition, and we have man an automaton, swept along by resistless forces over which he has no control. Justice exists only in words; conscience is a mockery; immortality, an idle dream. Deny it, and man is free, the creator of his own surroundings—not slave, but sovereign of environment. And is it not true that the present economic system was established by him? The virtue of the reconstruction theory rests upon the assumption that external conditions make men, when the fact is, men make external conditions. Therefore if a solution for the problem of crime were sought through reconstruction, would not the same agency that makes oppressive the old, soon prostitute the new régime? There is a further danger: the abolition of private

property and the initiation of kindred measures would pave the way for the most gigantic centralization in human history. Talk about trusts! Talk about the dangers of monopoly! If, by misguided agitation, we force upon the world a system of communism to be directed by the very men who have made oppression grievous when hedged about by restraints, we will make possible a paternalism of which the world has never dreamed—a despotism that will force into industrial slavery a people reared in liberty, and repeat the history of the time when Tiberius ruled with high-handed tyranny the empire by the sea.

A second attempt to solve the problem of crime dates back to the time of Grecian supremacy. It sprang, not from the heart of the multitude, but from the brain of a philosopher. The ancient idealist, struck by the power of the subjective, located the cause of crime, not in external conditions, but within the mind. Dividing the spiritual self into three, he advocated mental training to qualify for intelligent citizenship. Knowledge was virtue and the only prerequisite to law-abiding people. It would lift the criminal up to an appreciation of ethical values, and insure respect for law.

In our day the pendulum of popular opinion swings in this direction. And it is not inexplicable, for most men realize the potency of education in determining the status of a people. The modern

world with its splendid civilization owes it much. It formulated ethical principles that have elevated conduct from superstition to purposeful action. It grasped the advantages of agreement, and bound the powers of earth together by international law. It made possible the epic grandeur of Milton, and extended the reach of man's thought from cosmic to universal by the inter-stellar sweep of Galileo. Truly, education has been a potent factor in civilization. But is it a practicable solution for the problem of crime?

Dealing not with theory alone, but with theory in connection with conditions it must meet, we face the fact of intellectual inequality. It is a mistake to assume that equal potential capacity is inherent in all minds, and that difference is only a matter of cultivation. The history of the race gives evidence that mental ability varies with the individual as greatly as physical, and that no amount of training would bridge the gulf of intellectual inequality that yawns between different men. It is law. And it is insurmountable law.

Then the fundamental premise of the proposition is false It assumes that knowledge is synonymous with virtue; that education has as an invariable result the law-abiding citizen. But does this accord with experience? Every nation gives a negative answer. Israel had its Solomon; France, a Rousseau. Rome possessed her Catiline, and Florence her Macchiavelli. Everywhere it is the

same. From Booth in America back through the years to Alcibiades in Greece, men of brilliant intellect refute the theory that intelligence results in virtue.

To reach the solution of this problem, we must return to the place from which we came. When crime swaggered down from the place of the Skull nineteen hundred years ago, it was not to exercise universal dominion. Side by side with it there was another force, that was to engage throughout the troubled centuries in the long struggle for emancipation. With its source in the cross that still "Towers over the wrecks of time," this new force was to come sweeping down the ages, snatching men from lawlessness and restoring them to dominion, gaining power and momentum with the wing-beat of every flying century, until at last it should sweep humanity with resistless sway up to the goal of destiny.

And how was it to operate? First of all, it was to affect the characteristic of all the race most universal and most powerful. It was to touch the heart. It was based upon the proposition that the emotive element is the strongest factor in conduct. Was it wrong? What is the impelling factor in life? Take history for an answer. It was unreasoning hate that drove the Duke of Alva to establish the Council of Blood in the Netherlands and stain Holland with a record of human butchery; it was an insolent pride that sent the bear

of Russia roaring into the kingdom of the Mikado; it was "pity for the fair realms of France" that sent Joan of Arc at the head of an army to Orleans, and it was jealousy that burned her at the stake. And what is it today but feeling that goads men on to crime; that creates the bitterness of murder; that drives the fatal dagger? Is it not the impelling factor of life?

Feeling is potential power. It is latent force, suggestive, dynamic, elemental. Proportioned out among individuals, each possessing a share and placing it whither he will, it is robbed of its might through division. But brought together in concentration, it acquires a mighty energy, terrible in crime, tremendous for good, swinging here a mob, yonder a Crusade.

Now the plan of the cross was to catch up this tremendous force of feeling and fire it with the passion for a great ideal. Concentrate it, vitalize it, give it a concrete objective, and then fling it out to the world as the resistless force that would in time grip all men by the common appeal of brotherhood. Not a blind fanaticism, but a mighty passion; not a gush of sentiment, but an emotion steadied by the concrete, matchless Example, sane, rugged, eternal. The plan seizes upon the most compelling element of life, ballasts it with an objective pattern, and sets it in motion as the force whose appeal gains power with the years until at last it strikes the dagger from the hand and re-

strains the heart with law. It catches up the criminal, deadened by the crime, distorted by hate, fills him with a strong and earnest passion, and Jerry McAuley faces the world a new man. First wonder, then conviction, and he begins a work that encircles the globe. His history is repeated in the lives of others, and the great work still moves on. Year by year it is gaining ground, and today it is not a dream, but a mighty movement of mankind, pulsating and quivering with the heart-throbs of two hundred million men, stirring continents with its power, writing a history of conquest, and fairly thrilling the world by its clarion call to battle.

On, on, like the tramp of a mighty army, greater far than the Norman hordes that tramped the fields of Britain; greater far than the Persian Immortals that crossed the Hellespont; greater far than the Numidian horsemen that trod the frozen peaks of the Alps, this great force is to go thundering down the centuries, changing the ideals of the race, substituting justice for greed and order for mob, until it ushers in the era of universal Law, and the nations of men dwell together in security, free from the ravages of crime. As the sun of that new era rises to flood the earth with light, the first purple rays of dawn shall fall upon the emblem of conquest—a cross.

Creative Citizenship.

E. Wight Bakke.

Awarded first prize in the Northern Oratorical League Contest.

If I were to ask each one of you, "Who is the true patriot?" I should in all probability receive as many different answers as there are people in the room. To the majority of us, the concept of the man who is a destroyer of government is much more clear and definite than the concept of the man who is a builder of government. The words Bolshevist, Anarchist, Pacifist, Communist, Red, slip off our tongues so easily that many of us imagine that we have defined the patriot, when we have defined what is not.

Back of this confusion lies the theory that the American government was created in 1789, and that, therefore, the duty of every patriotic citizen is to preserve that which was created. So thoroughly have we adopted this theory that many of us seem to be unaware that a nation, like history, is in a constant state of growth. America never was created. America is being created. And to the citizens of this country comes the opportunity and the responsibility for keeping this creative process in motion. We inherit a nation which is the creative work of our fathers. But we pass on to our posterity a nation which is our creative work. It

is shaped and determined by our thought and our ideals.

Define the true patriot as the creative citizen, and the question "Who is the true patriot?" becomes not the subject for a corner grocery discussion or the topic for a Fourth of July oration, but a challenge which you and I must answer in some way. We may answer it by applauding while someone else attempts to carry a double load of creative work, his own and ours. Or we can answer it by taking off our own coats to the job of building this nation.

What must we do in order to stamp ourselves as creative citizens? Unless we can answer that question successfully, American history is a closed book.

We become creative for the first time when we regard our citizenship not as a gift but as an attainment. The man who carelessly accepts his citizenship as a gift is not an unfamiliar figure to any of us. He is one of the fifty per cent of the qualified voters who failed to go to the polls at the last election. He is the man who expects Congress to represent the thought of the people, but he himself refuses to think—unless the problem touches his own pocketbook. He is the man who expects that the president and Congress shall understand what the people are thinking about, but he takes no part in creating an intelligent public sentiment concerning law enforcement, the world court, disarmament or child labor. The Constitu-

tion has conferred upon him the title of citizen, and he is satisfied. But if somehow in our thinking, we could amend our Constitution so that citizenship was something conferred upon a man not because he was born, but because he did something to deserve it after he was born, there would be a far greater vitality in our patriotism.

It has often been said that the foreigner who becomes naturalized makes a much more responsible unit of government than the average natural-born citizen. This may be an exaggeration, but it would not be surprising, would it, if it were true? To the foreigner, citizenship is held up as a goal—something to be attained only after he has proved that he can obey law, and make himself a useful and a constructive member of society. If the same test were placed before each one of us here, how many of us would be considered citizens? There is no law of the state which can force us to measure up the same standards of citizenship that we require of the foreigner. But there ought to be a moral law of our being which forbids us to accept the privileges of citizenship unless we are willing to pay the price of citizenship—participation in the process of government. Democracy is not a gift from the past—it is an attainment of the present. We citizens of 1926 live in just the kind of a Democracy that we ourselves have created.

Again, we qualify for creative citizenship when we put the emphasis in our thought and activity

upon that history which lies ahead rather than upon that history which lies behind. Nations are not built by men and women who spend their time in admiring the past. If such is our attitude we are like workmen who sit down on top of a wall half completed, kick their heels over the edge and say: "What a fine building we have erected."

The works of Washington, of Lincoln, of Roosevelt, will stand as mighty memorials to their vision. But unless you and I do more than admire those foundations they have laid, unless we build upon them, those very stones of thought and sacrifice become a monument to our lack of vision—a sad reminder of a nation which might have been. It is only when we turn our eyes to the future that we feel any sense of responsibility for building this nation. If we look to the past, the responsibility belongs not to our ancestors, but to ourselves. Yesterday, Lincoln could unbind the negroes' chains, but today children still sweat in bondage to a machine system. Who is to be their emancipator? The fathers of our country could write freedom of speech into the Constitution; but who will stand by this principle when the Pacifist wants to talk? The law makers of 1918 could make a dry law, but no one but ourselves can make a dry nation. We cannot build a great nation by loudly declaiming upon the merits of our ancestors. Admiring the spirit of '76 cannot take the place of creating a loyal respect for law in 1926. It cannot take the place

of building high national ideals for our own age. Unless we rise from the shrine of the men who built the United States of yesterday to roll up our sleeves and build the United States of tomorrow, that nation will never be built.

Furthermore, we deserve the title of creative citizen when we learn to build without destroying things of greater value than our own contribution.

What does it profit that we develop huge volumes of business, if in that development the fundamental laws of honesty and faith are destroyed? And what do we gain though we head the world in efficiency, if this efficiency robs us of time to live? How long will the gross output from our great factories remain of greater importance in our eyes than the richness and sweetness of human life? Must our educational and factory systems continue to make intellectual and mechanical machines of men and crush the creative spirit in their souls? And what shall we say of that self-termed citizen who uncorks the bottle in defense of personal liberty, and by that act destroys public liberty? The creative citizen must learn to build without destroying things of greater value than his own contribution.

We become creative in a still larger sense when we build extensively as well as intensively. If 100 per cent Americanism means placing ourselves individually and collectively in splendid isolation from the rest of the world, then 100 per cent

Americanism means robbing America of an unlimited chance to grow. It is by grasping the hand of all nations that we open the door of greatest opportunity for national development, because then we have made our creative work of some significant value in the history of the race.

But strangely enough this task is not accomplished when treaties and protocols are signed by diplomats. It is accomplished when treaties and protocols are vitalized by citizens. Unless the words of those agreements are engraved deep on our hearts, they are worth no more than the crumbling parchment on which they are written. The Locarno Peace Pact has encountered difficulties. Why? Because it said that Germany and France are friends. But back in Germany and back in France, Germans and Frenchmen are not friends. Constructive international policies must be grounded in unselfish national sentiment—a thing for which you and I are responsible. Our government will be dominated by a spirit of fellowship just as soon as we regard the negroes as more than a race of nigger slaves, the Italians as more than a race of "Dago" section hands, and the Mexicans as more than a bunch of greasers—when we learn that they are people to be thought about. International development begins at home.

But we cannot build extensively as long as we continue to quote the patriots of the past as an excuse for robbing America of its chance to grow

internationally. There appeared in a Chicago newspaper recently, a cartoon of the American voter at the polls. He carried a placard on which these words were written: "We believe in the foreign policy of Washington. Note.—George not D. C." If we say we must keep our hands free from effective foreign relationships because these were the parting words of our fathers, then we crush the very hopes that these men had for the growing usefulness of their country. If we will continue to keep America from her service to the world, what is left of our nation but a splendid monument to selfishness, and an ironical obituary to progress. If we would build extensively, if we would build a greater America, let the spirit of these patriots of the past carry us beyond the place where their words would leave us.

In every age there will be a few men of vision who will set their citizenship before themselves as a goal, turn their eyes to the future and with a positive creative power attempt to make America more powerful at home, and more helpful abroad. But in a democracy it is not enough that there shall be a few such men and women. The growth of an autocracy depends upon the power of its kind. But the growth of a democracy depends upon the creative loyalty of its citizens. The greatest danger to our nation is not that the Bolshevist or the anarchist will destroy, but that you and I will sit passively in our living rooms at home and fail to build.

To such a danger there is only one answer that we can give. That is to turn to this job of nation building with all the thought and strength that we can muster. Study our nation's problems; create a vigorous public sentiment; vote and vote intelligently; see that laws are enforced, and that we stop when the traffic light is against us; cast aside our egotistical nationalism and give our nation a chance to grow.

For what shall it profit that leaders have planned and patriots have sacrificed, unless you and I accept this challenge to create and build upon the America that has been, the America that is to be?

A century ago, your fathers and mine packed their covered wagons, turned their faces toward the setting sun and pushed into the great unknown that a nation might grow. The frontiers they established have long since been erased by civilization. They have made their contribution, their creative work is finished. But if the same spirit that drove those men to the task of nation building shall drive us to face the dangers of creative thinking and doing, the nation in whose name they dared to create will live and grow and serve, not as the master, but as the servant of mankind.

The Strange Drama.

R. S. GRIFFIN.

Awarded the Pacific Coast Championship at the Oregon State Contest.

LADIES and gentlemen: A few years ago a newspaper account of crime was unusual—a phenomenon to pique one's curiosity. But times have changed. Every front page emphasizes the fact. *Night before last* four-inch headlines proclaimed the daring robbery of a Portland church. *Last night* the Capital Journal was aflame with the gruesome massacre of a whole family. *Tonight* it is bandits bombing an armored car. And even as I speak to you, criminals throughout this country are furnishing new sensations for *tomorrow's* headlines. These newspaper accounts are indicative of a general situation which exists throughout our society.

In describing that situation I might present to you an overwhelming mass of statistics. But mere figures mean too little. Let us resort to comparisons. Crime is increasing seventy-six per cent faster than the population. Last year there were more crimes committed in this country than in all the nations of Europe combined; and the per capita rate is two times that of any other nation on earth. Crime costs us in money ten times what it costs to support both our army and navy, more than we spend on our whole educational system from

kindergarten to university! There are already two hundred fifty thousand more criminals in this nation than there are people in the state of Oregon! And there are at liberty one hundred fifty thousand murderers, a larger army of assassins menacing our society than was formerly necessary to change the destinies of empires!

We have blamed our corrupted officials; we have claimed our prisons were too humane; we have complained of technicalities in our court procedure! We have blamed fast motor cars and jazz. We have even summoned the overburdened ghost of the World War to shoulder the blame! We have passed more laws, appointed corps of new officials, and pled for merciless punishment. With what result? The very rate of crime increase has itself increased; and the dread spectre of law violation has stalked even into our court rooms to buy the very robes of those who sit in judgment!

Our cures have resembled the patented medicines of a decade ago. They have not been applied to the real source of the trouble. The one significant fact in the whole situation is that seventy-five per cent of all present-day crime is committed by youths under twenty-five years of age! These youthful lawbreakers, like all criminals, are most common in the larger cities. They are not isolated unfortunates, as one might expect; but as a rule are deliberately organized gangs. Four such gangs engaged in systematic robbery were apprehended

by the police of Portland in a single night! And only last night just such a gang plundered the gymnasium here at Willamette University! A few weeks ago in Chicago nine such boys ranging from fourteen to nineteen years of age were found guilty of deliberate robbery and murder. When the prosecution demanded the death penalty the youthful defendants snickered in derision! These boy criminals increase steadily in number. During the year ending June, 1926 there were in New York eleven thousand of them committed to the county and city courts alone! A nine-year-old automobile thief expressed his defiance of law—"I ain't afraid of no cops! I ain't afraid of nuthin'!"

Just what insidious influences have crept into our national life, which can put such words in the mouth of a child? Let us see. What are his first contacts with the idea of crime? He reads in his "Arabian Nights" the colorful story of the forty thieves and their secret cave of treasure. Elsewhere he finds the bold bandit who shoots from the hip, and the desperado who would die rather than betray the gang. He thrills as the movie plot unfolds the story of master criminals and slow-witted detectives. His pulse quickens as criminal czars speed silently through dark streets in powerful motor cars. His adolescent passions run wild as there is pictured for him the sensuous debauch of a voluptuous mistress deep in the dens of the underworld. Yes, and even in poetry he hears the

rhythmic thunder of the highwayman as he rides away from the brute minions of the law!

With whom do you think he identifies himself? Does he flit casually from theft to murder with the mysterious "Bat," or does he blunder senselessly with the silly movie detective? Does he wait with the cruel officers at the tavern, or does he ride with the lover highwayman? Where do you think his early impression lead him? Do you suppose there can be any significance in the declaration of Hugh D'Autremont that Jesse James was his life ideal?

Let us go farther. As the child grows older and the world of newspapers is opened to him, what does he find? Have any of us forgotten the vivid accounts of Roy Gardner's sensational exploits, the mythical shooting of lighted cigarettes from peoples' mouths at night, the impossible holdups unarmed and in broad daylight? Then there is Tom Murray. For weeks our newspapers were full of him. Glowing accounts of criminal cunning! Baffled officials! Cowardly wardens! Bold desperadoes! and finally the man whose information led to his arrest was maligned as a modern Judas! and only last week that man was denied the reward offered by the law! Notable criminals become national characters. Unlimited publicity is given every one. Loeb and Leopold were given two hundred twenty-eight full columns by a single Chicago paper! The public glutted itself with hideous de-

tails. "This interest of people in crime," wrote Robert Lovett in the *New Republic*, "is not the healthful one of prevention; it is instead the vicarious release of criminal instinct itself." Oft-times it goes farther. Our newspapers become recipe books from which crimes are copied and recopied. (The *San Francisco Strangler* is a perfect example!) Always it is the criminal and his crime! Not a word for the courageous officer! Abuse for the prohibition agents! Hatred for the speed officer! Contempt for the informer! And to climax it all the perjury of witnesses to defeat justice has become so common that judges everywhere are crying out in protest. A strange play we are acting; and a strange cast is it not, with our heroic Crime and Our Villainous Law!

This is the explanation for our criminal youth! Crime after all is the result of perfectly natural human passions. The potential criminal is in all of us. A criminal simply fails to make the adaptations, fails to practice the restraints which society imposes. Is there anything about the impressions we have reviewed to foster such an adjustment? Why, the world of crime is transformed into an impelling influence which appeals to the best there is in youth,—its virility, its courage, its love of adventure! And indeed if the criminals' world is so attractive a place, if riches and fame and public sympathy are the rewards of crime why should youth not cross the forbidden threshold?

But you say that is false. Why, then do we consign the despair and suicide of Tom Murray to an obscure corner on a page that veritably flamed with the details of his daring? Why do we fail so miserably to let the child know that the master criminal is in reality a perverted neurotic with nerve wracked and drug-broken body! that the handsome bandit is an ugly unkempt beast with booze-reddened face and bloodshot eyes! that the loyal fellow thief is a repulsive craven who would knife his own brother in the back for a crock of beer! that the licentious mistress is a treacherous hag who barters men's lives for her passing whims! that the richly furnished dens are poverty ridden holes where human vultures seek refuge from the law! Youth after youth swears he robbed or killed for the thrill! the excitement! the romance of the thing! And the criminal world of reality is as devoid of romance or attractions as is the despair in which it is drowned! Why, then, do we fail effectively to tell them so?

After all our cure is not a complicated or difficult. We have simply to tell the truth about crime. But that we must do. We may continue endlessly with our present methods; we may bolster up our law enforcement, we may transform our prisons into torture chambers, we may even send fifteen-year-old boys to the death chair! Such measures will simply heap fuel upon flames in which the moths will heedlessly continue to scorch their

wings. We must strike at the source. Our newspapers must cease their overemphasis of criminal daring, and we must expose this world of crime in all of its filth, its sordidness, and unhappiness. The false romance must be stripped from our highwayman and he must stand forth undisguised as the ugly foe of human society that he really is. The curtain must fall upon this strange American drama.

Crime and the Criminal Court.

LYMAN S. JUDSON.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

UNDOUBTEDLY you will recall the story which appeared in our newspapers only a short time ago, telling of an organized crime school in Chicago where 10,000 criminals were being trained in the art of crime. Some were learning to pick pockets; others offered to commit murder at prices ranging from twenty-five dollars for ordinary individuals like you and me to three hundred dollars for captains of industry. In line with this condition we find the report of the American Bar Association, which shows that while the population of the United States between 1910 and 1922 increased 14.9 per cent, the criminal population increased 16.6 per cent. This report concludes that, as far

as crimes of violence are concerned, the criminal situation in the United Stataes is worse than in any other civilized country. Indeed even the most conservative authorities of crime agree that lawlessness has increased and that the crime wave has become a crime ocean.

As to the causes of crime, authorities are not so well agreed. Those who attempt to lay the cause of the effects of the World War are unable to reconcile the increase in crime in the United States with the decrease in crime in England, which was more directly affected. Those who assert that unfortunate hereditary influences are productive of criminal elements fail to consider that by far the greater number of criminals come from our so-called "good families." Other causes often advanced are the low moral tone of the moving picture, the ease of escape offered by the automobile, and the carrying of concealed weapons by so many of our citizens.

We see at once, however, that these reasons are not basic. Where then shall we look for the cause? Raymond B. Fosdick, perhaps our greatest student of the criminal problem, gives us the most complete answer. He places the responsibility, and I believe that we must agree rightly, upon the criminal court. As we go deeper into our study it becomes more and more apparent that the failure of the criminal court is the fundamental cause of crime. This is the opinion of over a

dozen crime commissions, chief among which is the Chicago Crime Commission. That the failure of the criminal court is responsible for our crime ocean is the verdict of scores of lawyers and hundreds of judges. The American Bar Association even goes so far as to state that "There is no part of its work in which American law fails so absolutely and ludicrously as in the conviction of criminals."

The most adequate statement of our problem comes from Chief Justice Taft, who says that "the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization and that crime, which here is greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due to the failure of law administration to bring criminals to justice."

That we may fully realize the fact that our criminal procedure is a failure let us look first at its origin. All of you know that our legal procedure was taken directly from the English system at the time of the Revolutionary war. Since then England has entirely revised her criminal laws, but the United States still follows the antiquated original. None of us would be satisfied to use the pony-express in place of the telephone, or to drive along the pavement of progress by the light of a candle; yet we still cling to criminal jurisprudence which is a hundred years behind the times.

This system, long ago discarded by Great Britain, offers little protection to life or property

and makes even less pretense of administering justice to the innocent or to the guilty.

Let us next consider specifically, although briefly, the most conspicuous faults and abuses in this outworn system of criminal procedure. In the first place, we can not doubt the injustice of the treatment given arrested persons from whom it is desired to obtain evidence of guilt. I refer to the third degree, in which the methods used rival the tortures of medieval inquisitions. The disgrace and injustice of this system, as has been brought out in hundreds of cases, lies in the fact that innocent persons are often forced to make statements of guilt in order to obtain relief from the horrible physical, and mental agony inflicted by brutal representatives of the law. Prisoners, who may be as innocent of murder as you and I, are often lashed to barrels and beaten with straps until a doctor declares that the victim can stand no more and live.

An innocent woman charged with murder undergoes beast-like manhandling in her cell, and at midnight the mangled corpse of the murdered person is suddenly brought before her that the dramatic horror of the scene might compel some statement from her lips. These are all actual cases of the injustice of the third degree, but these are not all. Other atrocities are practiced, such as highly salting the food and denying water to the victim; exposing prisoners in bitterly cold weather, or confining them in frightfully superheated rooms. Such

is a hint of the third degree in Christian America in the twentieth century. While such practices are brutal abuses of authority or even criminal in themselves, the crowning shame is that they are done in the name of the law and are directed in most cases against humble and friendless individuals, who regard their jailers as representatives of the law.

Not only does the law sometimes defeat its own ends, but more often those who are sworn to uphold the law are the first to crucify it. Unscrupulous lawyers occupy weeks in selecting a jury likely to favor their client. A case of this kind occurred in Cleveland, where Harry Whitfield, a half-breed, was found living with a 14-year-old girl, whom he had brought from another state. He was arrested under the Mann Act. As he was being led away, he brutally shot down the officer and then buried the body in some secret spot. He was pursued for weeks, finally captured, indicted, and tried. Five days were consumed and over 100 persons were examined and cross-examined before a jury was finally impaneled, although Whitfield was comparatively unknown in Cleveland. Many were excused for no other reason than that they admitted having read about the murder.

That he has read about the crime should not in itself disqualify the juror. Jurors should not be qualified by their ignorance nor disqualified by their intelligence. The result of this cross-examination

appeared in the verdict. Without a single redeeming trait in Whitfield's past life, without a single mitigating circumstance in the commission of the crime, the jury recommended mercy. A skillful lawyer had crucified justice.

We could recount many similar cases, but all the blame must not go to the lawyer. A great share must go to the system under which he works and which allows such miscarriage of justice. Under this national disgrace, the over-importance placed on legal technicalities becomes one of the greatest weaknesses of our court system. To enumerate such weaknesses is to talk endlessly—to illustrate this weakness specifically is to tell all. In Missouri a man by the name of Campbell was found guilty of a vicious crime. His attorney appealed the case on the ground that the indictment read "against the peace and dignity of state" instead of "against the peace and dignity of the state". The Supreme Court, having only a cold mass of written evidence before it, reversed the decision; and the guilty man was freed. No additional evidence was introduced in the appeal. No attack was made on the justice of the verdict. The omission of one word from a stock phrase was given more weight than the real merits of the case. An insignificant word of three letters regarded as more important than the safety of the state. The article "the" placed above the honor of womanhood.

A similar reversal was obtained when the word "storehouse" was used instead of "storeroom."

If Ali Baba had had his famous forty thieves arrested in the United States today, instead of dealing with them himself, legal technicalities would have freed twenty-eight of them; twelve would have been sentenced; but only six of them would have been imprisoned. As long as such technicalities are considered to be of greater weight than the public welfare, the scales of Justice will continue in an unequal balance.

The failure of our criminal court procedure becomes more apparent as we compare its results with the results of the English system of jurisprudence. Leading jurors generally concede that the number of major crimes is an index to crime in general. If we accept this as a criterion we find that comparative statistics of murders in the latest official reports show that New York had six times as many as London, and exceeded the total of England and Wales by 67. Los Angeles, although only one-twentieth the size of London, shows two more murders than the English city; and Cleveland, only one-tenth as large, had three times as many as London. Statistics of this kind could be multiplied at length, but all of them would only point to what our study has already shown us, that crime is a result of the failure of our criminal court system. Is it not high time that we rid ourselves of this moth-eaten legal apparel, which has proven itself

to be such a failure? A comparison of our crime records with those of England points to a decided superiority in English criminal jurisprudence. Should we not therefore accept a system which has proven to be so successful?

The answer comes to us from the pen of William Burdick, professor of law at the University of Kansas; from Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School; from Elihu Root; and Chief Justice Taft; and finally from the American Bar Association. We must bring our criminal court procedure up to date; we must take from the English system, or any other system, anything which will aid us and fit our needs.

Judge Thomas Crain of New York would have us put an end to the unspeakable third degree, and yet prejudice no right of the prosecution, by ruling that no confession should be admitted as evidence unless made in the presence of the defendant's lawyer.

Legal technicalities and loopholes must be forever rescinded if crime is to be successfully combated. The action of our courts must be without delay, for Justice delayed is Justice defeated. Punishment may be severe or lenient, but it must be swift and certain. Criminal cases should always be given the right of way. By observing only the real issues at a trial we would greatly lessen the number of appeals, and thus justice could be secured by high and low, by rich and poor alike.

This problem of criminal court procedure is big enough to call for your best efforts and mind. If the administration of our criminal law is to be, not a national disgrace, but a national triumph, we must in the words of Hamilton, "institute courts, sane and just; courts without quibbling and delay; courts in which roads to justice are short, straight, and simple; courts which become servants to protect the weak rather than to serve as security for the strong; courts which become mighty citadels of perfect justice."

When this, our duty, is complete, crucified justice will arise; and equality and law will reign supreme.

My Brother's Keeper.

GARFIELD V. COX.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

ONE day a Galilean carpenter left his bench to teach humanity the worth of love. He antagonized the rulers of the Roman Empire, secure in the selfish enjoyment of place and privilege, and they crucified Him upon a Roman cross. Conflict between Rome and the followers of the Nazarene was inevitable. Physical force incarnate was the empire; through the power of her legions a proud aristocracy exacted tribute from subject nations,

and heart-breaking toil from slaves. Christianity struck at the foundation of this social order. Rome fought for political existence; the followers of Christ for the Christianization of the world. The Carpenter's cause, left to a little band of unarmed peasants, was pitted against a military machine that had never known defeat. Relentlessly Rome exiled, outlawed, tortured, killed. The Christians, indifferent to their personal fate, preached the gospel of love and human worth, and died praying for their persecutors. For two centuries the conflict continued. Steadily the new religion won its way and at last the apostles of force gave up, exhausted. Christianity had conquered the world's greatest military empire, and today it is a world movement among men.

The two basic motives of action involved in this conflict, self-gain and self-giving, have molded and must continue to mold the history of human society. Time was when man's first care was self, but he learned to love his family, to give and to suffer for them. But he could not reconcile his idea of his own interest with the interests of all. Conflict with his fellows ensued, and out of the conflict arose law to secure justice to each and to all. By loyalty to law each member of a tribe or city acknowledged that the community is above the individual, that a man should live not for self alone, but for his fellow-men. Enlarging communities extended this idea of social order. The indi-

vidual loved the family; he would willingly help his neighbors build a house or harvest grain; he would die, if need be, for his country.

But man's interrelations multiplied as civilization grew more complex, and these new relations have brought new sources of quarrel. What cared the Teuton for the yellow man or the black? Was he not merely an inferior to be exploited? Or why should the rich employer spend profits to better the condition of the toiler in his dismal mine? Why should the mob care for heartless aristocracy? How could one nation afford to help another, her rival in industry, commerce, and power? Thus social conflicts have continued. They have taken on new forms and grown in magnitude. Instead of the primitive individualism of a single man, we have the collective selfishness of opposing races. We have industrial monopoly and mob violence. We have armies and navies that slay each other's strongest men in battle. And the truth has begun to dawn upon men that the law of service is not partial, but universal, that the problems of industry, of race, of international strife will remain unsolved till men have learned to live not for their own class or nation alone, but for humanity.

We glorify the civilization of the twentieth century. No man dies today for teaching truth. No slave stands on the auction block. In America men are free in thought, are proclaimed equal. We are rich; one man with his hand on a throttle does

more than a thousand slaves once did. We are educated; knowledge is made common to all. We are foremost in the struggle for a better society. Yet do we deal with all in fairness and in love? Do we live for humanity rather than for our own narrow circle? In many relations our altruism lags behind. We boast that caste in America is a thing unknown, yet the lines of race and color are drawn taut in every sphere of social life. Within our borders is the laborer from Southern Italy. Whether or not it has been expedient to let him come, he is here, a human being, with the loves, the hopes, the ambitions of man. Yet in ridicule and contempt we call him "Dago." We gave the negro freedom and the ballot, yet scorn him because he has not become our equal in culture in a day. We scorn even the negro that proves his worth. We despise the Hebrew who gave us our religion. Though he has proved himself a genius in art and finance, though he is moral, educated, brilliant, yet blinded by a cloud of misunderstanding, prejudice and hate, men ostracise him, and deny him justice.

Again in the industrial realm, instead of harmony and altruistic service, we have blind self-seeking. Mexico is the scene of continuous violence. A whole people are in confusion, because one class of society has land, and another has not. We regard this struggle as the feud of barbarians yet we have in our own country a class struggle as

deplorable as the revolutions of Mexico. Labor and capital, by nature forever interdependent, are dealing blow for blow, each in a blind effort to gain its own ends. For three years in Colorado we have had a war between brain plus money and brain plus brawn. Not a great city of the United States has escaped the blight of this conflict. Labor and capital each puts its confidence in force. The trust bids low for labor, and the union answers by strikes and boycotts. The wheels of industry are stopped, the avenues of trade are closed—because men still seek their welfare through the ruin of men. We forget the worth of manhood in the passion for gain. We declare equal opportunity to all, proclaim human welfare supreme, and violate these declarations under every star of the flag. Our selfish individualism is born organized anarchy.

Turn to the relation of nations to each other and what do we find? While violence still continues within our own social order, what can we expect from nations mutually jealous, bristling with guns, and bearing a bitter heritage of hate from the mistaken rivalries and the unhealed wounds of centuries? Yesterday men thought the age of international peace at hand and talked of the impossibility of war. Today we witness the greatest conflict the world has known. We are told it is the necessary war of Slav against Teuton, or the inevitable result of the struggle of England and Germany for world markets and colonial

empire. But these are mere terms that hide the deeper meaning of this human slaughter. It is the self-consciousness, the individualism of nations. After nineteen hundred years of Christ the foremost nations of the earth have fallen victims of their own greed, antagonism and mutual distrust. The philosophy of Nietzsche, the final word in selfishness, has borne its natural fruit. Each nation is striving for what it conceives to be fuller life, under the delusion that the path to success leads over the dead hopes, the lifeless bodies, the broken homes of men.

These facts confront us today, and thoughtful men are asking how long the ideal of social peace will be held merely as a pious opinion, for which we will make no sacrifice. Is this gulf that divides humanity to remain, a permanent check to the unfolding of human personality and the realization of human brotherhood? Some say legislation will bring harmony to society, but no law can make men love whom they have hated, no statute can free a group from self-interest and cause it to treat a neighboring people in justice and love. It is the province of diplomacy to alleviate, it cannot cure. Biology tells us that war results in the survival of the unfit; but what man, inflamed by passion, stops to consider the penalty he inflicts upon the fourth generation? Political economy proves that war means waste and impoverishes even the victor, but a nation, impelled by the desire for supremacy,

ignores her own loss in a struggle that makes her rival poorer than herself. Morality says, "Thou shalt not kill"; but let pride be involved, and all that is rational and noble in man is forgotten in the heat of his baser instincts and passions—the race-long lust for revenge, for wealth, for power.

Social conflict has been born of man's error, peace must be born of truth. Competent men today are agreeing that international war cannot be abolished until all nations shall have obtained representative government, until trade barriers shall no longer rob less favored peoples of a fair chance at the world's markets, and the world shall have been politically organized. This, then, is a fertile field for statesmen, and back of their efforts must be the will of the people, for a mere change in form of government means only the adoption of superior tools; it cannot reform the soul. In America the struggle for democracy has been won, but who shall say that we have solved the problem of social strife? Just as good government in our own country demands an enlightened, righteous citizenship, so does the peace of society depend upon the love of the individual for his fellow-men. The individual must see that his true interest is not in self alone, but in the society of which he is a unit. It is the mighty need of this century to emphasize the human quality in a system that tends more and more to hide it. We must feel that beneath that black or yellow skin is a human soul,

a being potentially divine. Capital must purchase labor, not as steam or horse power, but as the product of manhood. The labor union must recognize that behind the hand that shovels coal is "a personality striving toward an ideal"; a man with the right to rise, if he can, above the common level. When we turn toward Europe, think not of England in terms of empire and superdreadnaughts, but in terms of human worth. Think not of Germany in terms of commerce, industry and Krupp guns, but in terms of her manhood. Remember that behind that industry or those guns are men, misled perhaps, blinded by the same national egoism that cripples us, yet comrades of ours in the upward struggle of humanity. We must see that antagonism and hate are death, that life is love.

Pessimists there are who declare self-seeking an axiom of progress, competition the only rule of human action. Yet the mother perishes to save her child. Every day some unknown engineer dies at the throttle of duty, some missionary leaves home and friends and braves every danger to lift a savage from darkness to truth. The spirit of altruism touches industry and labor unites to seek a common good. It touches government and forty-eight states are one in the mutual interests of ninety million people. It touches the church and strife over dogma melts away in the warmth of a common purpose the betterment of human society. For man climbing through wasteful,

tragic centuries has caught a glimpse of the truth that love alone is the power adequate to bring enduring peace among men; that the gulf between man and man, between Russian, German, English, French will disappear when selfishness, distrust and hate give way to helpfulness, confidence and love. The spirit of the Galilean that conquered Rome is "conquering now, and still to conquer". And in this our task is clear—to throw off the prejudice that binds us in its narrow circle, to recognize the manhood of every human being, to weave the ties of human sympathy between all classes of the social order—between employer and employed, between yellow man and white, between nation and nation, to put full into play in our own lives the forces of inter-fellowship, of love, of self-giving—to be in truth "Our Brother's Keeper."

The Worth of the Jew.

NORMAN CAWLEY.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

IT is Easter Sunday in a well-known Russian city. Clanging bells call the faithful to worship in the name of Christ, the Peacemaker. All day long the Christian churches have been in festal mood: their many-throated organs and choirs have striven

to equal the angelic choir that startled the shepherds on the Judean hills in an earlier day. Now the evening congregation surges through the crowded doorways with the eleventh commandment ringing in their ears, "Love one another, even as I have loved you." But now the peaceful stillness is broken, the sacred silence is desecrated. A shout, a revolver shot, a crashing of glass, and down the main street sweeps a shouting mob in the wake of a little, old man. His face is livid with fear of death. Terror lends wings to his feet. Yet he is not swift enough to outrun his pursuers, and presently with the snarl of wolves, they leap upon their prey and tear him to pieces, shouting in hysterical frenzy,—"Infidel! Enemy of God! Dog of a Jew!" The turmoil thus started quickly involves the whole Jewish quarter of Kishinev. Men, women, and children are alike massacred! No official arm interferes until scores of defenseless Hebrews are slain, and the wreckage of a hundred homes bestrews the streets! Then goes up a moan of agony that is heard the world around, and a cry of indignant horror escapes from mankind. The next day, such victims as are able find their way to the coast and take ship for the land of the free, the brotherland, God's land,—America!

Thus bullied, baited, and bled, the American Jew comes from the "Black Hole" of European despotism. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, he flees the City of Destruction for a land of light and brotherhood.

When here, though his oppressors have developed in him a certain cunning, and though his appearance may be repellant, his face is turned to the light. The sociologist may observe that the immigrant Jew often finds his way to the slums, and sees in close connection with the slum, the saloon, workhouse, asylum, brothel, and prison,—the fester sores of society. Yet, although these surround and tempt our Hebrew immigrant, he wears not the brand of the felon; his women are not the degraded inmates of resorts; the poorhouse knows not the sound of his footsteps; the asylums are not filled with his kind; the electric chair has not yet been his throne. For every Jew drunkard who dies from excesses, one thousand Gentiles fill graves of shame.

The son of Israel has many virtues. He is tolerant. He is eager for no mailed fist, no bloody sword, no conniving statesman to force assent to his doctrines. His synagogues rise in quiet unobstrusiveness, emblematic of the quiet strength of his faith. He commands men of every faith; his money finds ready access to the Christian institutions of all denominations, as well as to purely Jewish agencies; and though for centuries the Christian Church regarded him as bloody prey, he seeks only for the Christian's hand-clasp of friendship. He is energetic. He wastes his time neither at the village news corner nor in the city club. On the contrary, his name is synonymous

with business instinct, acumen, and application. He has a passion for education. In Columbia University every second man is a Jew! The Jewish family will stint and economize to the last extreme to ensure the children's education. A Jewish peddler one day boasted to a Christian clergyman that although he peddled needles, thread, and remnants, nevertheless he had one son graduating the next month from the high school, while another was studying at Harvard University! This homely heroism bears its fruit in the large number of Jewish students who excel in our institutions of learning. In the City College of New York the Cohens, Levys, and Schapiros head the list of public school children who pass the entrance examinations with highest honors. Well might a timorous critic recently write, "They beat us in the schools, they beat us in the colleges, they beat us in commerce, they beat us everywhere!" True! But is not that spirit of dogged perseverance typically American? Such high purpose and sterling courage adds good red blood to the arteries of our national life.

Enemies have charged against the Jew that he has no patriotism because he has no homeland. But this is an unjust slander! That the charge is unfounded in fact is demonstrated in the history of the colonies. When the Treasury was empty and the grim figures Defeat and Despair flaunted their gaunt forms before our leaders, Haym Solomon came to the rescue with half a million dollars

from his private fortune. Later, at a still more urgent call, he gave all he had; and finally for the cause's sake, sacrificed his life in the enemy's dungeon! That the charge is untrue, is demonstrated by the two Jews who formed part of John Brown's plucky band at Harper's Ferry, no less than by those seven sons of Judah who made the famous dash up San Juan Hill at the heels of their intrepid leader, Colonel Roosevelt! The accusation is disproved by that Jew who was the first man to respond to President McKinley's call for volunteers in the late war with Spain, and also by over five thousand of his brethren who shouldered guns and marched to battle by his side! It is declared untrue by over eight thousand Hebrews who in the Civil War reddened the soil of North and South as leaden hail scattered their hearts' blood like crimson rain. Turkey, Russia, Spain, France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, all give the lie to the assertion, for they have each numbered among their army officers men of Hebrew birth who have made history for the lands of their adoption. To assert, then, that the Jew has not patriotism of the red-blooded type, is to utter at once a slander, a calumny, a lie.

The sterling qualities of the Jew reveal themselves in every department of constructive activity. In literature, Max Nordau and Israel Zangwill are guests at almost every reader's hearth, while for the student, Heine, Auerbach, and Brandes have

dipped golden pens in ink of fire and burned their names amongst the immortals upon the scroll of fame. In politics, La Salle, a very Solomon among German party leaders; Gambetta, a French statesman unexcelled in a century; and Disraeli, idol of the people's hearts, creator of a mighty political party, and premier of Great Britain,—all Jews,—and all crowned in the halls of popular honor. In the drama the Jew's place is vital. Here are the Frohmans; that modern theatrical wizard, David Belasco; and the greatest actress of this generation,—admired and envied of three continents,—Sarah Bernhardt! In the musical firmament there is a brilliant galaxy of Jewish lights. Here are Meyerbeer, creator of French opera, the great Rubinstein, Sir Michael Costa, and, transcending all, the immortal Mendelssohn! In fact, each science and art is a sun and carries with it a complete planetary system of Jewish geniuses.

Do we realize how calamitous would be the loss of the Jew? If some evil spirit under cover of night were to maliciously extract from our midst the Jew and all he has brought us, the world's richest colors would fade. Our libraries would be bereft of their most priceless works; art galleries would be depleted; music would be impoverished; commerce would become bankrupt; and science would stagger from the blow! Jewish genius, Jewish finance, and Jewish ideals are inextricably interwoven through the woof and weft of American

life. Destroy what the son of Abraham has brought us, and you ruin the very fabric into which it is wrought,—the many-colored garment of our social, religious, and industrial life.

Thus, the Jew bears an important relation to the vital future of our nation. Our prosperity, greatness, and fame, as reflected in art, commerce, science, politics, and education, will be reinforced in proportion as we give the Jew incentive for fuller expression of his innate genius. The biting frosts of social ostracism, the gales, the tornadoes of persecution, had frozen the very soul of the Jew. But, under the warm glow of frank American geniality, and in the warmer breezes of social freedom and respect, his heart shall open, his soul expand, and all the vigor of newly awakened life find their expression in him. A natural result of the stimulus of the free strenuous life of America upon the Jew will be seen in a more general outcropping of his genius. How rich this might be is revealed by a writer on "The Comparative Ability of Jew and Gentile." He shows that the seven millions of western Jews have produced, relatively, more men of talent than the three hundred millions of Greek, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Christians. He further shows that the chances of finding a distinguished man, a scientist, artist, or scholar amongst one thousand Jews are three or four times as great as among the same number of English, French, or Germans! If, then, to foster

American spirit in the Jew will furnish us more scientists, scholars, artists, inventors, political leaders, and commercial geniuses, will it not be wise policy, to say nothing of consistent doctrine, if we stimulate the Jew to full development and application of his powers? "The anti-Semitism of American uncivilization" is traitorous to the best welfare of our nation.

The cry of today is for "Social Justice"! Platform, pulpit, and press give utterance to it; it is talked in the streets, agitated in the workshops, discussed in conventions, and debated in the forums of college and senate. But complete social justice will be only a chimera so long as Jewish culture and genius go unrewarded. Too long has the sun of Israel been obscured by the clouds of hate, prejudice, and misunderstanding; too long has the world enjoyed the fruits of Jewish thought, piety, and activity, while consigning its benefactor to dwell among the dog-kennels of the nations. The time has come when Christian peoples must be just peoples! The spirit of humanity urges you in the name and spirit of God to extend to the Jew the hand of welcome to a country where a Jewish name shall be no bar to Christian recognition.

The Jew appeals not for himself; his record speaks for him. The glory of his past is traced by the finger of God on the banks of the stream of history. Simple men who became patriarchs; poor boys who became coroneted kings; slum children

growing into men of learning; men of surgery and medicine, of finance and philosophy. Heroes of commerce, heroes of war, and moral heroes, all have been the product of the Jew,—a history unequaled among men.

The Industrial Conflict.

E. R. Lewis.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

It is September 21, 1792. The Bourbons and the monarchy are down and the wrongs of centuries have been righted. All Paris rejoices today. With flaunting banners and blaring trumpets the Revolutionists celebrate their victory. Slowly the great column swings into the Rue de Rivoli. Slowly it sweeps down that broad avenue, heralded by the roar of ten thousand voices. On and on it comes, past stately mansions, magnificent hotels, and splendid palaces, on into the shadow of the Tuileries, and the feeble wail of the beggar standing on the palace steps,—"Have pity on the blind, masters! Have pity on the poor!"—is lost in the voice of the multitude and the triumph sweeps on.

The years have come and gone and it is December 2, 1804. Anarchy has borne its legitimate fruits for the Corsican Conqueror of Italy and Egypt is crowned Emperor of France today. Again

we take our stand on the steps of the Tuileries. Again the great column sweeps into the Rue de Rivoli and again that broad avenue echoes to the tread of marching thousands. Again they enter the shadow of the Tuileries and again the beggar on the steps voices his appeal,—"Have pity on the blind, masters! Have pity on the poor!" Again to martial strains the marchers pass unheeding.

A hundred years and more have come and gone since last that blind, dull beggar stood on the steps of the Tuileries and uttered his piteous appeal. A hundred years of change, a hundred years of growth, a hundred years of progress, and the blind, dull beggar, with the host of toilers he represents, no longer blind, no longer a beggar, stands and demands his rights. For by the wonderful skill of a Divine Surgeon, the cataracts have fallen from his eyes and the light is flooding his darkened soul. New blood is coursing through his veins and a tremendous strength is in his good right arm. But alas for the peace of society! His strength is coming faster than the clouds are rolling from his darkened brain and the laborer and his Master are at war.

War! War! Industrial war! Think not that this struggle is only for higher wages and shorter hours! Think it is for vastly more than that. It is one phase of a tremendous struggle that had its origin far back in the twilight ages and has come thundering down the centuries since, striking

chains from wrists that should never have borne them, breathing hope to souls that had no hope, making serfs into men and men into sovereigns, and keeping ever alight the uplifted torch. It is one phase of the age-long struggle for liberty.

This struggle profoundly concerns you and me. It is forming political parties and writing political platforms which you must sanction or repudiate; framing laws which you must obey, yes, dictating judicial decisions by which you must abide. The roof that covers your heads tonight, the seats in which you sit, the very clothes upon your backs are made and sold and used under conditions necessitated by the exigencies of this mighty conflict. Truly a momentous question, this. What shall be its solution?

The Socialist, seeing the terrible gulf that yawns between the capitalist and the laborer; contrasting the culture, ease and luxury of the one with the ignorance, toil and poverty of the other, seeks the cause of this awful condition and finds it in industrial society's inherent inequality. Caught by a dream of a Utopia, he demands the abolition of the distinction between master and man, the destruction of the capitalistic class, the abrogation of the right of private property in the instruments of production. For private ownership he would substitute collective ownership.

But has he solved the problem? Is this industrial liberty? Who sets each man his task?

Who fixes his hours and wages? The Socialist must answer,—"The State." Then the chains still clank on weary limbs for the Socialist has but changed the master. It matters not that he protests, this is a democracy and the workers would be the State. Let him read the story of democratic France when the State was absolute in industry and politics and know that a democratic absolutism can be as tyrannical as was ever an absolute monarch.

And again! How will he divide the fruits of industry? He answers,—"By the principle, 'From every man according to his ability to every man according to his needs.'" Listen!* You are a tailor and have made two garments. I meet you carrying them, on the street. And as I have none, I say to you,—"From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his needs,"—and take one from you. That is robbery. Or you leave the garments in your shop. I stealthily enter and as I take one I mutter,—"From every man according to his ability to every man according to his needs." That is theft. Or the State comes to you and takes one of your garments to give to me, justifying its action by the principle,—"From every man according to his ability to every man according to his needs." That is Socialism.

Again, the Socialist may tell us he would distribute the products of industry according to the

* Suggested by Abbot.

principle,—"Equal remuneration for all." Does he mean to say that the man who sweeps the court room deserves as much for his labor as the judge who sits on the bench? The injustice of such a plan is too apparent. Believe me! Equality of remuneration, with its attendant equality of condition, can be but a dream. Every effort must have its appropriate reward. Equalize conditions and progress dies. Where would be the poet's song? Where the sculptor's marble? Where would be the Pantheon? Where our modern factories? Where our inventors, statesmen, reformers, were it not for inequality of condition and the reward that efforts bring? Socialism, with its equality of condition we must condemn as impractical and unjust. Through equality of opportunity must justice come.

Equality of opportunity,—'twas the principle for which patriots fought at Saratoga, at Gettysburg, at Santiago! It has been Liberty's principle among all races and at all times. For its sake dogmas and creeds have vanished; institutions hoary with age have crumbled; popes have trembled and crowns have rolled in the dust. Equality of opportunity has ever been the goal of down-trodden and struggling humanity, and it is the laborer's goal in the present conflict.

Forth from the struggle has come the inevitable result, organized Labor. The workers did not organize for a campaign of conquest and revenge,

although they have suffered despoilment and injury. But they organized because self-preservation dictated it. They were driven to organization by the iron hand of circumstance! aye, by the overshadowing power of organized Capital.

The Labor Union justifies its existence by its principles, its achievements and its ideals. It recognizes the fact that there can be no freedom of contract where there is not equality between the contracting parties; recognizes that the wage earner today does not enjoy freedom of contract when the other party is the opulent employer of hundreds; recognizes that equality for the workman can be obtained only by union and that a hundred men contracting as one can wring justice from an unjust employer,—recognizes these facts and declares the collective contract as the fundamental principle.

The results of this policy have been written large in our industrial history. The Union has fought disease and has secured factory inspection. It has elevated the standard of living and has made leisure possible. It has diminished accidents through employer's liability laws. It has raised wages and has destroyed forever the criminal fallacy that labor is necessarily a commodity to be purchased upon the open market.

The ideals of the Labor Union have been humanity's ideals since the first man began the upward struggle. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,—Liberty

for employee as well as employer to realize to the full the possibilities for his life, Equality not of condition nor of wealth but of opportunity, and Fraternity complete and absolute.

But will the Union solve this problem? We must deny it. We cannot but recognize that collective bargaining, the fundamental principle of the Union, is wrong and can never obtain for the toiler the full measure of justice which should be his. In the contracts of the Union, intelligence, skill, individuality, are classed and rewarded as so much physical force. Genius and personality find through the Labor Union no opportunity, but only a melting-pot fusing them with baser metals, only a mill-stone grinding a uniform grist. The achievements of the Union have been great. Its ideals are true. Its motives, good. Its existence, at present, a necessity. But as a solution to this problem it is a failure

The truth is,—this problem is so complex, so fundamental, so universal that no one agency can hope to compass it. The ultimate solution will come not by revolution but by evolution; not through the conscious endeavor of Labor Unionist or Socialist, although as agitators they will aid, but through the conscious endeavor of unseen forces acting and reacting through every channel of life. In the field of government they are securing a better system of popular representation, more

just liability laws, a fairer incidence of taxation, better sanitary conditions and shorter hours for the worker. In the State, they are sweeping us toward democracy and social justice; in the Church, toward democracy and brotherly love; in education, toward democracy and university opportunity; in industry, toward democracy and equity in the distribution of profits. Slowly, silently, surely, the forces of evolution are molding our institutions and shaping our destiny.

What the direction of our evolution shall be, we can only guess. But of this we feel certain,—the spirit of the individual will still be the guiding star of our progress. Not the spirit that too often in the past has used the bodies and souls of men as tools in a workshop; not the spirit that has enthroned a king and enslaved a race, but the spirit of a Luther, a Cromwell, a Lincoln; yes, the spirit perfectly incarnate in the Master Workman of Galilee; the spirit that exalts the individual while it proclaims the brotherhood of man.

By the light of that spirit I catch a vision of the republic of the future; a vision of a nobler, a grander organization of our work. I see a great body of toilers, "strong of limb, clear of mind, fair in temper, glad to labor, conscious of their worth." I see a leadership, still of the ablest; a leadership firm and wise, directing without passion and without greed. I see a land of fairer homes; a land

of a nobler citizenship. I see a land with juster laws; a land of open opportunity. I see a land at peace.

The Philosophy of the Race Problem.

(From a Negro's Viewpoint)

HENRY F. COLEMAN.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

"RAGGED, half-starved, heavy-hearted, . . . he returned . . . to find his house in ruins, his farm devastated, . . . his stock killed, . . . his trade destroyed, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away." In these words Henry W. Grady has depicted the return of the Confederate soldier at the close of the Civil War. But there was a more pathetic scene. Picture, if you can, the newly-liberated slave. He, too, is ragged, half-starved and heavy-hearted. He possesses no home, for his life-energy has been expended in behalf of his master. Released from bondage, he knows not how to use his freedom. He may not become a merchant, for he has no capital. He may not become a farmer, for he owns no land. He may not become a mechanic, for he knows no trade. He may not teach his fellow-creatures, for he has not the rudiments of an education. Ignorant, re-

sourceless, powerless, without home, without food, without money, without a trade, he faces a new and untried life of care and responsibility. He is encompassed by a people solicitous, not for his progress, but for its own injured pride and prestige,—a South of hostility and vengeful jealousy. Such was the condition of the negro at the close of the Civil War. To lift this tragic figure from a maelstrom of despair, to make this land a home to him instead of a prison, to give him knowledge for ignorance, self-support for destitution, virtue for immorality, to teach him the broad meaning of liberty and good citizenship,—the execution of these tasks constitutes the great race problem.

Justice and opportunity for the negro, demanded by Lovejoy and the Abolitionists, authorized by Lincoln and the Reconstruction Congress, are prime requisites in the solution of this problem. But in that section of our country most vitally concerned, justice and opportunity, in many instances, have been withheld, and the advancement of the negro, made possible under the new dispensation, has been seriously impeded. This situation has been brought about through certain agitators who decry the bestowal of education, the franchise, and industrial equity upon the blacks. Their grounds for these objections are, chiefly, the ethnic dissimilarities between the negro and the white, the fear of race-amalgamation. In short, they condemn the negro for his lack of resemblance to the white, and as

vehemently condemn all methods whereby the graver differences may be removed. I have no quarrel with these agitators as men. When I reject their policy, I oppose not the men, but the principles which they represent. My purpose is to disclose fallacies inherent in the philosophy by which they would solve the present problem, and to reiterate those principles which already bid fair to establish harmony and peace.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., one spokesman for this class, argues that to establish equal terms between the races is to effect ultimate amalgamation. "If a man believes in equality," he challenges, "let him prove it by giving his daughter in marriage to a negro." I hold that civic and economic equality does not necessarily mean social mixture. On the contrary, to grant a race social standing is to increase its race-pride, and render it more anxious to preserve its type distinct. The truth is that the mulatto came not through the fault of the negro, and that where advanced intelligence has controlled freedom of selection, the new generation is darker than the last.

Mr. Dixon argues further that the educated negro cannot live and labor in the same land on equal terms with the white; that sooner or later he will feel upon his throat the clutch of the white man's unwritten laws,—those laws which deny to him the possibility of a career, and drive him to a choice between a suicide's grave and a prison cell.

In spite of this assertion, the sophist exclaims: "I believe in God's call to our race to establish and maintain for weaker races, as a trust for civilization, the principles of civil and religious liberty." Are we to believe that the white race of America will maintain civilization in trust for weaker races, are we to believe that it will establish the principles of civil and religious liberty by clutching the negro's throat, and driving him to a prison cell or a suicide's grave? Or are we to believe that those principles of justice and equity which rescued Mexico from Maximilian, preserved intact the unity of China, liberated the Cuban and emancipated the Filipino will break beneath their own weight if applied to the American negro?

Mr. Dixon seems to believe that physical characteristics are more potent factors in determining racial possibilities than are mental and moral traits. Still speaking of the negro, he says: "The more you educate, the more impossible you render his position in a democracy. Can you change the color of his skin, the kink of his hair, the bulge of his lips or the spread of his nose with a spelling-book?" I thank an all-kind Creator for this tremendous possibility, that my skin, though black, may cover a heart as pure as any that beats within a Saxon's breast. I thank Him that my hair, though kinked, may cover a brain which can think as clearly, and reason as profoundly as that of the fairest white. I thank Him that the bulge of my lips and the spread

of my nose need not forever be the inevitable tokens of my disgrace,—that they may become my badge of honor if, after fifty years of education, I can show the rudiments, at least, of that mental and moral development, to acquire which, the Anglo-Saxon has taken a half-score of centuries.

But why quote further? After he has condemned and maligned the negro with rankest venom, Mr. Dixon has no remedy to suggest except deportation —a theory long since discarded by serious students of the race problem.

Less subtle in sophistry, but more dynamic in hate are the utterances of the prominent Senator from South Carolina. He gives vent to his malice chiefly by expressing what he terms the menace of the negro to the country's morals. He delights to ask: "What would you do if your daughter were ruined by a black wretch?" Neither the strongest sympathizer of the race nor any intelligent negro will condone crime because the perpetrator is black. But what would you do if you were a negro, possessed of education and Christian training, and your wife, your daughters were never safe from those who assume that all black women are unchaste?

We accept Mr. Tillman's assertion that the negro is not the equal of the white. It is not remarkable that the white race, with centuries of development in an environment of freedom, has risen superior to a race whose only inheritance is ignorance and

oppression. But is the negro incapable of acquiring a culture equal to that of the white? Remember, yesterday, the negro was a chattel in the market, beaten by lashes and bound by chains, the child of hopeless, unrewarded toil. In him ambition was an evil, education a crime; every faculty of his mind and soul was rigidly suppressed. Today the world is moved by the pathos of Dunbar; it thrills with the powerful fiction of Chestnutt and Dumas; it listens, entranced, to the rhythmic cadences of Coleridge Taylor; it praises the superior generalship of Toussaint L'Ouverture; it applauds the forceful energy, and sterling character of Bowen, Vernon, Gaines, Du Bois, and it thunders with enthusiasm before the inspiring eloquence of Bruce, Douglas, Mason and Booker Washington. The genius of these individuals is the gift of God to black men,—men whose stupendous labors have been performed with hands marked by manacles and scarred by chains. We point to their achievements as indications of the cultural possibilities of the race.

If we accept the advice of the agitators from the Southland, ten million souls, pregnant with possibilities, shall lose from within their very grasp the greatest boon which the Almighty has bestowed upon the human race,—the ability and the opportunity to achieve. Imbued with the power of thought, they may not think; capable of achievement, they may not venture; stirred by ambition,

they may not strive. They must remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water," beasts of burden with souls and brains. Longing for knowledge, thirsting for culture, they must turn their backs upon both, and continue to toil without hope of recognition or reward.

Will you who love justice consent to governmental methods which ignore the simplest rights of the negro? Will you accept, then, these pernicious doctrines of foul injustice and base intimidation masked behind the fair-sounding terms, "white supremacy" and "Anglo-Saxon domination"? Can this policy preserve the nation's safety, harmony and peace? Not the vehement denunciation of a Vardaman, nor the biased legislation of a "Hoke" Smith, nor the malicious hatred of a Tillman, nor the subtle venom of a Dixon can solve the race problem. It has ceased to be merely an intellectual puzzle; it is largely a matter for the heart and will. Mutual sacrifice is necessary. The blacks have suffered and must continue to suffer. The whites must endure the consequences of their fathers' sins. Side by side must the races strive to lift this mighty burden. Universal heroism on the part of the blacks,—the willingness to suffer, and the ambition to advance,—universal altruism on the part of the whites,—flinging wide the door of opportunity, patiently leading a faltering race along the rugged path of progress,—these are the factors that must ultimately prevail!

Could the martyred Lincoln have lived to execute fully the policy for which he gave his life, would he have countenanced a rule of injustice and oppression? I seek my answer in the past, and a vision of that heroic soul unfolds to my eyes. I see him watching in the Southern mart; I note the firm resolve that hardens his face like steel. I see him opposed to Douglas in the clash of giant-minds, battling for justice to a helpless race. I see him bearing the burden of a nation's destiny, and imploring divine guidance to lead his steps aright. I see him pen the immortal words that free four million souls. I see him wounded, bleeding, dying,—and for me. And my heart cannot believe that so great a soul would commit the cause for which he lived and died to the policies of men who would discard as loose robes the civilization of centuries, and stride naked into an arena of barbarism and hate. Rather would he strive for peace and harmony between the races,—separate in type, but united in spirit,—brothers in industry, brothers in freedom, brothers in the love of eternal justice.

The spirit of Lincoln still lives,—that spirit born of the teachings of the Nazarene, who promised mercy to the merciful, who taught the brotherhood of man, who lifted the lowly, strengthened the weak, ate with publicans and made the captive free. In the light of His divine example, the doctrines of demagogues shrivel into chaff. Already closer understanding links Saxon and Freedmen in mutual

sympathy. America experiences "a new birth of freedom." In her sons and daughters she incarnates the spirit of her martyred chief. Their loyalty is repledged, their devotion renewed to the noble work he left unfinished. And my heart throbs anew with the hope that, inspired by the example of Lincoln, imbued with the spirit of Christ, they will soon cast down the last barrier to perfect freedom; that I, with my brother of blackest hue, possessing, at last, my rightful heritage, and holding my head erect, may stand beside the Saxon, a NEGRO and yet a MAN.

Intolerance.

JOSEPH T. OWENS.

Awarded first prize in the Kansas State Oratorical Contest.

THE cardinal principle of the American government is liberty. Imbedded in our fundamental law is the doctrine that all men are created with equal rights and that neither race nor creed shall be held as a requirement for public office in the United States. By our Constitution we are guaranteed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom to worship as we please. Largely because our government was founded upon these principles we have developed and expanded, so that after only

one hundred and thirty-five years of national existence, America today is recognized as one of the greatest nations of the world.

We have prided ourselves on our freedom and congratulated ourselves that we have behind us the days of intolerance and oppression. We have even allowed ourselves to imagine that America is the only nation of freedom, the only nation where liberty and justice exist. So blind have we been, that we have failed to realize the constantly increasing growth of an evil which threatens to destroy our cherished principles of freedom, a spirit of intolerance which is shaking the very foundations of our national life.

Whenever intolerance is rife within a country, it is expressed in her relations with other nations. For instance, the attitude of America toward Russia has been one of rank intolerance. The first reports which we received of the communist uprising were stories of a bloody, disgraceful carnage. And what did we do? We accepted these stories and allowed ourselves to become prejudiced; we not only believed all of the evil things we heard about Russia, but we refused to listen to the other side. Two years ago Miss Claire Sheridan, a sculptress and lecturer, who had spent several years in Russia in close association with Lenin, Trotzky and other leaders, was engaged to deliver a series of lecturers on Russia before American audiences. At her first appearance she presented

a picture of the better side of the Russian revolt, she discussed the hopes of Russia, the splendid educational system it has worked out, she told the truth about Russia as she saw it. What was the result? Every one of her dates in this country was canceled, the American people would not believe that there was any good in Russia, they would not even listen to the other viewpoint. This is prejudice, this is intolerance, the intolerance of public opinion, which brands a whole nation of people as outlaws and dangerous radicals, and refuses even to countenance any other opinion.

One of the most outstanding forms of intolerance in America today is that which exists between groups of people who differ in religious and political beliefs. A few weeks ago the Ku Klux Klan held a meeting at Niles, Ohio. Permission had been granted by the city authorities and on the surface it was nothing more than an ordinary meeting of an organization, but it resulted in a bloody conflict. Klansmen straggling into the city were dragged from their cars and mutilated by bands of Roman Catholics, members of the order of the Knights of the Flaming Circle. Firearms, clubs, stones and dynamite bombs were used in the outbreak. Although the hostilities were confined to mobbing individual Klansmen, only the timely arrival of state troups prevented actual warfare between the two groups. As it was, twelve men were killed and hundreds more injured.

Think of it! Does it seem possible that such an outrage could occur in America, in the land of liberty,—that men in their intolerance would take up arms and kill each other because of differences in religious belief? It harks back to the bloody persecutions of Philip II, to the Thirty Years War, to the ages which we look back upon as the ages of superstition and oppression and darkness. The Catholics, at Niles, attempted to reason with the logic of fire and sword, and they were wrong in this, unquestionably wrong. However, is not the other side open to criticism?

The Ku Klux Klan, organized for the purpose of protecting Americanism, probably has done much good, but in some cases the Klan itself has become intolerant. Much of its activity has been directed against the Catholic Church and in the attempt to prevent this body from gaining political power in the United States, the Klan has trumped up the vilest charges against it. Catholic officials have been accused of every form of wickedness, often merely because of the hatred and intolerance which Klansmen bore them. Judging from recent elections, this organization has decided that no Catholic, Jew, or foreign-born person shall hold public office in the United States. What is the Klan trying to do?—to fight intolerance with intolerance, to fight fire with fire? But what is to be gained by such means?

I am not here to denounce the Klan or to de-

nounce the Catholic Church, but rather, to impress upon you, Americans, that unless the eternal principles of justice and toleration are maintained by us, the future of our nation is imperiled.

We have just passed through a political campaign in which an alarming amount of intimidation and demagoguery was displayed. It is alarming that a leading candidate of one of our strongest political parties devoted most of his campaign to defaming one of his opponents, but this is trivial compared with the hatred which sprang up among individuals. By threatening to remove teachers from public schools because of political beliefs, by preventing the free use of public buildings for political discussions, and by every form of unjust, unkind, and often untrue criticism, private citizens attempted to intimidate others into their way of thinking. During the recent campaign a group of students in one of the large state educational institutions of the northwest formed a club to support one of the three outstanding presidential candidates. An arrangement was made for the candidate to address the club, but the authorities of the school forbade the man to speak on the campus of this state institution. When will we learn that even if a person's opinions differ from our own he may still be right, that although his views are directly opposite to ours, on some question, he is not for that reason a Red, a Bolshevik, or a dangerous citizen.

Another form of intolerance is found in the Protestant Churches of America, where an age-old controversy has been revived and is becoming so bitter that it threatens to shatter the faith of our nation. I refer to the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy which has transformed our churches into hot-beds of intolerance.

The Modernists contend that, in the light of science and history, they cannot conscientiously accept some of the ancient beliefs of the Church. They contend that they are just as good men, just as loyal followers of Jesus as some of their fellows who hold different ideas. Then why should they not be allowed to believe as they please? But this is where that dread evil, intolerance, enters; because men hold different beliefs they are ousted from the church, cut off from religious fellowship with their brethren. Is this Christianity? Is such an attitude in any way helping to build up the teaching of Jesus? It is not Fundamentalism, it is not Modernism, that I decry, but rather the spirit of intolerance which men hold toward one another.

If only the Fundamentalists would look back to the days of Copernicus and Galileo, to the time when the Church branded these men as criminals for disturbing a time-honored belief of the church! The theologians interpreted the Bible to mean that the world was flat and that the sun moved across the heavens which were a canopy for the earth, and when Galileo began to lecture on the theory of the

solar system which we hold today, a very deluge of intolerant criticism came upon him. Father Inchofer, a prominent churchman, cried out, "The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the incarnation should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves." So great became the criticism that the scientist was threatened with imprisonment and even with death, he was forced to burn his books and remain silent.

For a few years the Inquisition was successful, but truth prevailed. The Bible was not lessened one particle in the regard of men because the interpretation of it was changed. Would it be less highly regarded today, if the beliefs of the Modernists were tolerated? Men need to remember the words of that great Bible libertarian Gamaliel, the Jewish doctor of the Law, who defended the disciples when they were called before the Sanhedrin with these memorable words: "I say unto you. Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

There is intolerance in America today, but is it a hopeless situation? Are we to allow our nation

to be broken by such an insidious, such a useless thing? No legislation can help the situation, no physical force can offer a solution; the overthrow of intolerance can only be brought about by a change in the minds of the people. It is a victory which we must win over ourselves. It is for us, the people of America, to make possible the rebirth of the American principle of liberty. And what is liberty, what is our ideal conception of the term? —to allow a person to do to another, and to allow a person to think anything he pleases whether right or wrong, for only by thinking can we determine what is right and wrong. This is the principle of liberty upon which America was founded and it is the only basis upon which any nation can permanently endure. From the sand-enshrouded Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, and from every fallen, crumbling stone of the once mighty Rome, comes the cry that no nation founded upon injustice and intolerance can stand.

If our own country is to continue through the ages as the guardian and protector of right, our intolerance must be conquered. If the magnificent statue of the Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft the torch of freedom, is not to become a mere mockery, we must cast aside our prejudices and allow love and helpfulness and charity to enter our hearts. We must hold aloft the torch of freedom, the symbol of toleration, and America will retain her greatness.

Martyrs of Progress.

LELAND M. ROSS.

Awarded first prize in the Baldwin Oratorical Contest.

THE prophet Moses stood gazing pensively into the muddy waters of the river Jordan. He was as one deep in thought, recalling the past—how he had scorned the ease and luxury of an Egyptian court, how he had freed his people from slavery, and how with infinite patience he had guided them so near to the promised land. He remembered the reproaches of the very people he had served. There rang in his ears those now famous words, "The people who dwell in the land are stronger than we, we dare not go against them." And now again, "We cannot cross the Jordan, thou idle dreamer!" With saddened face he turned his way toward the wilderness. In the dusk of evening climbing wearily to the brow of Nebo, he beheld for the last time far in the distance the dim outlines of his dream. And there, without a friend to appreciate or to console, the aged leader died.

Throughout history great men have lived lonely lives, sacrificing all personal interest to serve their fellow-men, seeing what ought to be and striving to create it in fact. Sooner or later the people they served have caught the vision and have crossed over into the promised land. But those who pointed the way, their doctrines despised, their services

scorned, themselves condemned as dreamers and fools, have died despairing of their cause, friendless and alone. All history is a repetition of this tragedy of the great. Socrates, the enlightener of youth, preaching his sublime moral truths, was scoffed at as he passed along those Grecian streets, and finally condemned as a heretic to drink of the poisonous hemlock. Galileo, the pioneer of natural philosophy, discovering the unfathomed truths of the stars, deriving invaluable formulas, reaching far out into the universe for knowledge, confined by the dogma-blinded monks of his time to a darkened, filthy dungeon! Huss, the advocate of free religion, burned at the stake by the defenders of dead tradition! Lincoln, the emancipator of an enslaved race, slandered, abused, assasinated! And now the last great martyr of truth lies in his lonely grave, the flowers scarce wilted above him. Pleading for international brotherhood and peace among nations, his message was torn to shreds, his noble spirit broken, his life ended! Age after age has witnessed this worn-out tragedy. Philosopher, genius, statesman, whatever he be, he enjoys no rewards, he meets no sympathy, has no understanding friend: he dies despised, his mission adjudged failure till too late for him to see a tardily awakened humanity see the truth he heralded.

The fate of this lonely man of vision will always be the same. He can never have really sympathetic friends. Between him and the people he serves a

gap too wide to bridge is fixed. His thoughts are not their thoughts; his work is not their work. Ordinary men live in a world of ordinary things; the great man lives among the ideals he hopes to realize. They are content to leave things generally as they are: he strives to make them as they ought to be. They are concerned with the immediate, sectional things of life; he with the universal and ultimate. Ordinary men cling to worn-out tradition: they are able to understand only those things that have happened before. The leader, scorning any precedent, seeks truth and traces link by link the golden chain of things to be. The common mass of men sees the speck on the window pane: the great man gazes beyond upon the beauty of Nature's landscape. Mediocrity sees only the little valley in which it lives; genius ascends the neighboring mountain and gazes with enraptured, comprehending eyes upon the limitless seas beyond.

The greater the man, the wider is the gap; the more sublime the truth he proclaims, the more certain it is that he will not be appreciated or understood. True he will have associates, admirers, flatterers—a myriad of these. But true friendship is based upon understanding, intelligent sympathy, upon things held in common. How little they have in common with him! How unsatisfying is their mite of sympathy! How limited their understanding of the forces of his life! His very greatness sets him apart. His loneliness is that of Everest

towering far above the monotonous ranges of lesser peaks. He has reached a higher plane than they; and so like the uncompanioned condor of the Andes must dwell forever alone.

Perhaps it is well purposed so. Exiled by superiority these chieftains of advancement escape the humdrum of life. They wander alone in sequestered regions; saunter along deserted seashores; scale uninhabited mountain peaks; stroll through secluded woodlands. They sit before the fireplace alone with their thoughts. They live much by themselves, and undisturbed by the clamor of everyday existence discover the truths they seek. Even when among their fellow-men, they are essentially alone; for they stand aloof and with understanding eyes watch the bustling, unthinking multitude as it passes before them. Perhaps this very loneliness gives them their inspiration and furnishes the source of their greatness. This lonely man of vision may never enter the promised land. The voice of the Infinite sent the fatal message thundering from Sinai, and its reverberations have been echoed through all the ages. Society is slow to change. It resents exposure of its own imperfections. Mankind is naturally inclined to view with suspicion and incredulity the innovations of reform. Long years of submission to the painful experiences of imperfection have calloused their sense of them. They are accustomed to the imperfect; and perfection is hidden from them, seems to them, in fact,

to be the idle fancy of wandering minds. Hence when challenged by reform, they shout, "Impractical!" and go serenely on in their complacent, traditional way. They have been trained throughout life in the things of the past, have been taught to revere the accomplishments of their fathers. Long years of association have endeared these old-fashioned things to them. They speak those very words, "traditional," "old-fashioned," lovingly, relishing every syllable. They see the past in false colors; they lack the vision to see the future with hopefulness and eagerness for forward steps. They are swallowed up in the swirl of the commonplace, blinded by dogma and tradition, drowned in the business of today! Reluctantly awakening from their complacent inertia, they abuse the rude disturber of their slumber, they hate the mocker of their favorite traditions, despise that which claims to be better than the old. To the great man mere tradition holds no attraction. He sees nothing so vain as mere age. Scorning tradition and custom, he preaches fundamentals of truth, seeking to revolutionize thoughts, conceptions, ideals. He patiently strives to fix the gaze of the sluggish masses upon his goal. But he may expect no applause from those whom he seeks to uplift. It is only when his doctrine is accepted and is grafted on to the commonplace, that his work is recognized. Before that day arrives, the herald of truth lies lifeless in his grave. Immutable time

stands between him and the promised land. It is in the nature of things and will ever be so.

Despite the tragedy of great lives, they cannot fail. Unselfish sacrifice for mankind is never in vain. The children of Israel made real the dream of Moses; the world of Alexander followed the philosophy of Socrates; an enlightened world blesses the memory of Galileo; Huss is the saint of Protestant believers; the "Man of Sorrows" is reverently named "Great Emancipator"; and even thus early the cause of peace is gaining definite form. Great lives are never in vain. They set in motion irresistible forces; new ideas, new conceptions, new idealisms. Standing firm and unafraid amid the uproar of reproach they survive defeat. They build upon the solid foundation of truth that those who come after may complete the task. Philosophy storms the mind of humanity; genius destroys the old-fashioned; statesmanship supersedes the antiquated. Blinded eyes are opened; narrow visions are broadened; the will of humanity is altered. Dogma, tradition, custom—these flee before them as darkness from a room when the shutter has been opened. The great movement goes on and like a huge snowball rolled from the hilltop gathers force and hugeness as it goes. The ridicule, the violence, the torture—all these merely annoy, they cannot defeat the cause. The power of great lives is irresistible; it crushes every opposition and rides triumphant despite it all. It is to these

frontiersmen we owe our modern civilization—they who stir the world to motion. Behind every significant movement in human experience there has stood a great man. It took a Napoleon to set all Europe ablaze with his dream of world dominion; it took a Voltaire to create a French revolution; a Lenin to wipe from earth all semblance of Russian government. Destruction—and a great destroyer. On the other hand it took a Jesus of Nazareth to give the blessings of Christianity to all the world; a Thackeray to cleanse the society of England; a Wilson to bless tomorrow's world with peace. Construction—and a great builder. Civilization is the product; progress the average of such lives. We see them in a union of world thought, in a progressive idealism, in great educational systems, in world movements for peace. History illustrates that without them progress ceases. The French slaughtered their leaders at the guillotine; and for generations the story of France was one of retrogression. Chinese ancestor worshippers placed a premium upon mediocrity and a curse upon greatness; after five thousand years of torpid life, she drowses on undisturbed. Russia sent her leaders into exile; today her desolated lands and ruined people tell the story. These guiding stars are necessary. They serve as harbingers of improvement. They keep alive the tug of the ideal, beckoning humanity from the old to the new. These, the solitary, unappreciated, victorious, great;

they sow the seed; humanity gathers the harvest. They are mankind's richest boon—these martyrs of progress.

John Knox.

C. BRUCE MCCLELLAND.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

Two conditions have entered into human progress as essential factors,—the first, a grasp of eternal truth, the second, the revelation of this truth through a great personality. The possession of either may entitle a man to some measure of greatness. But that man, now and then through the centuries, who commands the homage of the world, must possess both. Such was John Knox.

Born near the beginning of the sixteenth century, into a humble Scottish home, and receiving such education as the times afforded, Knox lived the peaceful life of a teacher until he was over forty years of age. Then, suddenly, without warning, his real life work began. On a Sunday morning as Knox sat in his pew, listening to a sermon on the selection of ministers, the preacher abruptly turned upon him, and in a loud voice, and in the name of his congregation, called upon him to enter the ministry. The people had noticed with what

clearness Knox unfolded the Scriptures to his pupils and they wished him for a teacher in a broader field. Knox wavered. He had never thought to be a preacher. But so startling a call was not lightly to be put aside, and the following Sabbath found him in the pulpit, consecrated to the task which he abandoned only at his death—the task of lifting a people out of serfdom, of freeing them from the shackles of ignorance and despotism, and of overthrowing the vice and corruption of an apostate priesthood.

For generations Scotland had been ground down by tyrannical despotism, for years she had been the medium through which France had striven to gain entrance to England. She was governed by aliens, whose only care was for their own advancement. Bickering and strife were everywhere in the land, and on every tongue was the wail of despair. But the time was coming for the nation to throw off the yoke of ignorance and despotism. The cry of the people was for knowledge of the truth. All that was needed was a mind capable of showing them the way and a personality strong enough to lead them. In John Knox, Scotland found such a man. The nation, catching the inspiration of his life, began to see that salvation could not be bought for a few paltry pieces of silver. It realized that sovereign and subject alike were responsible to an omnipotent God. The people began to strive for the principles of freedom

and democracy. Gradually chaos fled before the tremendous influence of this man's thought and personality. Under the uniting force of a common cause, the nation rose, drove the French from its shores never again to return, and forced the sovereign to make the people part of the government, —a revolution which changed their whole theory of life, which gave to Scotland, as Carlyle has said, "a resurrection as from death."

Knox believed in freedom and democracy, but it must be an intelligent freedom, an intelligent democracy,—the people must be educated. But how was this to be done? How was a nation just rising out of serfdom to be brought to any adequate understanding of either the possibilities or the responsibilities of this new found freedom? Education for the masses was as yet unknown. But Knox was not to be turned from his purpose because the idea was new. He gave Scotland in the "Book of Discipline," a system of free national education, the first the world had ever seen, yet a system so complete in its general outline that it is scarcely surpassed to-day. To be sure it was not then, nor for generations, fully adopted, but it marks the beginning of that development which has made the people of Scotland so intelligent at home, and given her citizens such high honor abroad.

It was no ordinary man that brought about such a transformation in the political life of his country,

and that conceived such plans for its future welfare. But in addition to the force of his intellect, which has not spent itself even to this day, Knox combined in his personality an indominitable will, an unflinching courage, an intense sincerity, and a consuming desire to have some part in the uplifting of humanity.

In sincerity and devotion to the great truths which possessed him, Knox takes rank among the few leaders of all ages; Savonarola, dying a martyr's tragic death, refusing to recant even when the executioner's hand gripped his throat, Cromwell, believing that it was his duty to avenge the wrongs of his nation, and Lincoln, holding that freedom and slavery could not exist under the same flag, were not more sincere than was Knox in his new-found belief that religious and civil liberty, coupled with general education, were the fundamentals of progress. Do you ask proof? Follow him to the galleys, whither he was carried because of his faith, hear the clank of the chains which bound him to his oar for long, weary months; follow him as he wanders for five years on the continent, an exile from his native land; learn of his work at Geneva, at Zurich, and at Frankfort; hear how a price was set upon his head and how he was shot through his windows; learn how he endured it all, when, by simply renouncing his faith, he might have lived in peace. Throughout all his life he was put to the severest test to which any

human being could be subjected. Yet through it all his great spirit never faltered.

I have said that Knox was courageous. He was more than courageous. His valor, his daring, at times lift him into the realm of the heroic. Behold him before that beautiful but reckless woman, Mary, Queen of Scots, summoned to the court to be rebuked by the sovereign for utterance against the abuses of the time. At one end of the throne-room, about the queen, dressed in gorgeous splendor, are grouped the lords and ladies of the court. At the other stands Knox, alone, without a sustaining arm. Hear the queen ask that memorable question: "Who are you that you presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" And then hear Knox, in his calm dignity, answer: "Madame, a subject born within the same." Hear the queen again ask, "Think ye that subjects having power may resist their princes?" And once more hear his ringing reply: "If their princes exceed their bounds there is no doubt but that they may be resisted even by power." This was no mere constitutional courage. It was the courage born of the conviction that he was contending for the establishment of great, fundamental principles, principles which underlie the freedom of the race. Stimulated and sustained by such conviction, his whole life furnishes an example of heroism, rarely, if ever, surpassed. This is the secret of the regent Morton's declaration, when, standing at his open grave,

he exclaimed, "There lies one who never feared the face of man."

Nor was the influence of Knox's personality and ideas confined to his own country, nor even to Great Britain. It reached across the ocean and became a controlling force in the development of America. His was the spirit, and his the ideals, which those thousands of sturdy Scotchmen carried in their hearts when they were transplanted by James I to northern Ireland. His the spirit, and his the ideals, intensified by English oppression and injustice, which the descendants of these same Scotchmen, through succeeding generations brought to America.

We have heard much about the influence of English Puritanism upon the thought and life of our nation. But Americans owe as much, if not more to another Puritanism, the Puritanism of Scotland and of John Knox. To this movement we owe the principle that it is the inalienable right of every human being to think and learn for himself, the belief that the sovereign is the leader not the master, and the doctrine that Divine right is with the people and not with kings. It was the Scotch-Irish immigrants of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, coming to our shores more than two hundred thousand strong, that first asserted, in the famous Mecklenburg declaration, that the Americans are a free and independent people. And it was this same race of immigrants that gave to

New York, to Delaware, and to North Carolina their first governors; that gave to Pennsylvania, to New Jersey and to South Carolina the men that piloted them through the Revolution; and to Virginia, Patrick Henry, who first won and then held that stronghold for the cause of American independence. It was this same race that furnished half of Washington's generals and that later gave us such men as George Rogers Clarke, who opened up the great Northwest, Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Horace Greeley.

But the thing conspicuous above all others which the Scotch-Irish did for the United States was to bring into harmony the different colonies of the Eastern seaboard. With communication difficult, with wide diversity of class and of nationality, and with distinct religious beliefs, the tendency of the different colonies would have been to keep apart, and unity of action would have been difficult. But the Scotch-Irish, scattering themselves all along the Atlantic coast from New Hampshire to Georgia, essentially a people of action, full of self-reliance, and practically all coming from the same class of society, formed the amalgamating element that made possible the united action which freed the American colonies and welded them into an independent nation.

At last the principles and ideals of John Knox had found a place for their fullest and most satis-

factory development. The seeds of personal freedom, which he had sown two hundred years before, propagated and nourished by the Scots in the north of Ireland, and carried by them across the sea, had found in this new continent a ready and congenial soil.

Knox has been called a fanatic and there are those who charge him with harshness and bigotry. Such has always been the lot of the world's great reformers. Rising above the current opinions of their times, with their eyes upon the horizon, where rests the vision of ages yet to come, they have always excited prejudice. Their achievements, however, remain, the stepping-stones of generations yet unborn. Knox by the force of his intellect, woke the people of Scotland out of the slumber of the Middle Ages and showed them the true meaning of life. In his struggle for democracy, he set in motion the forces which gave us the foundations of English liberty and which, crossing the Atlantic, freed America. But great as is the power of his ideals, they are not the only heritage he has left us. The sincerity of his life will forever be an inspiration to close the hand of the reformer against the bribe of gold and power. His unflinching courage will continue to revive the spirit of those who doubt and falter. With a will that brooked no opposition, and an abiding desire to help his fellow-men, he takes rank among the few of the ages.

The United States and the Monroe Doctrine.

TRACY COKER.

Awarded first prize in the Baldwin Oratorical Contest.

IN 1812 Spain controlled the entire continent of South America and all of North America south of the Rio Grande. But during the next ten years revolt after revolt, starting in Buenos Ayres and sweeping northward, stripped her of her provinces until of her vast American empire nothing remained save the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. When Spain implored aid from the rest of Europe to subjugate her rebellious colonies, the youthful United States answered the challenge with the Monroe Doctrine which, in substance, said to Europe, "We don't like your ideals of government. We have no use for your tyrannical kings and—(intriguing) diplomats. We shall stay out of your affairs and expect you to do likewise with ours." We have called this policy a doctrine of altruism and so it was.

I have no quarrel with the Monroe Doctrine this afternoon. I intend merely to show that we have not kept to the straight path pointed out by it, but have strayed from the course to the injury of our South American neighbors and to the ultimate injury of ourselves. We are not the only people concerned with the doctrine. The people of South America are concerned as well as those of North America, Latin-America as well as Anglo-Saxon America. So, let us put aside our national concep-

tion of the doctrine and view it from a Pan-American viewpoint.

The first thing for our consideration is the view taken by South America toward the Monroe Doctrine. In these countries countless books and newspaper columns have been filled with antipathy for what they call "Monroeism" and "Yankee Imperialism." This fear and distrust of the United States seems to be universal among Latin-American countries and dates from the seizure of Texas, New Mexico and California from Mexico. Isidro Fabela, a well-known Mexican publicist in his book *The United States Versus Liberty* states the general attitude of Latin-America. After mentioning that the United States has deprived of their independence the Philippine people, the kingdom of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo and is at present impairing the sovereignty of Cuba, Nicaragua, Honduras and Panama he says, "The great North American power which was the cradle of liberties is today one of the most imperialistic countries on earth, especially to the detriment of Latin-America."

Now if there is anything upon which we Americans pride ourselves it is upon our sportsmanship, our love of fair play. So before we pass judgment upon our neighbors to the South let us be fair and sportsmanlike enough to examine carefully the evidence of the case.

The Monroe Doctrine declared our faith in the

Latin-American governments but our actions have been in strange contrast with our avowal. The Monroe Doctrine states that we would never seek to subjugate peoples of the New World and further, to quote the context, "It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course." That was in 1823. That makes it rather embarrassing to explain how in the year 1925 we possess Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Porto Rico and exercise control over Cuba, Panama, Haiti, Nicaragua and Santo Domingo. What would James Monroe think of such a record? The average American is surprised to think we control so many countries in the Caribbean Sea. No wonder, so completely has the story of our aggression been kept from the American people that only a few know it, though it is known to every schoolboy in South America. Let us examine three instances. For fear that any one might think that these are the inventions of some wild imagination (for they do seem almost unbelievable), let me state that these facts are taken from the Congressional Record for June 19, 1922, and represent not the exaggerated statements of uninformed Congressmen thrown out in the heat of debate, but cold facts gathered by a commission of lawyers appointed to investigate the incidents. These facts are further corroborated by every prominent authority of American foreign affairs,

notable among whom are Professors Latane of Johns Hopkins University, Fish of Wisconsin, and Johnson of Columbia.

Here is what happened in Nicaragua. In 1910 there were some slight disturbances in that country but no American property was damaged nor no Americans injured. Nevertheless, we sent our marines there, landed them, took possession of the country, marched to the capitol, ruthlessly shot down some 200 Nicaraguans, many of whom were women and children, and placed in control, as the nominal president, an employee of an American corporation of Pittsburgh, Pa. We maintained him there by force for several years in spite of the fact that everyone knew that had the marines been withdrawn he could not have remained in power twenty-four hours, but like Maximilian in Mexico would have been shot as a usurper. He was a dictator of the Nicaraguan people, made by our navy and under orders from Washington. During this tyrannical administration we made an important treaty favorable to ourselves and at the point of the bayonet forced the helpless Nicaraguans to ratify it, although everyone concerned knew that it did not represent their wishes. Is this adhering to the Monroe Doctrine? Did we forbid European countries to meddle with American affairs that we might, unhampered, destroy the liberties of our little neighbors and plunder and murder helpless women and children?

But let us examine another instance. On six different occasions during 1914 and 1915 the United States made direct overtures to Haiti to secure control of her custom-houses and their administration. On December 17, 1914, without preliminary warning, a force of United States marines landed at Port au Prince from an American warship. These marines proceeded to the vaults of the National Bank of Haiti and forcibly seized and carried away $500,000 which was taken to New York City. The Haitian government instantly protested and asked for an explanation. None was ever given.

In March, 1915, the United States sent a special commission to Haiti to negotiate for American control which was again refused.

On July 27 of the same year revolutionary overthrow of the President followed a massacre of political prisoners. Although no foreigners were molested, American marines were landed the very next day and occupied Port au Prince and shortly afterwards seized the other ports and towns of the little Republic. After slaughtering a number of citizens, the American forces set up a government which promised to accede to any terms the United States might name.

What would Americans have thought if France or England had landed troops on American soil during the Civil War? What would we have done if one of these powers had sent a fleet up the

Potomac to seize Washington after the assassination of Lincoln?

What degree of difference is there in the two cases? Only this: In one it would have been one strong nation attacking another strong nation. In the other it was 110,000,000 people backed by a strong navy overthrowing the sovereignty and depriving of their liberties 3,000,000 people with a small army and no navy. For what cause was this done? Had any American citizens been killed? No! Had any American property been destroyed? No! Had Haiti committed any offense against us or any other nation? No! Haiti was at peace with the world and order had already been restored when our troops were landed. What then, is the explanation? Simply this: The Haitian constitution had a provision forbidding foreigners to own land in Haiti. If the Haitian people had not the right to maintain that provision then California has no right to forbid the Japanese holding land in that state. The first act of the American forces was to wipe that provision from the Haitian constitution. Today over 200,000 acres of Haitian soil is owned by three American companies. What other name can we apply to this than military aggression?

My friends, this took place at a time when we were preparing to send thousands of men across the sea to die to make the "World safe for Democracy."

But let us examine another instance. On Novem-

ber 19, 1915, one week after the ratification of the Haitian treaty, a similar draft was presented and emphatically rejected. Six months later without warning to the Dominican Government, American marines landed in Santo Domingo, seized the government and proclaimed martial law. Public meetings were forbidden, the press was censored, protestors were court-martialled. Every government function was taken over by the marines and the liberty loving Dominicans who dared to resist were shot down like so many dogs.

After these things is it any wonder that South American countries begin to look upon the United States with distrust and alarm? Is it strange that they have begun to ask themselves who will be the next victim of American Imperialism? They charge us with having broken the faith, of using the Monroe Doctrine as a cloak to hide the bloody fingers of greed and avarice which we extend toward the throats of our sister republics. How shall we answer the charge? Shall we tell them that we wish to guarantee the liberties of small nations? They will ask us how Hawaii lost her independence. Shall we say that we forbid European countries to extend their tyranny of this hemisphere? They will point to Nicaragua and ask why we withhold their promised freedom. Shall we tell them we do not believe in a policy of aggression? They will ask how we acquired New Mexico, Arizona and California. Shall we boast

to them that we protected Venezuela in 1895? They will ask us how Colombia lost her province of Panama in 1903. No, we cannot answer the charge. We have broken the faith. We have disregarded the protest of our Latin-American neighbors and have trampled upon the rights of helpless peoples. Now that we have grown great and powerful we have not shown that decent respect for the opinions of mankind to which in the hours of our own birth as a nation we appealed.

The blood of 200 slaughtered Haitians bids us listen while from the silent graves of 3,000 Dominicans comes a voice that asks, "Shall the United States follow the course of Japan in Korea, of England in Egypt, of Germany in Belgium, or shall she follow the path of honor, justice and common decency toward weak and friendly neighbor states?"

What shall our answer be? If we are to adhere to the traditions in which our nation was conceived and grew to greatness, we must make the Monroe Doctrine a policy of brotherly love and not a policy of aggression. We must guarantee that henceforth no unscrupulous diplomat or ambitious statesman shall use the doctrine as a camouflage for sinister designs against our weaker neighbors. As an expression of good faith we must withdraw our marines from Haiti and Santo Domingo. In this way, and in this way only, can we regain the confidence and good will of our South American

neighbors. So let us do all in our power to see that these things are carried out. Let us do everything that may be done to bind ourselves to our Latin-American neighbors with such a bond of friendship that it can never be broken asunder by the red-hot torch of war. If we do this, then somewhere far down through the dim vista of the passing centuries there will be generations who will point to us even as we point to the Pilgrim fathers, and because our services have blessed them they will rise up and call us blessed.

A Century of Isolation.

RAYMOND M. GALLAGHER.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

A CENTURY ago, in Continental Europe, despotism reigned supreme. Throughout the Old World democracy was in bad repute. The Continental Powers had conspired to crush popular rule and to perpetuate absolutism. When they had stamped out liberal institutions at home, they turned to the Western Continent, which had thrown off its shackles, and where new movements were in progress. The potentates of Europe looked across the Atlantic and saw democracy triumphant; they saw kingly power successfully defied; they saw the

colonies of South America escaping from the tyranny of Spain and struggling towards self-government; they saw the United States, firmly established as a free republic, expanding rapidly in population and power. America had repudiated the old order.

To those defenders of legitimacy and divine right who dominated European politics this state of affairs was repugnant. The *status quo* must be preserved. The world must be made dangerous for democracy. These infant nations must go back under the yoke. So the great powers got together, decided to recognize no government produced by open revolt, and perfected their plans for throttling freedom wherever it showed its head. It was generally understood that their next move would be joint military action against the new nations of South America, and eventually against the United States.

At this critical moment our government decided to act. After careful consideration, there was issued to the European world a message and a warning. This message, which expressed nothing new or revolutionary, but only that which from Washington's day had been American theory and American practice, was conceived by President Adams and Secretary Monroe. In substance, it said to Europe: "We don't like your ideals of government. We have no use for your tyrannical kings, your ignoble oligarchs, your dishonest diplo-

mats. We shall stay out of your affairs and expect you to do likewise with ours. Hands off the American Continent." Such was the first official declaration of America's foreign policy, known as the Monroe Doctrine.

A hundred years have passed. From an inferior nation, scorned by the powers of Europe, we have become the giant of the world. Our population has multiplied ten-fold, our area vastly increased, our wealth become phenomenal. Political parties have come and gone; great domestic issues have arisen, been settled and passed into history; yet in our foreign policy, despite attacks from all sides, despite distortion and misinterpretation, the Monroe Doctrine remains the cornerstone. It has found its way into international law, treaties and agreements; and has forced itself into the Covenant of the League of Nations. Diplomacy has had to swallow it; the powers of Europe and Asia have been compelled to bow to it. At numerous times, against five different nations, it has been courageously invoked. Never has it retreated. Always has it triumphed.

During our Civil War, when France, in league with other powers, thought it opportune to re-establish the European system on this continent and set up a monarchy in Mexico, our government intervened, prepared to defend the Monroe Doctrine, and drove the monarchy out of Mexico. When England, in a boundary dispute with Vene-

zuela thirty years ago, tried to bring to this hemisphere her methods in international dealings, it was the Monroe Doctrine, in the hands of President Cleveland, which forced Great Britain to accept arbitration. When Germany, in 1902, arrogant in her swelling power, disregarded the Doctrine and blockaded the ports of that same small American nation, you recall how vigorously Roosevelt stood by our policy. You remember that curt message he sent the Kaiser: "Admiral Dewey with the Atlantic Fleet sails today!" Germany withdrew. You remember, too, that only a few years ago, when it seemed that Japan was trying to establish herself in the Western Hemisphere by purchasing lands in Mexico, the United States Senate promptly passed a resolution, which only reaffirmed the Monroe Doctrine, and which checked the activities of the Oriental Power. These are but a few instances of the vindication of the Monroe Doctrine in its evolution from a theory, unrecognized by Europe, to an established principle in international politics. The Monroe Doctrine is not a mask for United States imperialism; neither is it a crutch for the small American nations; it is a measure of self-defense against the encroachments of foreign powers, and as such it has been used. Under its protective influence there has flourished on this continent a score of republics, peaceful and prosperous, strong and secure, free from the dangers of European influence.

So much for the past; what of the future? As the Doctrine becomes a century old, and we review its splendid achievements, it is well to take stock, to ask ourselves if it shall remain our guide in foreign affairs. For today America is at the cross-roads. It seems necessary that our attitude towards Europe be re-defined. There are those who tell us that the Monroe Doctrine is antiquated and unnecessary; that it has become merely an apology for American aggrandizement; and that the time is now here when the nations of both continents should be merged into one great universal government. They tell us that America's "peculiar differences" and "splendid isolation" are fancies; that we are one with Europe in political aim and ideal.

Are the internationalists right? Can we now safely abandon our traditional foreign policies and mingle our affairs with those of Europe? It is true that the century has changed much in Europe. There has been a revolution—peaceful or bloody—in every nation. Kingly despotism has gone out of style. Constitutional government is the rule. Yet, if we pry under the surface to the ideals which motivate the Old World today, we see that same spirit of selfish aggrandizement which prevailed a century ago. Diplomats and prime ministers have proved as capable of tyranny as kings and czars. The Holy Alliance is long since dissolved, but the schemes of diplomats in our own day have proved as baneful. The balance of power, the interference

in the affairs of small nations, the secret diplomacy and chicanery, the disregard of popular rights and wishes, the theory that might makes right, the subordination of principle to purpose and means to end, the total abandonment of international morality—all these violations of justice are part and parcel of Europe in 1923 as surely as in 1823.

In international ethics, aims and ideals, we have little in common with Europe. We fight a great war unselfishly for a principle; they fight the same war for territory and spoils. We cultivate friendships with all nations; they stir up distrust and perpetuate ancient grudges. We strive for peace and justice; they, for conquest and power.

If you believe that we can destroy the Monroe Doctrine and all it connotes, and cast our lot with Europe—if you believe the Old World has reformed during the century go there today. See the millions of troops eager for another conflict; sense the fears and distrusts and suspicions which hang like a dark foreboding cloud over the entire Continent; watch the diplomats as they skip about, from Paris to Constantinople, scheming in secret, not to secure the welfare of their peoples, but to gain new territories, concessions and spoils. Go to those unhappy countries of the Near East, where everything that we hold dear—truth, honor, sincerity and principle—is sacrificed to expediency.

When you have had your fill of European politics, and have seen with disgust that the years

have taught nothing to Europe's rulers, come home. Come to this country, whose people, industrious and prosperous, need not bother their heads about international wrangles, where standing armies are unknown, where but one war with another American nation has been fought during the century, and where "peace on earth, goodwill to men" is more than a platitude. Then ask yourselves, if by abandoning our historic foreign policy, and by throwing our men and money into the gamble of European politics, that we can better the condition of their people or our own. Your reply will be a decisive "No!"

More than ever before, the Monroe Doctrine and America's traditional foreign policy must be maintained. The basic principle of the Monroe Doctrine has lost none of its force. America has today, no less than a century ago, a set of interests peculiarly her own. Socially we have come close to the old world, commercially we are at her very door, but politically we are still far away. In Europe the ministerial régime, with its secret diplomacy, is still the dominating factor in international relations. Democracy there has little to say in foreign affairs. This menace of Europe still confronts us. She seeks to draw us within her circle, not by show of arms, as in 1823, but by fine words and subtle flattery. Her emissaries are among us, preaching their heresies, spreading their ideals, trying to accomplish by propaganda what could never

be accomplished by force. We must guard ourselves against their poisonous appeals. We must not surrender the principles which have made us great, the principles which are our birthright.

During these disheartening years of reconstruction, Europe has dropped her mask. One by one the ideals set up as a basis for the new order of peace and justice have been ruthlessly shattered. Today the clouds of a new war, inspired by selfishness, hang heavy over the Old World. Yet with fervent hope we shall look forward to a new era. We shall pray that soon the clouds will lift and that a ray of peace will light up those unhappy lands.

Meanwhile we should remember that the Monroe Doctrine was and is now a safeguard only against political entanglements. The American foreign policy is not a policy of national selfishness. We have not turned our backs on Europe and ignored completely the miseries of her peoples. We shall be always ready to help the struggling, succor the weak, relieve the stricken and to carry out those missions of charity and humanity which know no national boundary lines. But while the rulers of Europe cling to principles and practices which are obnoxious to our own ideals, there can be no compromise with the Monroe Doctrine.

Let England abandon her imperialism and reform her diplomacy; let France discard her ancient hatreds and animosities; let Italy give up her sel-

fish plans of aggrandizement; let the new republics of Europe prove their stability; let Russia find herself; then may we depart from the Monroe Doctrine, break down the barriers between the continents, and link our destiny with that of Europe. Then, gladly, shall we enter into a world government and use without stint our strength and influence to hasten the era of universal peace. Until such a time, until Europe comes to us cleansed of her sins, we should guard zealously our traditional foreign policy, practicing the maxims which our Fathers have given us: "Never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, and never to allow Europe to intermeddle with American affairs."

Automatons or Men.

CLARENCE R. DECKER.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE Bohemian playwright Karel Capek has written a powerful drama entitled R. U. R., Rossum's Universal Robots. It is a bitter satire on modern civilization. The scene is laid in the future. An ingenious scientist has discovered a formula for creating mechanical men, which he calls Robots. On a lonely island a mammoth fac-

tory products these Robots by millions. They are made in the image of man, but have not his sensations, his emotions, his ideals, his soul. They are simply human machines. They perform all the labor of man; they clothe and feed him; they build his homes and provide his comforts; they run his mills and fight his wars. Senseless to the toil and grind of irksome machine processes, they can fret their masters with no industrial unrest.

Not satisfied, however, with mere unintelligent, mechanical slaves, industrial leaders revise the formula, and give to these automatons emotions and sensibilities, knowledge and ideals. With the possession of these human characteristics the Robots long for equality with man. They desire more comforts and better homes! they crave a better education; they demand leisure in which to enjoy life. In their new condition pain, suffering, and sorrow become intensely real to them. They resent their tedious machine toil and rise against their masters in hateful rebellion. At the close of the second act of the play we see man almost annihilated by millions of rebelling Robots—the very machines he created to save him toil.

We smile at the seeming impossibility of this dramatic fantasy. We call it a figment of the human brain. Yet the grim reality of it grips us. As we watch the play we see our own land caught in the meshes of a domineering machine system. We see America, its captains of industry drunk

with economic power and greed, shouting sardonically to one another: "Whate'er the cost, my dividends must not cease." And the Robots, as they move so mechanically, performing their weary, monotonous tasks, with no joy in life, no pride in achievement, unable to propagate a better race on earth—what a mental image they bring of the poor, ignorant, laboring masses, conscious of nought but the grinding machine; of their minds stripped of intelligence; of the newly-arrived immigrants slaving twelve hours a day before scorching blast furnaces.

Is this picture true? Is our civilization no more than a veneer for the brutal instincts which animated our savage forefathers? Have we, out of devotion to our modern industrial idols, evolved a class of Robots—workmen who are little more than human machines? If this picture be true, what is the effect on the social life of America? And what can be done to alleviate these conditions?

Man is more than a machine. He is a composite being made up of instincts, emotions, beliefs, faiths and aspirations. Inherently, he seeks after wisdom and understanding; he longs for refinement and beauty; he desires religion and parental love; he covets freedom. With the attainment of these human desires his soul expands and is preserved from the hardening impress of daily toil. It is mind, conscious and intelligent, that moves and

dominates the material world. It is mind, potent to drive thought and ideal into action, that gives meaning to life, inspiration to work. It is mind, imaginative and creative, that has given to the world its scientists, its philosophers, its very captains of industry. Inspired and expressed, mind is mother of progress; it brings joy into life. Deprived of inspiration and denied expression, it dwindles away. The creature which remains is not man with his faith and love; it is a monstrosity of hate and greed, a bestial semblance opposing law and order, a menace to civilization.

The modern workman, then, is naturally a delicate, complex being of ideals, sympathies, and aspirations dominated by rational powers. But see him as he tends a machine in one of our large automobile factories. Here is a little platform. Levers are moving monotonously to and fro; wheels are turning swiftly; belts are flashing in a blinding maze. Amid the noise and clangor of grinding cogs and wheels stands the workman. Eyes concentrated on his task, hands moving in perfect rhythm, never changing, never ceasing—no time to think—no time to imagine—he is but a part, a cog in that machine. Or see the little child as he toils in a Southern cotton mill—the victim of exploitation. He slaves long, dreary hours in an atmosphere laden with dust, in a room poorly ventilated, in a factory where the sun's bright rays are scarcely known. His health is destroyed, his education

neglected. He also is but a part, a cog in a machine. The effect of this continuous, monotonous routine is stupefying. The individual feels that he is no longer master of himself. His work is planned for him; he loses initiative, spirit, willpower; personality and soul are crushed.

But this dehumanizing process cannot go on forever. Rather than adapt himself to a machine which denies him command of his own innovating mind, man grows sullen. Like the Robots, he resents his burdens, hates his masters, rises in revolt. The result is social upheaval. Industrial unrest, political ferment, class antagonism, social disintegration, rampant today, are labor's answer to a century of suppressed instinct and emotion.

What is the effect of this mechanical civilization, not only upon the individual worker, but also upon the social life of America? Wheels, wheels—with what strange fascination they hold us! Efficiency, precision, speed—these are the idols we worship! The sole ambition of millions of our people is but to acquire more wealth. In our greed for efficiency, money, and power apparently we have forgotten the American home. We crowd family after family into drab, unwholesome tenement houses. The streets of the stockyard district of Chicago are filled with young workers who rush hither and thither in search of excitement and thrills which momentarily stifle discontent. A Detroit judge recently said: "My court is but a procession of beard-

less boys. They acquire appetites, expensive appetities. Pleasure leads them into bad company. A prank gone wrong, an unfortunate slip, a month without a job, nothing laid by, and we have the beginning of a criminal career." After long hours of dull, unimaginative toil our youth know little self-restraint. Crime, violence, all the social evils characteristic of a brutalized race are fostered. "They buy pleasures, buy cheap thrills and excitements; they try—desperately—to buy happiness, and fail."

The advent of machinery over a century ago was hailed by zealous enthusiasts as the herald of the millennium. Machinery to them meant leisure; leisure meant opportunity for cultural and spiritual pursuits—appreciation of art, music, literature, drama, and religion. Civilization would surely revive the glorious days of ancient Greece, with its Platonic wisdom and its Phidian art. Grecian culture was made possible by the existence of a great slave class. By substituting the automatic machine for Grecian serfdom a modern culture would be made possible by which would more than match the glory of Periclean Athens. This was the dream of Godwin, Shelley and John Stuart Mill. But has modern civilization brought us culture, humanitarianism, spiritual love? It has grossly vulgarized the works of man—his music, his poetry, his literature; it has destroyed joy in work and substituted drudgery; it has caused social degradation

and class antagonism; it has deified materialism and debased cultural ideals.

What can we do to overcome this tyranny of the machine? Thomas Carlyle once said: "Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman who with earth-made implement conquers the earth and makes her man's; secondly, he who toils, not only for daily bread, but also for the bread of life." The test of American democracy, the challenge to the schools, colleges, and churches of our land is to create a public sentiment which shall see to it that the automatic machine is conquered and subjected to the well-being of man; that leisure, the greatest gift of machine methods, is secured for each individual; and finally, that men and women are so educated that they shall use this leisure, not foolishly, not even for material benefit alone, but for an appreciation of the cultural and the spiritual—the "bread of life."

Public sentiment such as this must have its beginnings in an awakened personal conscience. The next generation will have a profound influence in shaping human destiny. Will it, like the beneficent Moses, lead the human race to a promised land, or will it, like the revengeful Samson, topple the pillars of our social edifice? Education must henceforth be the guiding light of civilization: education, not only of intellect, but also of soul. Children must not leave school until they have some real conception of the aims and ideals of humanity.

They must see that the mitigation of social unrest can come only through an enlightened public opinion,—a public opinion which can perform such miracles as forcing a gigantic steel corporation to adopt a shorter working day. They must realize that leisure should be used, not in pursuit of common thrills and pleasures, but rather in appreciation of home, culture, and faith; that leisure, rightly used, is nature's great healing force for the dull routine of daily life, the ameliorating influence of our already too materialistic and exciting environment, the means for the development of a higher, nobler type of man.

The closing act of the drama R. U. R. is an inspiration. We see two Robots, male and female, in an effort to obtain for their race those elevating qualities of mind and spirit which years of servitude have denied them, offering themselves for dissection to the great scientist who contrived them. As they come for the supreme test each objects to the other's sacrifice. Love and chivalry have come into their hearts. The old scientist, his brow weary with years of thought and care, realizes that his poor power is no longer needed. He comes to see that glory of civilization does not rest upon coffers of silver and gold, but rather upon men and women fully developed in body, mind and spirit. He recognizes, at last, that even science, mighty as it is, cannot give to humanity the highest qualities of faith, hope, and love which come only from

God who made all. With tears in his eyes, he sends them forth: "Go Adam. Go Eve. The world is yours." From these two who have suffered pain, sacrifice, and sorrow for each other, comes a new race—a race with perhaps nobler instincts and finer ideals than those of man. And there emerges the promise of a world full of hope, peace, and justice.

So also America, under the influence of her churches, inspired by the wisdom of her educators, and permeated with a spirit of self-sacrifice, must work out a new program of social betterment. So also America, radiant with the full glory of a true industrial democracy, may say confidently to her children: "Go forth, men and women, the world is yours."

The American Ideal.

GERALD H. V. MELONE.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE history of a nation is the history of its Ideal. Always it has been the Ideal to which the people bowed, towards which the life of the nation was directed, and by which civilization was formed. Even when conceived in error and wrong in application the Ideal has moulded destiny. Because of it institutions have flourished or decayed, governments have stood firm or crumbled, and civilization

has advanced or stood still. The potentiality of the Ideal is supreme.

From the Golden Age of Greece issued an art that conquers time. Her rugged shores became the birthplace of the earliest masterpieces of the human race. To classic Greece perfected art and beauteous form became sublime achievement. But Greece, the beauty-mad, failed to develop a long-lived, virile civilization; and the mind of man surveying her glorious splendor, cannot but wonder what heights she might have attained had Greece cared as dearly for beauty of the soul as she did for beauty of thought. Her destiny was moulded, her attainment was determined, by her Ideal.

As Greece wrought out the result of her worship of the beautiful there arose a new nation and with it a new Ideal. Rome the Great! The Rome whose Capitol rose majestic from the Tarpeian rock, magnificent and grand, and whose government and military science travelled farther than her renowned legions. But the eye of Rome was fixed upon but one goal. Her life had but one aim—Power, Power, Power, and bowing in humble obeisance before this god of Power, she forgot that righteousness exalts a nation; and Rome's firm foundation became a quicksand that failed to uphold her institutions. All efforts to stay the downward tendency of her moral decadence were futile; and another mighty empire fell helpless before the relentless power of a mistaken ideal.

Fifteen hundred years of history slip by, and we find this principle of the potency of the ideal unaltered. There still rings in our ears the din of the mightiest conflict of ages. Germany realized, as no nation of modern times has realized, the almost limitless potentiality of the Ideal. She followed her Nietzsche who established his Superman upon a "pyramid of human skulls"; she translated this doctrine into terms of national policy until the nation became obsessed with the theory of a Superstate; her military staff filled textbooks with the idea that it was the main business of the state to wage war; and her great historian (Treitschke) cries out, "We have now agreed that war is just and moral and that the ideal of eternal peace is both unjust and unmoral." Is it any wonder that this story has been called "the most pathetic event in the history of mankind"? Perceiving, as no nation of recent times has done, how potent is the power of the ideal, what pity that she chose to set up before her an Ideal that cried out, "I care not for the ages ahead. Give Me My rights. Stand clear of My way. I want and I will have!"

To Germany, indoctrinated in this theory of Force, war became the great test of nations. Moral rights were denied and a nation's right to territory was its ability to hold it. What matters it if ten million human beings are sacrificed upon the altar of war? What matters it if a ruined Rheims pays the penalty for the ravages of war? In November,

1918, German troops were being driven out of Belgian territory by American soldiers from Ohio. Following closely in the footsteps of the advancing army, hordes of refugees surged into their liberated towns. In the little village of Hooglede an aged woman came trudging slowly up the shell-torn street. She stopped before her home—in ruins. The tear-drops trickled down her cheek, her lips quavered, and then with brave, courageous heart, she stepped across the standing threshold to build anew her childhood home. At that same moment retreating Germans rallied to the cry, "Souls are nothing!" "Victory must be won!"

Through the force of her misconceived ideal Germany today drinks the bitter dregs of defeat and shame. What does this mean to America? Before her lies the record of ages, a testimony to the power of the ideal that has been, and will continue to be, the dominant force in the life of a nation. We are standing on the verge of a new era. The Problem of Peace is our paramount issue. Within our grasp is the spiritual leadership of the world. We may determine the ideal of all mankind. What, then, is our ideal?

Germany has been defeated, but what about her Ideal of Force? Has this war been won only to be lost? Must America enter another conflict to purge from her own realms the ideal that might makes right? Again America is confronted by that most vital question. What is her ideal?

The ideal of Force is the giant enemy of American civilization. Taking roots in the materialistic theories of the Greek atomists of the fifth century before Christ, there are sciences and philosophies that still try to defend its power. During the nineteenth century materialism achieved great victories over mind and religion. Man's very existence was but an accident; his future, extinction beneath the débris of a universe in ruins. It was but a step from the new materialism to the doctrine of individualism, based upon the merciless law of the survival of the fittest. Intrenched in this doctrine, business life comes to be founded on the principle of Force. The employer and employee forget that they are bound together by the bonds of a common destiny; and human fellowship in industry, instead of being a living fact, becomes an empty phrase. Organized greed erects a gigantic system of extortion that disrespects the sacred personality of human beings and exploits them as mere chattels to be bought and sold. Blinded by a lust for wealth, the toil of blighted childhood is coined into golden shekels; in a great metropolis three million human souls are forced to eke out their hopeless existence in the dreariness of eighty thousand tenements; and wretchedness, want and need become the rewards of honest toil. Labor, seething with unrest, gathers together its new-found strength, justice is thrust aside and industry becomes deadlocked in a mass of strikes

and continuous struggle. Everywhere we look, in industry, society and national life, we find this doctrine of antagonism and coercion deep rooted.

But when we attempt to assert this doctrine of Force as the principle by which our future civilization will be regulated, we are led into an endless maze of difficulties. What is the principle upon which the human race has evolved? Is it that of the supremacy of individuals over all principles of right and justice, or is it that of individuals being subordinated to universal principles? The very nature of the social unity itself is the answer to the question. Instead of ruthlessly thrusting aside or treading down all those who opposed, civilization demanded that the individual respect and aid his fellow-men. It is the fundamental factor that distinguishes civilized man from the brutal savage and convinces us that Force can never be applied to regulate civilization whose goal is a universal brotherhood.

We cannot escape from the conclusions of history. The potentiality of the Ideal is supreme. The Ideal of Force is asserting itself in almost every phase of our life as a nation. The Ideal of Force is not the Ideal that America must make supreme. What can we do to save ourselves and not betray the confidence of the world?

History has pointed out the error of the Ideal of Force. History likewise discloses to America the principle for the deliverance of her civiliza-

tion. Far in the east there is seen a little group of heart-hungering Magi. Suddenly there appears in the heavens an azure spark; it grows into a lambent flame; now it is a crimson sphere; now a dazzling luster, tiny, remote, perfect, and America hears the cry of the Wise Men of the East as they exultingly exclaim, "The Star! The Star of the Christ!"

The Star that appeared to the Wise Men of the East not only pointed out to them the pathway to Jerusalem, but it also announced the birth of Him who was to lay down a new principle for the regulation of human society, a principle that was to swing down through the ages with resistless might, spreading enlightenment to the whole earth, incarnating justice, righteousness, sympathy and good-will in the organizations of law, science and society. It was the power that was to bid the Oriental Telemachus rush into the gladiatorial arena and beg eighty thousand spectators to renounce such deeds forever, only to be stoned to death. It was the power that was to inspire the most romantic story of the Middle Ages and send royal kings and humble peasants marching forth upon a holy crusade. It was the power that was to lead a Livingstone into the heart of an unknown continent that he might better serve his fellow-men. And it was that same power that led two million men across a dangerous sea to take their places upon the mightiest battlefield of time, to feel the

hot breath of the enemy surge into their faces and to see their ranks grow thin with sacrifice, that democracy might be. It is the power of Love, the Love that translates itself into Helpfulness and Service, opposing the heartless principle of Force that calls for struggle and continuous strife. Year by year its onward rush gains in momentum, reforming anew the thought and life and government wherever it is preached; transforming, redeeming, reviving the world from its wretchedness and despair.

An ideal to be most effective must be embodied in an objective personality. When the World's Redeemer was born the principle of Love and Service took on human form and became a mighty energy and power. As America stands upon the threshold of peace, searching for the power to motivate the conduct of her future, she sees the ideal as the greatest of all energies, and there dawns upon her the conviction that only by laying hold upon the reservoirs of power contained in this Ideal can she perform her manifest duty to the world. Her source of power lies in imposing upon individuals the example of this Matchless Ideal, whose life is designed to touch the dominant chord in the characteristics of the race, and change the human heart from a dynamo of selfishness, greed and hate to an organ of love, brotherhood and good-will. To America the call of duty becomes insistent. Every process of civilization must be

consciously utilized for the realization of this Ideal until the individual citizen, passing permanently under its emotive sway, sets up in himself a standard from which he can never free himself.

As the years silently slip by and age piles upon age, human souls pass under the mighty power generated by the emotion of this Ideal, human heartstrings vibrate with notes of peace and goodwill, the spirit of love evokes its kind, and injustice, greed and selfishness are supplanted by a nobler aim. Under the sway of this Ideal, America no longer feels bound to gain wealth but only to be pure; no longer bound to achieve greatness but only to be true, no longer does she feel bound to win honor, fame, success, but only to be loving, kind, compassionate; no longer bound to strive for a place in the sun, but only, with her eyes fixed upon the life of her Matchless Ideal, to lose her life in service for humanity. Then will eternal glory be hers.

For Those Yet to Be.

CARL FORSYTHE.

Awarded second prize in the final Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

WE moderns little appreciate how local life was in centuries past. Our range of vision has been widened by all the accumulated knowledge of the

race. The ancients were, in Macbeth's descriptive phrase, "Cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears." Civilizations arose and fell within circumscribed areas. The culture of Athens was possessed by a people living within a territory little larger than a modern county. One city gave to the world the foundations of modern law. Man's thinking was restricted as was the little territory in which he lived. He could not comprehend the size of his world nor the vastness of his universe. The Middle Ages but slowly widened the process of his reasoning and the scope of his vision. Even within the last century man still lived a comparatively isolated existence. He probably knew less about conditions in China than we know about the topography of Mars.

But the twentieth century is beating down the barriers to a broader view. Man has outgrown his isolation. Three thousand miles of ocean no longer separate America from Europe. Marvelous inventions and startling discoveries are fast making the world one vast neighborhood. A New York corporation announces that it will soon be operating a thirty-six hour flying schedule between that city and London. A photograph taken in Paris is reproduced in Boston newspapers three hours later. Radio now makes it possible for continents to talk with each other. In realms of health and hygiene man has made an amazing advance; such scourges as smallpox, diphtheria, and typhoid fever are be-

ing exterminated. Thus, for the first time man is not only seeing and realizing the totality of things, but he is harnessing the forces of the universe and making them do his bidding.

This enlarging appreciation of the whole of life is thrusting upon our attention situations as far-reaching as our wider view of human existence. Problems of prohibition, class justice, individual efficiency, world peace, international relationships must occupy the mind of every conscientious thinker. But among these issues, important as they are, is one so widespread in its effects, so crucial in its consequences, so fundamental to our happiness and prosperity that it includes all others. I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to the question of life itself; more specifically, to the life that is being transmitted by the fathers and mothers of this generation to those of the next. The racial stream of germ plasm holds within its cells the potentialities of success or failure for mankind. This, to my thinking, presents the paramount problem of the twentieth century.

Have you heard that old tale of an adventurous youth who was captured by a giant and set at the task of cleaning out a stable? You remember he could never accomplish his work for, strangely, the refuse kept pouring into the stable as fast as he could sweep it out. We are amused at this legend, yet are we not attempting a similar feat in our attitude toward charities and marriage rela-

tions? We protect our social wastage in the hope that tomorrow we shall eliminate it, only to be disappointed and deluged with a greater number than ever before. Are we not constantly erecting new hospitals, new asylums, new prisons? Are we not making every effort to save the unfit who in turn produce more defectives, and so on in endless progression? We have conquered the material forces of life, and we have neglected the greatest influence on the history of mankind, namely, the tremendous force of propagation. In fact we have so far ignored it that we are fast developing a race of mental, moral, and physical defectives.

Will you not be interested in some facts not new to students of the problem, which seems to me important? Dr. Martin W. Barr, a prominent authority, not long ago published a significant survey. He points out that in Pennsylvania alone there are some four thousand confined cases of insanity, feeblemindedness, and epilepsy. He further states that the condition of 65 per cent of this number was inherited. Think of it, 2,700 are in no way even responsible for their pitiful circumstance. Yet even this is not the alarming feature of his report. He asserts that there are nearly four times as many insane, morally degenerate, and physically incapable at large. Sixteen thousand of them are free to intermarry and reproduce their kind in Pennsylvania alone. In Wisconsin there are more people in her infirmaries, insane asylums, and

prisons than in her state university. And statistics show that each degenerate produces four children, whereas the university graduate averages only one. Multiply these numbers by 48 and we readily realize the gigantic proportions of this, the crucial question before the American people today.

Now let me illustrate the principle involved. In the state of Missouri records furnish most discomforting evidence. A mentally deficient man married a sub-normal woman. Their descendants now number into the hundreds. Always it is the same story, always they are the scum of society—foolish, idiots, morons, and moral degenerates of the most unspeakable type. Dr. Henry H. Goddard has published the history of a certain family, which dramatically proves that blood tells. The story is one of Martin Kallikak and the two lines of his descendants. In a night of dissipation he met a physically attractive, but mentally deficient girl. From the feeble-minded child thus born came a line of 480 descendants,—143 known feebleminded, 36 illegitimates, 33 sexually immoral, 24 confirmed alcoholics, and 83 children so weak that they died in infancy. Later in life Kallikak married a Quaker woman of excellent stock. What different story the blood of this later union tells! This branch has been traced through six generations and all of this group are above average, including in their ranks musicians, surgeons, lawyers, ministers. Again, the family of Jonathan Edwards, that fine

old Puritan preacher, offers significant proof of the social value of good blood. His descendants include three presidents, several senators, congressmen by the scores, engineers, lawyers,—all representing a much needed type of leadership. Now, an illustration from another field. The farmer appreciates this principle of transmission and applies it to improve his farm animals and grain. In the case of wheat it was attended with marvelous results. Do you know the romantic story of Marquis Red Life with Hard Red Calcutta, thus blending the early ripening qualities of the one with the unusual baking and milling properties of the other, and producing one plant of superb wheat. This single sample, under his selective guidance, has reproduced itself until today it constitutes 90 per cent of all the wheat grown in Canada, and 60 per cent of that grown in the United States. It has added billions to the wealth of both countries and is helping to feed a hungry world. Thus are good as well as bad traits transmitted. Is it not clear that the qualities which characterize this generation, be they found in plants or in men, determine what the next generation shall be?

There is another class which must be deemed unfit for marriage, and they constitute that group afflicted with the degenerating curse of venereal disease. The prophets spoke a great truth when they said that the sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth

generations. Go into any large city and visit a school for sub-normal children and see the results of sin. Little children who should be gay with the joy of youth bowed by the weight of disease, children trying vainly to enjoy life, their haggard, worn faces telling the story of their suffering. There is nothing so dreadful, so absolutely hopeless as the results of such infections in children. The appalling prevalence of social diseases in America casts a shadow of shame over our country's honor. Dr. Hugh M. Cabot, Dean of the University of Michigan Medical School, estimated that over half of our male population has at some time in life had a venereal disease. Think what this means—one out of every two men walking by the Times Square building in New York may bring into the world children with blind eyes, deformed bodies, stunted and incapable brains.

These are the conditions that constitute our problem. Albert E. Wiggam forcibly states it when he says, "Our civilization if left to itself will become self-destructive. There is no secret about it. Farmers since Eden have been selecting their best plants for parents. But in human society all is different; we make every effort to save the worst and let the best take care of themselves." The federal government can tell us quite exactly how many pure-bred pigs there are in the United States. It knows officially the quality of its hogs, cattle, and sheep, but it knows little about the

quality of its best or worst human beings, and it is apparently making no worthwhile effort to find out.

What is the way out? The story of Kallikak tells us. Marquis wheat tells us. We must encourage the selection of the best, or at least better stock for parents. First, stop the stream of degeneracy. Prohibit the unfortunate from reproducing, and we are on the way to a solution. Were the feeble-minded man capable of thinking for himself he would never bring his like into the world. We must think for him and make the perpetuation of his kind impossible. But that is only part of our duty. The findings of science and the modern laboratory must be made the common knowledge of the layman. Youth and maturity alike must be informed about these great truths of life. We must know that there are fundamental laws of reproduction and that these laws apply with as much precision and regularity as the laws of any physical science. We must learn that "grapes grow not from thorns, nor figs from thistles," but that like produces like. We must demand that better laws regulating marriage be made and enforced. Marriage must be based on science and flooded with the new and higher romance of race building through happy, well-born children. That is the ultimate solution of our problem.

"As I watch the American nation," says Dr. McDougal of Harvard, "speeding gaily with in-

vincible optimism down the road to certain destruction, I seem to contemplate one of the saddest tragedies in the history of mankind. Well may we wonder whether even now she has reached the crest of her power, to descend at no distant day down the long slopes to dissolution. We know that the grandeur of Rome has long since passed into the night; America falters, but it is not yet too late. No, we must believe that our golden age still beckons us to nobler achievement. We must heed the handwriting on the wall and carry on for a greater and grander civilization. Oh, America! "Humanity with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on thy fate!" Upon our action depend the welfare, the destiny of unborn millions. Shall we live for our day alone, or shall our vision penetrate the future and our work make possible the abundant life, with health, happiness, promise for generations yet to be? If I have any message tonight it is to America's students. To you, and you, and you, the world looks for answer. What shall our answer be?

The Delusion of Equality.

GUERNSEY F. GORTON.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

"LIBERTY, Equality, Fraternity," was the slogan of the French Revolution. Two of these principles

work for good; one for evil. The Spirit of Liberty gave America independence, inaugurated Abraham Lincoln, who set the black man free. The Fraternal Spirit filled up the gulf that separated Dives and Lazarus and brought the two classes together. Liberty and Fraternity are established laws which have always influenced mankind toward honor and justice. But Equality—it is a delusion of dreamers, reformers, agitators, who attempted to repeal the natural laws of inequality.

The revolutionists in Paris looked indignantly upon social conditions. The ragged poor excited their deepest sympathy while the luxury-loving rich inflamed their hatred. Without reason, but stimulated by pity and sympathy, these reformers shook their fists in the faces of the scholars, statesmen and patriots and shouted "Equality! Equality!" Since they, themselves, could not mount to the level of these superior men, they chopped off the heads of all who were greater than they and ten thousand men lost their lives. It was as if France had opened her veins and drained away her best blood. Yet, France was seen moving toward equality. Likewise, to America, Socialism presents the program of Equality which limits man's upward progress in order that none shall rise above his fellow-men. They would substitute this system of government for the plan of inequality, inaugurated by the Creator of the Universe.

"But," you ask, "is there a law of inequality?"

Let us look about us at Nature's phenomena and see. With the coming of spring every sleeping root and seed begins to grow, and growing, moves toward variety and difference, establishing the law of inequality. Shrubs, trees, springs, oceans; valleys, mountains—all pronounce inequality in Nature. The maple and the fir tree grow on the same hillside, rooted in the same soil, watered by the same rains, warmed by the same sunlight. Yet the maple and the fir tree are unequal. Neither is it possible for man to equalize them. Nor is the landscape less beautiful because of the lack of uniformity. Is America the less productive because mountain ranges rise here and rolling valleys extend yonder?

Nature has ever repeated herself. Again let me illustrate. The tiny wren is harmless, the ungainly ostrich kills with the stroke of his foot. An infinite range of inequality lies between the dainty humming bird and the powerful eagle. It is the world of the swift deer, the slow elephant, the graceful gazelle, the absurd giraffe. The law of equality is absolutely unknown in Nature.

Neither does such a law exist in National Progress, for it is destructive rather than constructive to civilization; yet, in glittering rhetoric and eloquent terms men paint the picture of asylums, poorhouses, and create abundance and prosperity for all. Truly on the surface it sounds well, and looks good. But all this is like plaster on lath which is

made to look like marble. It is thin veneer spread over worthless wood. Yet, inspired by the outward appearance, thousands follow this delusion of equality which in reality does not exist.

History disputes it on every page. Lo, the dreamers of equality only build air castles. Plato's dream of a socialistic republic was leveled to the ground when the sun came out. Robert Owens' dream of New Harmony in Indiana, when tested, dissolved like a snowflake in August. The history of equality is the history of poverty, disappointment, bitterness and failure. The years are strewn with these wrecks. Everyone knows of New York, London, Paris, Geneva. But who can name a socialistic city where equality prevails? No one! for the simple fact there is none. William Lane, founder of New Paradise in Australia, discovered that even socialists would not work when they saw idlers wasting the harvest, and others being rewarded for laziness. Lane, in order to prevent starvation, became a directing head clothed in full power as a dictator and autocrat. Lane became a tyrant: and barbarism replaced the Paradise they sought for. Barbarism is the inevitable result of this delusion of equality.

The theory that one man can operate a business as well as another is false. Only last year, a million and a half Italians using the method of the Huns marched into the factories of their native lands shouting "Equality." Against the owners and

managers of those factories they turned their rifles and machine guns. But Equality, with this great army of men, was unable to operate those factories at a profit and, therefore, they gave them back to the owners. Ah! but with much destruction. Deluded men had damaged equipment and destroyed much valuable machinery, not to mention the starvation of mothers and children and the loss of lives that stained the streets with blood, while Italy was enjoying equality.

The greatest political experiment of equality ever known is now being concluded in Russia. Strange as it may seem, instead of everybody flocking to Petrograd, as toward a city of delight, everybody seems to be fleeing from this capital of equality as from a city of starvation, uncleanness, death, murders and crime of every kind. Ask those people how they enjoy equality and hear one hundred and eighty million Russians reply, "At last we know what Hell really is!" Political equality marks destruction to civilization.

You ask why the recital of these conditions? Because they are the results of the delusion of equality; and those who flirt with the tiger, while he purrs pleasantly, should know that he is the same tiger who walks in darkness amid the remains of his victims.

You can no more have civilization without inequality than you can have a harvest without a sun, for men are unequal. When we credit the signers

of the Declaration of Independence with the saying, "All men are created equal," as we freely and carelessly do, we are making those wise men guilty of a statement which is false from nearly every standpoint. What they meant to say was, "All men are created free, and equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," which is entirely different and wholly true. For in the creation of man is the clearest possible picture of inequality. Alexander Stevens weighed ninety pounds and was short. Lincoln weighed one hundred ninety pounds and was tall. Men are unequal physically. Despite the everlasting reiteration that every child can become president, we all know that only ten boys in any generation can go to the White House. Among the number of would-be presidents last fall we all know that on March fourth only one was inaugurated to that office. Mark the divergencies of the intellect. Whistler is one of the world's greatest painters, his canvas sells for a half million dollars. Smith whitewashes the garden fence; he receives five dollars a day. But Smith need not be jealous of Whistler so long as he is free to give up whitewashing and become the competitor of Whistler. Edison invents the phonograph and draws hundreds of thousands a year, but you and I had perfect liberty—no law prevented us from inventing the phonograph. There was only one thing missing. We did not have brains enough. Men differ in all walks of life. One man loves

tools and builds ships, another open air, field and forests, and feeds the world; one man goes toward the study of oil, another toward iron, another law, another government, until through inequality, towns are founded, cities are developed, and the world of field, factory and business appears, because man is left free to realize his unequal possibilities.

Not only are all men unequal but there would be no greater mistake than to try to make them so even if it were possible, for if all men were equal what would become of law and order which is the foundation of civilization. Yea! what would be their need? Establish equality of men and you create a world where the thriftless, foolish and brainless would reign. The pendulum of equality would sway from bad to worse, crushing all noble men and women beneath its mighty curvature. If there were no greatness, no men of vision, not only would the pages of history be blank, the mighty deep uncrossed, the temples of learning unreared, but what would be the chaos in America? Mark you well, when a nation ceases to produce men of influence, she is doomed, for no one can influence another who is in all respects his equal. Woe to that government which cannot boast of great men, men of leadership, men of gigantic courage, men of God.

Why did Greece of yore cease to exist as a great power? Why did Rome perish? Why? Because Greece and Rome failed to produce great men, and

it is when we as a nation cease to produce Washingtons and Roosevelts that we shall lose our prestige among the nations of the earth.

Yet if equality under the leadership of Debs and Haywood, with all their Godless, Christless and Lawless schemes, is better than our American way of progress and stability—fine! And if equality will produce nobler women, better statesmen, men of greater courage than our present system—well and good! But if it will not, if it is on the other hand a delusion coming direct from hell, to hell let it return, having aroused the conscience of the citizens of our republic that equality and civilization do not live under the same roof. These facts of the delusions of equality which we have presented thus far are summed up in the words of John Adams when he said, "That all men are born to equal powers and faculties, to equal influence in society, to equal property and achievements through life, is as great a fraud as ever was practiced by the philosophers of the French Revolution."

Ah! no, the principle of happiness and honor lies not in the equality of these things, but rather in the equality of opportunity, which is the cornerstone of democracy. Equal privileges to accumulate wealth if one can, to govern empires if one can, to climb to office and honor if one can—this is the principle that gave us liberty and freedom and makes every citizen a king. There is no avenue to wealth, fame, position, power, that is not open to every child of

our republic. This is the road to achievement. Truly this is the equality we must strive to attain.

But against the equality of the Bolshevist, or the Socialist, which is destructive to all civilization, we must rally our forces. Stamp out the first flicker of the delusion, and so avoid the mighty blaze. Russia allowed the flames to spread, and is burning at this moment. Germany is shrinking from the fierceness and the danger of its leaping tongues of fire. Italy has barely managed to control the flames.

In the name of all that civilization means to us, for honor's sake, for truth, and virtue's sake, let every American citizen despise this delusion of equality. For there is no equality in nature or among men where the Creator reigns, nor in politics and business where civilization rules, nor in wealth and achievements where the voice of justice is heard. Ah, it is only a mirage on the desert, where flowers never blossom and the springs of humanity never flow.

Beyond the Ranges.

HARRY S. WINGATE.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

IN the prologue to his book "Tolerance," Hendrik Van Loon has drawn a striking picture of human society. The scene is laid in a little valley

surrounded by rugged mountains which shut it off from the bountiful and prosperous life which lies beyond. A little stream, a meagre source of life and knowledge for the villagers, winds its way out of the massive hills through their valley. When evening comes, the "Old Men Who Know" sit on the banks of the stream and vaunt the venerable traditions of the past. They tell the villagers that the little brook within the ranges is the only stream, and that to leave it would be to disregard the work of their ancestors.

One morning a man who had questioned the laws of the "Old Men" comes down from the hills that hide the future, elated at what he had seen. He is dragged before the "Old Men Who Know" and commanded, on pain of death, to be silent. But knowing that the "Old Men" had lied, Wanderer turns his back and speaks. He tells of fresh soils and deeper streams beyond the ranges, and pleads that the villagers follow him up the steep ascent across the mountains to a better home. The "Old Men Who Know" rise in anger. With the villagers nodding their heads in complacent assent, they stone him till he dies.

Years come and go. The brook runs dry. The tribe faces starvation and misery. Their only hope lies beyond the ranges, but blind faith in the laws of the "Old Men" still prevents their venturing forth. But a few courageous villagers recall the dying words of Wanderer. One night the "Old

Men" are cast aside; the hard flight up the steep and tortuous ascent is begun. The trail of the martyred pioneer is rediscovered and followed across the mountains to another valley, to the green banks of a fresh stream. Here they find a newer, better life, and live peacefully. As years pass, however, the tribe increases; the fertility of the land disappears; new demands, new desires, and new dreams of the race cannot be met even in their present home. But the villagers fail to cross the ranges towering beyond. The original pioneers have settled down, and they in turn have become the "Old Men Who Know."

Such, in allegory, is Van Loon's interpretation of our social progress. He pictures civilization intrenched in the teachings of the past, refusing to grant men and women the right to venture on a search for better things. He shows us the pain and suffering when human needs, capacities, and aspirations are not fulfilled. He warns us that man, if he is to attain his highest possibilities, must cast out ignorance and error; he must make a creative search for a better life. Before we agree with Mr. Van Loon in condemning civilization, let us look to the past to see if the picture be true.

We see, in one of the great periods of human achievement, the judicial murder of Socrates; we see Rome with its long array of Christian martyrs; we see, during the Inquisition, the orthodox church making persecution a holy duty; we see Calvin and

Luther breaking away from decayed and sterile dogmas, but in their turn becoming intolerant of all beliefs except their own. In France, after the nobility were driven from their autocratic position the millennium was forecast; but thousands of innocent onlookers were swept to death for believing that the public will was not the will of God. Nor can the early history of our own nation be set apart. The Pilgrim Fathers, who braved unknown lands in search of freedom, mercilessly persecuted those who also sought freedom, but who differed from them in religious belief. We recall the hardships endured by Roger Williams and are forced to admit that they were due to the reluctance of our forefathers to leave their beaten paths.

But as we approach the present we hesitate, for we feel that we are no longer restricted by the past. We point proudly to the religious freedom guaranteed by the Constitution; we display our ever-increasing scientific knowledge; we call attention to the men of the last two centuries who, constructively imaginative, fearlessly facing facts, and courageously defending scientific convictions, have enabled advances to take place in the realm of natural science, which have thrilled the world. We have been ushered into a new universe. We have been given a new perspective of man's place in the cosmos. Invention of machinery has transformed the practical life of the world. Industry has been revolutionized, old needs have been altered, space

has been annihilated, the world has become a mere neighborhood.

Yet our marvelous mastery of nature has availed us little in the endeavor to win a more satisfying life. Machines are as ready to crush and destroy lives as to enrich and to ennoble them; resources of nature are as likely to satisfy the greedy desire of small groups of men as to afford a larger life to the masses; search for markets may lead to exploitation, economic imperialism, and military domination, rather than to prosperity and happiness. The catastrophe of 1914 showed that science has provided civilization with a material means for committing suicide. The reason for all this is clear. Our knowledge of the physical world has far outrun our knowledge of the social world. As John Dewey says, "We must press forward in social knowledge until we have control of human nature comparable to our control of physical nature." Before our civilization can claim to excel its predecessors it must look further. It must learn whether the existing order—economic, social, and religious,—is willing to cast aside the shackles of the past and to welcome change. It must know whether creative intelligence is to be sanctioned outside the barriers of natural science.

We need not look beyond the boundaries of our own nation for the answer. Americans seem to work on the basis that the founders of our nation were wiser than we can ever hope to be. A doctrine of

political isolation is adhered to by the masses on the ground that the father of our nation warned us against entangling alliances. In faithful consent to the words of President Monroe we rise in protest if European nations extend their power in South America; but let the extension of control take place on other continents and we look on with complacence. Likewise we resist any change in our form of government. We resent the slightest criticism of a constitution molded a century and a half ago to meet the needs of thirteen small states. We treat economists or social reformers suggesting changes, however necessary, as if they were undermining the pillars upon which the happiness of our nation rests.

True, our society concedes a place to critical thinking, but it balks when such thinking questions our traditional ideas. Only fifty years ago in New York State, a man exhibiting the first crude telephone was arrested for attempting to deceive a superstitious public. In our own day, even though no scientific evidence has been discovered to disprove the theory of evolution, some state legislatures have made the teaching of this theory in schools, colleges, and universities, criminal procedure. Our unthinking attachment to the dogma, "Checks and balances are essential safeguards of popular liberty" typifies our attitude toward many current and important problems. Do we suspend judgment and undertake to study this problem

intelligently? Do we attempt to discover whether government can effectively promote progress under such a system? Or do we take refuge behind patriotic and moral tradition and refuse to face such problems? Let there be no misunderstanding. We should not thrust aside our standards merely because they are old. Rather, we should test them and then keep, reshape, or discard them according to our needs. That we disagree among ourselves on our foreign policy, on our form of government, on evolution, and on any of our economic, social or religious problems is of little significance. But our feeling that the existing order cannot be appreciably improved, that we set up barriers of tradition which prevent a creative search for the best in life, these attitudes are disastrous. Are not we also villagers living by a small stream in the Valley of Ignorance? Perhaps, like them, we fail to follow those who would lead us across the ranges; perhaps, like them, we forget that the best possible understanding of truth in one generation may become bigotry in the next: perhaps, like them, we cringe in intellectual bondage before the "Old Men Who Know!"

How can our race increase social knowledge if we are unwilling to leave the beaten paths? If hysterical fear for the safety of our institutions prevents critical thought, how can social relations be improved? With blind worship of outworn concepts of politics, religion, and morality, how can

we direct society toward fulfilling the needs of a dynamic world? Customs, ideals, and standards are always upon the scene, awaiting the arrival of new life. They grip that plastic life material and stamp upon it their age-old patterns of behavior. Thus tender childhood becomes "putty to be molded according to current designs." The rapid mechanical growth of the world is bringing widely separated social groups into close contact. Varying traditions and convictions are being thrown into violent conflict. Bitter prejudices and suspicions are being aroused. The problem of reordering the world to give free play to the aspirations of mankind is becoming exceedingly difficult. To develop minds that hold fast to that of the old which is good and at the same time are capable of accepting the valuable in the new is a stupendous task,—stupendous because there is little in the past to show how intellectual freedom can be gained. This is the task of our age.

The home, the church, and the school each must bear a part in this new venture. Youth needs a mind capable of adjustment that will enable it to cope intelligently with new situations. To live a full life in a rapidly changing world demands that we teach people how to think rather than what to think, how to attack problems, and how to meet unexpected issues. We need to learn to analyze, evaluate, and reshape our standards in the clear light of growing experience.

The liberal college has modified some of our inherited political, religious, and social prejudices. But the vast army of college men and women must be inspired more fully to a passion for truth. They must teach society to test all things and attempt to understand the new. When this is done man will be in a position to embark on a creative search. Then driving with the steady reins of social knowledge men will be able to direct society to that fruitful life which our knowledge of the physical world now makes possible.

Once again mankind will live in a peaceful valley. When the tasks of the day are over, the "Old Men and the Young Men Who Want to Know" will sit on the banks of the stream and plan the roads that are to cross the ranges. They may make mistakes; they may have to retrace their steps. But in the morning gladly will Wanderer return to show them the new trail to the land beyond. The "Old Men and the Young Men Who Want to Know" will take him to their homes; they will ask him to speak; they will listen; they will understand. Together they will climb to the crests and behold the new lands. Now life will be rich, full, bountiful, for always will man be on a creative search into the unknown.

America Goes Abroad.

ALFRED A. KILTZ.

Awarded first prize in the Baldwin Oratorical Contest.

IMAGINE for a moment that once again the northern half of the United States is at war with the southern half, with rioting and banditry being freely practiced, a fierce resentment of all aliens aflame, and foreign lives and property attacked. Then imagine the spreading of the news that the British had sent fleets to Boston and New York and landed marines, that the French had occupied Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, that the Italians had seized New Orleans, that the Canadians had entered Chicago in force, and that Japanese squadrons had arrived at Seattle and San Francisco. Would not Americans forget their differences and join to expel the foreigner? Could any other people be expected to act differently? It is the situation China has to face this afternoon in the Far East.

Hong Kong is occupied by British battle fleets, French bluejackets patrol the streets of Weihaiwei, the Japanese govern Ports Arthur and Darian, the United States have nine thousand marines in Hankow and Shanghai, while 47 American war vessels float in Chinese waters. All China, and South China in particular, is demanding full recognition and the privileges of a sovereign

nation. But the invading foreigners are refusing to concede any of their present extraterritorial and commercial privileges and are protecting them with armed force. Is the United States justified in participating in this armed intervention?

The United States has no possessions, no concessions, no leased territories, and she owns no railroads in China; but our industrial investments total between seventy and eighty million dollars. It is for these investments that the United States is making this great display of armed force. The nine thousand marines we have in China are supposedly there for the purpose of protecting American citizens, most of whom are engaged in looking after financial investments. With the exception of a few scattered missionaries, most of these citizens are grouped in port towns and could be easily brought home. Yet these Americans insist upon living where even Chinese themselves are unsafe.

Whence comes all this authority for disregarding Chinese sovereignty? When did any nation or any group of nations make the initial step in attempting to convert 400,000,000 Chinese souls into subjects for economic exploitation? Its beginning dates back to 1844, when Caleb Cushing, under the most absurd credentials ever borne by an American envoy, those of merely being a United States Admiral, made one of the shrewdest treaties to which the United States was ever a member. It broke open the ports of China to American trading vessels and

exacted special privileges for American traders. From this small precedent has been developed the entire system of extraterritoriality as it exists today. Even though this system had been practised to a limited extent before, it remained for Cushing, first of all, and in the name of America, to insist upon its formal adoption as a world-wide rule between Christian and non-Christian countries. Cushing said, "Between them and us there is no community of ideas, no common law of nations, no interchange of good offices." Cushing acted upon the old presumption that "East is East and West is West" and to him it was impossible that the twain should ever meet. In this very year there rings across the Pacific an answer to the challenge of Cushing, "that there is a community of ideas, a common law of nations, and that there should be interchange of good offices." In this answer we hear the demand for sovereignty, abandonment of extraterritorial privileges, and release from economic exploitation.

More than two-thirds of a century ago, Abraham Lincoln said that this nation could not permanently endure half slave and half free. So might it long ago have been declared that China could not permanently endure half sovereign and half subject. Yet America, the nation of nations, the nation which has waged five great wars solely for the cause of liberty and justice, becomes one of the most aggressive in suppressing 400,000,000 Chinese

into perpetual economic bondage. Can it be that the cradle of liberty has turned from its age-old course to follow in the footsteps of Shabe, which spoken in the words of Elijah says: "Thou hast sold thyself to do that which is evil." What happened at Nanking on March 24? The Americans and British bombarded the town. Prior to the bombardment, it is reported, one American was killed because he drew a gun upon Chinese soldiers. The estimate of those killed by the American and British guns runs from hundreds into the thousands. Regardless of this one-sided casualty list, the American and British governments sent demands for apologies and asked that nothing of this sort be allowed to happen in the future.

What has influenced the United States to take this policy of spilling human blood for the furtherance of a dollar diplomacy? One factor has been our system of consular service. The service has been a "happy hunting ground" for the rich men's sons, who found business vulgar and idling tiresome. They feel that the world was made for the white race, for Americans in particular, and for "successful" Americans most of all. If they are assigned to a post in Latin-America or China, many of them make no effort to understand the peoples among whom they live. Theirs is the "damned nigger" theory of race relationships, and such is the message they carry from America to their assigned nation.

Such an attitude assumed by the foreigners at Shanghai, has built one of the great cities of the world upon race prejudice and race domination. Twenty thousand white men with another twenty thousand darker skinned Indians and Japanese, dominate a city of almost a million Chinese souls. Is it any wonder that the foreign community and Shanghai is in a state of mass hysteria and that the Chamber of Commerce appeals for guns, for reparations, for guaranties, and action—always by force?

In this manner is China feeling the crushing teeth of America's new imperialistic policy. I should like to tell you of this new policy in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Salvador, and Guatemala, all of whom have been made protectorates of the United States since 1900, but time forbids me.

The seriousness of this same situation in Nicaragua, however, causes us to pause in consideration. Nicaragua held her presidential election in 1924. The party of Sacasa defeated that of Don Adolfo Diaz by a two-to-one vote for the presidency. One year later the defeated Diaz faction gained control of the National Assembly by force and expelled the legally elected Sacasa. On November 17 the United States recognized Diaz as president of Nicaragua. On November 19, the very next day—note this well—the newly elected president negotiated a loan with New York bankers. The deposed Sacasa denounced Diaz as a usurper to the true desires of the Nicaraguan

people, and started out to regain his presidency. The usurper appealed to the United States for aid and on December 24, Admiral Latimer landed at Bluefields with marines and ordered Sacasa, the peoples' choice by a two-to-one vote for the presidency, to disarm or get out. The reason for our intervention again resolves itself down to the question of American loans and investments, typically represented by the United Fruit Co., which is owned and controlled by American bankers. Sacasa did not cater to the tune of the American Pied Pipers of Wall Street and—presto, a new president of Nicaragua is recognized, regardless of the wishes of the Nicaraguan people. Again the United States is "saying it with marines," again we hear the gasping breath of a nation as it struggles for its sovereignty against the ever-tightening tentacles of our new imperialism, and over it can be heard the ominous echo, "dollar diplomacy."

We now pass to the most evident assertion of America's new imperialism, Mexico. From time immemorial the Mexican villages have owned commercial lands. These lands were used by the villagers for raising food and pasturing their animals. They were all that stood between the villagers and peonage. When Porfirio Diaz become president of Mexico in 1876, he started a program of confiscating these village lands and converting them into estates. By 1910 he had succeeded in disposing of 90 per cent of this land. The process

resulted in 134,000,000 acres being brought under the head of 824 large estates. Within these large estates existed twelve million property-less and landless people, reduced to peonage, forced into cruel and unending economic bondage. Mexico had become a nation with its vast wealth in the hands of a few large land owners while the millions were serfs. Such a condition precipitated the revolution from 1910 to 1920, in which a new president was ushered in and a new constitution framed. And as Senator Borah has said, "Belshazzar's feast was rapidly drawing to a close, and the fight of the people of Mexico for their lands was already under way."

The new constitution provided that all land in Mexico belonged inherently to the people and that all sub-soil rights belonged to the sovereign state of Mexico. Under this constitution, the Petroleum law was passed in 1925, which declared that the owners of petroleum properties should apply for fifty-year exploitation leases. Now at the time when the property was being taken away from the villagers and sold into the large estates, the "Belshazzars" of the American oil companies were busy at the feast. Of the 824 large estates which were created, 127 of them were owned by American petroleum companies. When the new petroleum law was passed, 126 American companies immediately conformed with it and transferred their titles for fifty-year exploitation leases. But 21

companies chose to defy the laws of Mexico and even the sovereignty of Mexico itself. The leaders among the rebel companies were those of Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny, both notorious names to the American public. If we resent Sinclair and Doheny in the Tea Pot Dome affair, imagine what must be the sentiment of Mexico—for hers seems not to be a tea pot but a modern percolator. Why do these men refuse to exchange their titles for exploitation leases? During the creation of the large estates, most of the Doheny and Sinclair properties were acquired in escrow, pending confirmation of title which has never taken place. Like the Tea Pot episode the pivot of the whole difficulty is dubious Doheny and Sinclair titles. They fear that the Mexican government would refuse to recognize their dubious titles if they applied for leases. Rather than run this risk, they chose to defy the Petroleum laws of Mexico.

Does Mexico proceed to enforce these laws? In February of this year she hinted that the owners of petroleum properties could expect the enforcement of the petroleum laws. What was the result? Our State Department started secret negotiations with the American Ambassador in Mexico City. A short time later, secret documents were discovered by the Mexican authorities plotting toward the complete overthrow of the present Mexican government. These secretive documents were signed

by valid representatives of our State Department. The Mexican government demanded an explanation which resulted in the documents being acclaimed as forgeries. Following this failure of our State Department to set up a new government in Mexico, only one recourse was left to preserve, protect, and defend, the dubious oil lands of Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny. This recourse was accepted by Secretary Kellogg when in March he sent what was little short of an ultimatum to Mexico, warning her against enforcing the Petroleum laws. War was evident and only the appeal of Senator Borah to American Public Opinion saved us from making armed intervention. Immediately following this, the United States raised the embargo upon arms to Mexico, permitting the unlimited sale of arms to Mexican rebel forces, and thus ultimately guaranteeing the overthrow of the present Mexican government through revolution. On June 1, in retaliation, the Mexican government severed trade relations with the United States.

But you say that Mexico is a weak nation and that it matters little who controls her ignorant masses. Mexico is weak, Nicaragua is weak, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Salvador, Gautemala, and all Latin and South American countries are weak. China is weak. Our economic exploiters revel in this weakness and the dollar mark follows the torch of liberty into these nations. But back of all this weakness rests a potential wealth in hundreds of

millions of square miles of undeveloped territories. America is reaching her prime, but before these backward nations rests the future. They are awakening and in that awakening they are keenly aware of all those who have been retarding their progress. Their dreams of retaliation will be fulfilled when the stately and well-disciplined tread of Chinese and Latin-American troops will be heard where today there is only the plodding step of the coolie and the peon. Their purpose will be exploitation and imperialism, for in the school of exploitation and imperialism are they being trained.

The Bible tells us that Ahab, the king, wanted the vineyard of Naboth and was sorely grieved because Naboth refused to part with the inheritance of his fathers. Then followed a plot, and false charges were preferred against Naboth as an excuse for getting rid of him. When Ahab went forth to take possession of the vineyard, Elijah, that brave old prophet of the early days, met him and pronounced against him the sentence of the Almighty: "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall the dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

Who knows but that the dogs of Naboth may one day be the children of the present coolie and peon, and that the blood they shall lick may be the blood of our posterity, even ours.

The Supreme Menace.

EARL M. DUNBAR.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THROUGHOUT the world there is a feeling of apprehension in the hearts of thoughtful men and women. An undefined premonition of coming danger seems to pervade civilization. The peace that was declared in France over two years ago, ushered in not the millennium, but a vicious régime of internal strife, national and racial hatreds, and universal discontent. "In Europe," says the historian Dillon, "—in Europe every nation's hand is raised against its neighbor and every people's hand against its ruling class." In America—growing unemployment—economic uncertainty—mutterings of discontent; increase of crime—social unrest—friction between races. Everywhere there is unrest, uncertainty, fear of the future. If we seek the reason, the reason is not hard to find. It is because humanity's highest aspirations are challenged by a supreme menace,—a menace to humanity's happiness, to its progress, a menace indeed to the peace and safety of organized society.

But we are not unique in this experience. Every age has had its crisis; every generation has faced a supreme menace just as dangerous, just as insidious as the present one. Ravaging hordes of

Tartars and Mongols were the menace of the early ages and civilization was retarded hundreds of years before this scourge was driven from the earth. In 1683 the fateful hour of humanity had struck again. The bloody Turk was knocking at the gates of Vienna. It was in defense of Christianity, of civilization that the Polish hero, Sobieski, by saving Vienna, inflicted the decisive, crushing blow upon the menacing power of the Ottoman Empire and saved western Europe from inevitable destruction. Napoleon Bonaparte characterizes the supreme menace of the nineteenth century. Fired by lust of power he plunged Europe into a welter of bloodshed and carnage. He devastated the smiling valleys of Europe. The rivers of France, and Italy, and Austria ran red with the blood of his victims, and not a hearthstone in all Europe was safe from the heavy hand of the "Man of Destiny." Thus has civilization been attacked by its enemies.

When we come to the twentieth century we find that humanity's upward march has been beset by innumerable obstacles. On that historic August day, six years ago, when the iron hand of Prussia flung down the gauntlet, it seemed that humanity's fate hung trembling in the balance. History may record those Prussian legions as the greatest menace of this age, but history, if it does, will be wrong. There is something worse. The principles of Bolshevism are worse. The disciples of Lenin are organized into a militant force. They preach

anarchy through destruction and violence. They seek to revolutionize the existing social order. They lie, rob, and murder in the name of justice. They challenge everything that is sacred in the name of liberty. They are a menace to the world, for their open ambition is the destruction of Western civilization.

But if history says that Bolshevism is the supreme menace of all time history will be wrong again for there is something still worse. It is the betrayal of the hopes of humanity, the betrayal of the ideals for which we fought! Turn with me to November 11, 1918. That day marked the high tide of humanity's hopes. Now turn with me to the Peace Conference where a new world was to be forged. We were promised open covenants, openly arrived at. Instead, the press was deliberately gagged, and "the blinding dust of half-truths cunningly mixed with falsehood was deliberately scattered with a lavish hand." We were promised that national armaments would be reduced to the lowest point consistent with safety. Instead, we find England, Japan, and America today engaged in a feverish, desperate race for naval supremacy. We were promised a peace based on the rights of little peoples. Instead, almost the opening words of the Conference were those of Clemenceau, who reminded the petty states that the wielders of twelve million troops were the masters of the situation, that force, in the future as in the past,

was to be the trump card of the game of world politics! Now turn with me to the world panorama today. You will find Constantine on the throne of Greece; Giolotti, the pro-German who as premier of Italy in 1914 sought to prevent the cooperation of his country with the Allies,—Giolotti back in power at Rome. The old sullen suspicions, the old smouldering hatreds, the race in armaments begun again speak eloquently of the fact that humanity is being betrayed in its hopes for a new world. And what is the supreme menace? It is this: the spirit of reaction, the contempt of idealism, the old sinister, secret diplomacy which is the key note of European and world politics today. This is the supreme menace!

It seems that the world is slow to learn from experience. Surely the most outstanding lesson of the tragedy of the last six years was that secret diplomacy must go. The power of one man or any group of men to commit their nation to a permanent, secret policy which involves thousands of lives and millions of treasure is an immoral power, and should have but alas! has not perished along with the dynasties of old Europe.

In like manner history teaches no clearer lesson than the danger of rival nations striding up and down the earth armed to the teeth. Is it possible that this so-called peace is only an armed truce? Have we so soon forgotten the tragedy of history? "It is a gloomy commentary upon world condi-

tions," states General Pershing in a recent speech, "that expenditures several times greater than ever before in peace times should be considered necessary . . . and unless some move (for disarmament) be made, we may well ask ourselves . . . whether we are doomed to go headlong down through destructive war to darkness and barbarism!"

"But," you may say, "such things as open diplomacy, general disarmament, a spirit of right-dealing are beautiful theories; but what part have we in promoting them?" I will tell you. This is the hour of the common man. "The events of the future will not be shaped by the deliberate acts of statesmen, but by the hidden currents flowing beneath the surface of political history. In one way can we influence these hidden currents,—by setting in motion those forces of imagination and instruction which change opinion. The assertion of truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate, these must be the means." With these weapons we propose to meet the forces of reaction. For lies we will give them truth; for selfishness, the altruism with which we entered the War; for injustice and oppression, justice and mercy. Your opinions and your wishes, gathering momentum like the raindrops as they trickle first into the brook, then the river, then the mighty ocean, were enough to sweep a tyrant from his throne. Reaction says that we shall tread the long, long trail that for a thousand years has led to war. Idealism says that we

shall take the upward path that leads toward peace and universal happiness. In your hands lie the issues of peace and war.

In the ancient days of Rome the crowds were wont to gather in the Coliseum to witness the contest of the gladiators. A hundred thousand voices rent the air in mad applause as beast tore man to pieces while he sank in bloody pools to the white Italian sand of the Flavian theater. It was the sport of kings! Into that bloody age came the Christ; Him they crucified, but His words live on, and today that bloody Roman theater is a moldering relic of a barbarous past. The sport of Roman emperors is dead, but there is another kingly game. It is war! As Christ condemned the bloodshed of the Neroes so America has proclaimed to the world that the hellish sport of European monarchs shall pass into oblivion. Full seventy thousand American boys laid down their lives in France, in Flanders, in Belgium as the seal of the pledge to make an end of war. America must redeem that pledge—a pledge shamelessly scorned by reaction and selfishness, humanity's supreme menace. Thrice obligated are we; once to the unborn hosts of posterity, once to our present generation, but most of all to the American soldier who fell in France in the hope that he was giving his life to make a better world. In his name we denounce the sport of kings and statesmen, in his name we proclaim that America will take the upward path, in his

name we challenge the supreme menace of humanity. With him will we keep faith, for tonight we hear his challenge wafted, on the wings of immortality:

> "To you from failing hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high.
> . . . . .
> If ye break faith with us who die,
> We shall not sleep,
> Though poppies blow in Flanders fields."

The Edict of Industry.

LEROY T. ROBINSON.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE story of civilization contains no parallel to the rise of the movement for world peace. The Nineteenth Century opened with the roar of cannon at Australitz; it closed with the first International Peace Congress. A hundred years ago our national capitol lay in ashes at the feet of British soldiers; today a treaty to arbitrate disputes with England has passed the Senate. An hour's ride from the field of Waterloo, the Temple of Peace lifts its towers into the sky. Napoleon, the incarnation of war, dominated the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; Roosevelt and Taft, Hay and Root, Tolstoy and Grey, apostless of peace, are the pre-

eminent leaders in the Twentieth. The wand of progress has touched a Utopian ideal and made it a world issue in a day. It is pertinent then to ask, Is this but the work of sentimental visionaries—an evanescent bubble? or is it a permanent growth, a natural product of natural forces?

Unique, the Nineteenth Century stands at the parting of the ways. Into the maelstrom of its social and economic currents disappeared the practices and customs of a thousand generations. The rise of the factory system, the unparalleled development of natural resources, the genius of new machinery, the miracle of rapid transportation, have created a new heaven and a new earth. The expansion of commerce and industry has poured untold wealth into the treasuries of men. Before the corporation and the trust, small concerns have vanished. Market areas have pushed out their frontiers until they meet in the jungles of Africa and the atolls of the Pacific. Giant trusts have ignored national boundaries, economic self-interest has thrust business enterprise where profits are, and the strategic cities of the world are dotted with agencies of foreign syndicates. International trade has increased in the last forty years from an annual exchange of two billions of dollars to thirty billions. No longer are nations self-sufficient as economic units. They have become their brother's keeper. The fields of Kansas and Dakota feed the laborers of London and of Rome. The cotton crop of

Georgia and Alabama speeds the mills of England, and clothes the Russian peasant and the Australian grazier. From Hudson's Bay to Argentina industry and commerce are financed with the piled-up capital of Europe. The price of wheat the world over is fixed in the market of Liverpool. Never before in world history have nations been so commercially inter-dependent. Never have their welfare and happiness been so mutually inseparable; and the rise of the present sentiment for international peace is the by-product of these new world forces, the inevitable result of this industrial revolution, a protest against the tearing down of our modern economic structures.

Today the financial interests of nations are inextricably tangled. Credit exchange, based on good will, is sensitive to the least disturbance. Imperialistic Germany, grasping for new markets in Africa, threatens the peace of Europe, and a crisis on the Berlin Exchange costs her industries a score of millions. The last panic in Wall Street raised the bank rate in England to seven per cent and sent many British concerns to the wall; and London, the banker of the world, was forced to gather gold from investors. A huge cosmopolitan loan-fund travels wherever tempted by the rate of interest, and increasing investments in foreign securities are raising an insurmountable barrier to war. Let British cannon bombard Berlin today, and they will blow to pieces the property of Englishmen. Let

the French army again march on Moscow, and a billion dollars worth of French investments in Russia will bar the way. Let English regiments once more invade the United States, tear up the railways, burn the buildings, and they will destroy four billions of savings of the English people. Let the German Emperor capture London, loot the Bank of England, and for a few paltry sovereigns in his hands, he finds Germany's industries paralyzed and her banks collapsed. The victor today, unlike the conqueror of old, cannot carry away the spoils of war. Stocks and bonds and commercial paper comprise the wealth of the modern world, and in the hands of a conqueror they crumble to ashes. History provides the proof. Russia, the defeated, maintains a full treasury; Japan, the victor, is bankrupt. Spain's financial revival began when she lost Cuba and the Philippines. England staggers under a colossal debt; the Boers are virtually free. The times and war are out of joint. Today it means financial suicide; and war will cease because the price is becoming prohibitive. Modern industrial progress has turned it into economic folly.

Born of this industrial revolution, a multitude of complex forces thrusts on the cause of peace. The steam engine and the wireless have superseded the ox-cart and the courier. Chicago, Paris, and Berlin are nearer today than Boston and Albany a hundred years ago. Events scarcely happen in Ger-

many and China before they are published in the streets of New York. Men are becoming cosmopolites. Economic and class interests are cutting across political boundaries. In 1908 members of the Chambers of Commerce on our Pacific Coast toured Japan, and two years later traveled through China, seeking more cordial and friendly commercial relations. The following year the Japanese sent a large delegation to study America's industries. Eminent German merchants in the same year were the welcome guests of the important cities of the Ottoman Empire. In 1908 two hundred progressive Turks officially visited the commercial centers of Austria-Hungary. At the instance of the Boston Chamber of Commerce a hundred prominent business men are now in Europe extending invitations for return visits, and seeking a closer and more intimate bond of commercial union. The foreign policies of the "great powers" are no longer dictated by the ambitions of kings, but by the diplomacy of dollars and marks and pounds sterling. Frequent international expositions promote the industrial efficiency of all nations. International congresses are common; no less than twenty convened in Brussels alone the past year. Christian missionaries are in the ends of the earth preaching the gospel of brotherhood and love. Increased foreign travel is changing race prejudice into mutual good will. American tourists spend two hundred millions annually with the shopkeep-

ers of Europe, and two hundred millions more are returned to the homeland by the American immigrant. Add to this the interest return on six billions of foreign capital in the United States, the thirty-six billions of capital invested in other countries, the conciliating influence of international railways, steamship lines, postal service, cable and telephone, and there is marshalled a host for peace whose clarion trumpets "shall never call retreat." Mighty in the righteousness of her cause, modern industrialism, casting aside the prejudice of ages, demands the cessation of war, and flings round the world her economic tentacles that are far more potent to bind than governments and kings to divide.

But capital is not the only enemy of war. In her fight for peace she finds her strongest ally in her bitterest foe. Never did the working classes rise to influence and power until the revolution of industry united them. At the last election in Germany, workingmen took the balance of power from the war party in the Reichstag. Autocratic Russia is bowing before the demands of the masses. The toilers of Europe mustered under the banners of Socialism are breathing the air of a new liberty; and Socialism and war are in eternal enmity. The complexity of modern industry has pushed the sympathies and interests of wage earners across national boundaries. Last year, to aid the strikers of Sweden, vast sums came pouring in from Eng-

land, Denmark, and Germany. The International Congress of Trades Unions, representing nineteen countries and ten millions of men, has declared for universal disarmament. Already workingman have sent the armies of Norway and Sweden from the field of battle without the sound of shot. And only last year war between France and Germany was averted because the working classes, awakened to a new sense of common interest, refused to be made the targets of each others' bullets. Three hundred thousand laborers, in sight of the Kaiser's palace, raised their right hands in solemn protest.

And why not? Why should the modern wage-earner go to war? Can the textile workers of England advance their interests by slaving the planters of America who raise the cotton for their looms? Will the artisans of Prussia benefit by shooting the wine-growers of France who buy the output of Prussian factories? Will it profit the German steel workers to smite to death the miners of England who dig the coal that fires the furnaces of Germany? Beneath the pomp and glitter of war, workingmen see the factory closed, the ship dismantled, and the table bare of bread. Home and family have become more sacred than the integrity of crown and empire. No longer will enlightened toilers offer their bodies and blood as the eternal price of peace. The cruel hand of tyranny can no longer press to their lips the bitter cup of war. The industrial revolution has given

them the almighty ballot; and the progress of civilization is arming new multitudes. Today as never before the masses are king. Their voice is the imperial voice. They wield the royal scepter. And the decree has gone forth that war must cease.

This, then, is the edict of industry and the assurance of peace. Militarists may point in derision to Mexico, Tripoli and China. Skeptics may demand forbidding ramparts around the Panama Canal, while jingo newspapers raise the war cry and clamor about the yellow peril. Steel magnates may crowd our lobbies to increase appropriations for dreadnaughts; Senators friendly to the powder trust may labor to keep full the country's magazines "to preserve the peace of the world"; a naval and military aristocracy may hover around the nation's capitol and loudly prate about "national honor." But even while cannon belch forth their missiles of hatred and death, the magic of industrial progress is making of the nations of the earth one country and one blood, and is teaching the simple story of the cross, that right is stronger than might, love better than hate, peace greater than war. And as sure as the power of the Prince of Peace to lift is greater than the power of the Demon of War to crush, each new day sees, and shall see, the forces of peace overcoming the forces of war.

The Evolution of World Peace.

Levi T. Pennington.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

In the progress of the world, the dream of yesterday becomes the confident hope of to-day, and the realized fact of to-morrow. As old systems fail to meet new conditions and new ideals, they are discarded, and into the Limbo of worse than worthless things is passing the human sacrifice to the Moloch of international warfare. For centuries world peace has been the dream of the poet, the statesman, the philanthropist, the Christian. The dream is becoming a confident hope. This generation should see it an accomplished fact.

There was a time when individual prowess determined the issue of every difference, when the winner in any controversy was the man with the strongest arm, the heaviest club or the thickest skull. But personal combat was an unsatisfactory method of settling personal differences. Its basis was not right, but might. It cost too much in blood and suffering. It gave the advantage not to the worthy, but to the strong; not to the wise, but to the shrewd; not to the just, but to the unscrupulous.

And so personal combat was doomed to die before the advance of a juster order. The duel replaced ambush and assassination; eventually

courts of law replaced the duel. But the change came slowly at first. Men who had a difference insisted that it was their quarrel, and they alone could settle it; but Reason saw that two combatants inflamed by passion are least fitted of all men to see where justice lies. Many held that where honor is involved, no one man can adjust the difficulty but the principals; but Reason saw that a man's honor cannot be vindicated by killing his enemy or being killed by him. Finally it was urged that there would be no power to enforce the decree if personal differences were left to the adjudication of others; but Reason said, "That power will come with the need for it." And so courts of law and equity arose; and when a man wronged his neighbor, that wrong was settled in court, and not in personal combat with the bludgeon or the knife.

For similar reasons, wars between states and tribes have ceased, and face to face with the inevitable logic of past progress stands the world to-day. Though humanity has been slow to see it, the truth is dawning in men's minds that international warfare is no more to be justified than civil strife, tribal wars or personal combat.

Men are beginning to realize the terrible cost, the unbelievable wastefulness of actual war and the preptration for possible war. The armed peace of Europe the past thirty-seven years has cost $111,000,000,000, nearly as much as the aggregate value of all the resources of the United States, the

richest nation on earth; the figures are so appalling that mortal mind cannot conceive them, and they lose their force. Seventy-two per cent. of our national revenue is spent on wars past or prospective; here the matter comes closer home. The cost of a single battleship, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the junk heap, exceeds the total value of all the grounds and buildings of all the colleges and universities in Massachusetts or Ohio or California; these figures have more meaning for us. The cost of a single shot from one of the great guns of that battleship would build a home for an American family, a comfortable home costing $1,700; it is not difficult to realize that the richest nation on earth cannot afford to go to war nor prepare for war.

And yet more money is one of the cheapest things in all the world. The cost of war can never be paid in gold. If you would see the payment of the price of war, you must go to the place of war. With all your senses open, step upon the battlefield. Smell the smoke of burning powder, the reek of charging horses, the breath of fresh red human blood. Feel the warmth of that blood as you seek to stanch the wound in the breast of one of the world's bravest, dying for he knows not what. Hear the screams of the shells, the booming roar of the cannonade, the clash of the onslaught, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the last gasp of him whose life has reached its end. Such is the

infernal music of war. See the victim of the conflict reel in the saddle and fall headlong. Cast your eyes on the mangled forms of god-like men, fallen in the midst of fullest life. Come in the night after the battle, and look upon the ghastly faces upturned in the moonlight. Gaze on the windrows of the dead—Mars' awful harvest, that impoverishes all and enriches none, and you know something of the cost of war.

And yet we have seen but little. Could we but enter the wasted homes, and see the broken hearts that war had made; could we go to the almshouses and soldiers' orphans' homes, and see widows and children by the thousand suffering the doled-out charity of state or nation because war had robbed them of their rightful protectors; could we but realize the agony of the broken home, worse a thousand-fold than the agony of the battlefield, then might we know more of the real cost of war.

And still our idea would be inadequate, though we realized the full measure of every groan and heartache. Earth's most priceless treasures are still more in tangible things—the treasures of justice and kindliness and love. The war spirit kills the moral sense of the soldier, and makes of him a heartless fratricide; it perverts the mind of the publicist, and makes of him an unscrupulous "jingo"; it blinds the eyes of the statesman, and transforms him into a time-serving caterer to the passions of the least enlightened of his constitu-

ancy; it takes possession of the pulpit, and the anointed messenger of the Prince of Peace becomes the advance agent of the god of war.

So awful is the cost of war that the human mind loses itself in trying to compute it. The dissipation of measureless wealth is bad enough; the death since the dawn of history of 15,000,000,000 strong men in battle, enough to people ten worlds like ours, is a thousand-fold worse; the suffering of countless millions of innocents at home is worse still; worst of all is the crime, the hate, the moral degradation that war always brings.

And for what is this tremendous price paid? Why, that differences between nations may be settled? The eyes of the world are opening. The cost of war is far too high if it did all its advocates claim for it. Instead, great wars are often waged over trivial things; and when they are fought over mighty issues, too often they leave those issues unsettled or wrongly settled. Poland bears witness, weeping over her lost estate; Athens in ashes reiterates the charge. We must have peace. International differences must no longer be settled by brute force, discarded in the settlement of personal quarrels centuries ago. The folly of seeking world peace by war preparation and competitive naval construction is becoming more and more apparent. There is no solution in that direction. The world is recognizing that very argument against the duel of nations; and humanity has advanced farther to-

ward world peace in the last twenty-five years than in all the centuries of history that have preceded. World peace has become not the dream of the poet, but the confident hope of the world, whose realization is the task set for the men of this generation.

One by one the obstacles to world peace are being broken down. Warfare has been ameliorated by international agreement. Vast reaches of territory have been neutralized. Unfortified cities are no longer to be bombarded in any country. Actual disarmament has taken place between the United States and Canada, between Chile and Argentina. Norway and Sweden have separated peaceably. Bulgaria has achieved her independence without bloodshed. The Dogger Bank incident, which a century ago would have plunged Europe into war, was settled amicably. Two great Hague conferences and a host of minor gatherings have advanced tremendously the progress of international amity. Over eighty arbitration treaties are now in force. The Interparliamentary Union is surely and clearly pointing the way to a world law-making body. Already we have a high court of nations, to which are being referred questions that would once have resulted in certain war. And we are nearer than the dreamer of last century dared to hope to "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But not yet has the millennium dawned. In the

face of all this progress, armies and navies are larger and more burdensome than ever before. The United States spends more on wars past and prospective than for all educational purposes. England, France, Germany, Russia, groan under the burdens of the armed peace of Europe. The mind of the world is convinced that war is futile and terribly wasteful. The heart of the world has acknowledged that war is cruel and inexcusable. The conscience of the world has admitted that war is wrong and morally unjustifiable. But still the preparation for war goes on, and unless conditions are changed, war is inevitable. What is to be done? The will of the world must be moved, and men must be led to do what they have already admitted is right and just and expedient.

As we have led in other days, so must America lead to-day. The example of the United States will do more than a century of argument and conference. America should begin the disarmament that will eventually mean the triumph of world peace.

We have naught to fear. We are far distant from the storm-centers of the world. We are a conglomerate people, with ties of blood binding us to all the nations of the earth. We have no foes within that demand a large standing army, and there are no enemies without that are anxious to try conclusions with us by land or sea. Then away with war talk and war scares and "jingo-

ism"! In time of peace let us prepare for peace, that all the world may enjoy peace. American disarmament will be a tremendous stride toward the accomplishment of the world's desire—the cessation of international warfare; a world congress, to codify international law and enact new law as needed; a great world-court, to settle all international differences; an international police force, to give effect to the decrees of this court; and an end to the burdens of armies and navies under which the whole world is groaning.

This is a part of the world's larger hope. Pessimists there are who insist that human nature is belligerent, and that war will never be abolished. But international warfare has already seen the handwriting on the wall. Mars has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The fruitless slaughter of the millions is not to be forever nor for long. Let us hasten the day when the rolling war drum will be hushed forever, the bugle note no longer call to carnage; when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Some day in the not distant future the nations that have all these centuries bowed before the throne of the god of war shall own eternal allegiance to the Prince of Peace. "And of the increase of His government and of peace there shall be no end."

Commerce and World Peace.

HUGH WEBSTER.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE practical aspect of the World Peace question makes an especial appeal to the thinking mind of the present day. The moral, the ethical, the humanitarian reasons for the establishment of universal peace are granted. Equally significant are the commercial and industrial reasons. That war adds to the sum total of human misery, is not denied. That settlement of disputes between nations by armed force is not in accord with the highest ideals of the present time, is conceded. That international peace tribunals should be established, is fast becoming a fixed conviction in the minds of the people. But new factors are entering into this warfare against war; factors which promise to aid materially in the solution of this vexed question. The enormous economic waste incident to international strife is making its appeal. The movement for world peace, though in the beginning prompted by humanitarian motives, has now resolved itself into a practical problem, arising out of the needs of an intensely practical age. It is a problem, the settlement of which involves the commercial interest of the world.

Commerce has become a mighty force in world

civilization. China, forced to adopt the "open-door" policy, stands today upon the threshold of a new life. Through the influence of commerce, the little island of Japan has risen to the position of a world power. Commerce is binding the nations together. International trade routes traverse the seas, crossing and interweaving, connecting shore to shore and continent to continent. Distance is as nothing. The Orient and the Occident, the East and the West, one huge fabric of commercialism. And yet this mighty period of commercial extension is marked by an enormous inconsistency, an immense increase in the engineery of war, an unparalleled growth in the armies and navies of the civilized world. During the past twenty-five years our army budget has doubled and that of the navy quadrupled. Europe is kept poor with the burden of standing armies, and it is estimated that three million able-bodied men are being kept out of the field of productive activity. There is certainly food for reflection in Lord Roseberry's recent warning in the English House of Lords that, "the pressure of great armaments is eating out the heart, and hurrying Europe toward bankruptcy." Here is an enormity that can be condoned by no sophistry. Here is a problem which concerns not one nation but all nations, a problem calling for the conservative and thoughtful judgment of men. Peace—a sentiment it may be, but far stronger than this, it is an economic need.

Commercial interdependence has brought the nations of the earth under the pale of a common interest. As never before they are standing face to face and are coming to realize the necessity for co-operation. No nation is self-sufficing. As truly as there must be division of labor among individuals just so truly is there an economic need for division of labor among the nations. America cannot produce the silks of Japan, and Japan cannot grow American wheat. We send our raw materials to Germany, France and England. They are returned to us as the highly finished articles of manufacture. In all lines of commercial enterprise international co-operation is a necessity. As a result of this world intercourse comes international prosperity, advancement and friendship. Gladstone spoke truly when he said, that the ships of commerce, like the shuttle of the loom, are weaving a web of concord among the nations.

The nations of the world are engaged in a commerce valued at thirty billion dollars. This vast bulk of trade is dependent upon a secure and permanent international peace. The disastrous effects of war would be immeasurable. The welfare of commerce and industry calls for the creative forces of peace as opposed to the destructive wastes of war. The mere mention of war raises a multitude of protests from the classes directly concerned in our industrial and trade relations. The recent spectacle of two hundred and fifty thousand Ger-

man workingmen raising their voices in protest against war with France is indicative of the trend of the times. War cripples, retards, destroys commerce, and causes all lines of industry to become disquiet. Some years ago John Bright, while endeavoring to dissuade the English Parliament against an increased armament, reminded the members of the increasing debt and drain upon the national resources. Turning to America as a contrast he said, "She has practically no army or navy. Her war debt is now insignificant, her taxation light, her resources exhaustless, her people prosperous and contented. How Europe, handicapped by her present burdens, can expect long to compete successfully with her in industry and trade, is hard to imagine. If she perseveres in her present wise and noble policy, she will force Europe to disarm in sheer industrial self protection." Although we, too, are now in the mad race for increased armament, the economic principle expressed here remains true; namely, that the nation that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

The greatest obstacle to international peace and the greatest hindrance to a larger commercial development is this rivalry for increased armament. Japan would outstrip Russia, and France would surpass Germany, while England, not to be outdone, proposes to maintain a navy equal to the combined force of any two other powers plus ten per cent. In the face of great financial deficits,

these nations yet continue to mortgage the future to an extent that, sooner or later must end in bankruptcy. Annually six billion dollars are spent for military purposes. In an age when every civilized interest demands the benignant light of peace, when the very foundations of our international prosperity rest upon peaceful relations, must we continue this unreasonable contest for naval supremacy? Must seventy per cent. of our taxes be diverted from the interests of education and science for the maintenance of military force? Must the recent statement of Sir Edward Grey remain true, that "the governments of Europe are expending one-half of all the revenues they are collecting upon preparations to kill each other"? This disastrous policy must be brought to an end. There is a universal awakening to the absurdity of such a system. Soon an enlightened public will insist upon a new order of things. The commercial and industrial welfare of the world demands an immediate and satisfactory solution of the problem. In the face of this demand the law of war must give place to the law of justice. In response to it the nations of the earth will come into the treaty relations of peace and world courts will arbitrate questions of dispute.

The conflicting commercial ambitions of the nations must be harmonized. At the beginning of the new century, the nations are reaching out for more extensive markets for their produce. Ger-

many, locked in a narrow inland territory, is seeking an outlet for her varied industries. She is yearly adding to the strength of her navy and is now recognized as the world's foremost military power. Russia, too, is ambitious for open seaports and commercial trading points. She plans to reach in Asia a rich country that will become a radiating center for the eastern expansion of the empire. England seeks to maintain her commercial power and influence, while Japan demands expansion for her growing and ambitious population. We now see Italy occupying Tripoli and her actions here are prompted by much the same motives as influenced France to lay claim to Algeria and Morocco and that caused England to occupy the Transvaal. America has extended her commercial influence throughout the western world and is now claiming attention in the Far East.

In this contest for commercial power the Orient has become the chief point of attraction. It is here that the interests of all the nations are centering. It is here that the future struggle for commercial power will take place. The possibilities of the Orient for commerce and industry have not as yet been touched. This great empire, with its vast and capable population, its inexhaustible coal fields, its agricultural and mining wealth, make it the future industrial center of the world. Must this commercial opportunity be smothered in the ambitions of selfish greed? Must world interests suffer while

nations pursue their policies of aggression? To avert such a misfortune there is needed leadership among the nations. Without such leadership this movement will resolve itself into a mere scramble for territorial and political aggrandizement. Only through wise leadership will justice be maintained and this vast and resourceful realm thrown open to the commerce of the world.

Commercial interests demand that peaceful relations be maintained; that a system of law and order be established. Herein enters the opportunity and duty of the two great English-speaking nations, whose efforts for international peace have been the most evident. It was in the United States and in England that the peace movement, as a definite and organized project, first originated. And today the proposed treaty for unlimited arbitration between these two countries, although recently curtailed by our Senate, marks the highest point of development in the peace movement. These two nations have led the world in international arbitration. By sharing one hundred and twenty-six out of the one hundred and seventy-seven cases of arbitration during the century just passed, they have demonstrated their right to leadership. America's efforts for international justice at the Hague Conferences have placed her as leader in the movement for world unity. Her past attitude has been friendly and helpful. The efforts of the late John Hay prevented the dismemberment of

China by the nations of Europe. Secretary Root recognized the principles of justice and generosity in returning the Boxer indemnity. England, too, has been most active in the promotion of international justice. She it was who proposed and initiated the movement for a world court of arbitration. It is for the United States and England to co-operate in this undertaking. It should be their future policy to maintain a system of justice and fair play among the nations. Theirs is the opportunity to establish the foundations of peace, to forward the great movement for universal concord and the promotion of a world unity that shall hold the nations in a bond of permanent peace.

Although selfish interests still control the policies of the nations, we find in the actual efforts that are being made to reduce the possibility of war, a most hopeful sign for the future. Economic needs are exerting an influence, and world peace is becoming a faith supported by the deliberate judgment of modern thought. The time is fast approaching when mutuality of interest will outweigh the whims of the nations, when the white-winged vessels of peace and commerce will outnumber the black hulks of war and when the ties of commercialism will be stronger than the armies and navies of militarism.

If it is true, as one of our great statesmen has said, that, "the great battles of the future are to be commercial rather than military or naval," and

if it is true that "the trained artisan is to be the private, the trained leader the captain, and an educated, sober, and industrious people the basis of supplies for the national armies of the future," let the two great English-speaking nations devote themselves as never before to the education of the world for participation, not in armed strife and conflict, but rather for participation in that "gigantic battle of brains and skill," in which soon will be pitted against each other the nations of the world.

The Influence of the Teaching of History on World Peace.

STANLEY E. GRAY.

Awarded second prize in the Indiana State Peace Contest.

BEFORE the steam engine revolutionized ocean travel, the American clipper ship was the queen of the seas. From her highest topsail to the bottom of her keel, she was a perfect creation. She was the fastest, most efficient type of ship that then sailed the ocean. But the clipper ship had one monumental defect. She could not move without a breeze. With a good wind, she was a thing of life. Dashing along with prow awash, her white sails spreading to the breeze, her cordage taut, she was the very picture of success. Everything about

her told you that she would reach her destination. But without the life-giving breeze, she was an inert hulk, forced to roll helplessly in the water.

The past six years have brought forth many plans for machinery to prevent war clipper ships, if you please, preparing to sail for the port of peace. Some have been good, some have been bad, but none of them can ever succeed without a certain motive power which does not come from within that machinery itself. No matter how perfect it may be, without a certain impelling spirit among the people of the world, that machinery will be as helpless as the clipper ship without a breeze. We have enough machines for peace. The League of Nations, the World Court, arbitration treaties; any of them may succeed if it has an impelling power behind it. So our consideration tonight is the promotion of that power among the people of the world, that power which we may call the *international will for peace.*

"In most lands," says David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus of Leland Stanford University, "the youth for generations have been taught to believe that wars are the chief realities of history, that our country has been mostly victorious and always in the right, that war itself is heroic, invigorating—at the worst only the growing pains of a progressive nation—that victory is a noble aim, that its fruits are sources of national strength as well as of individual profit, that the welfare of other nations,

alien or inferior, is opposed to our own, and that they are persistently, arrogantly, insidiously or treacherously engaged in plotting war against us."

Now let us pause here to make one observation which should need no further discussion, namely, that the beliefs of the nations of tomorrow have their beginnings in the teachings of their youth of today, and the nations of today believe these things because their youth of yesterday were taught these things. Now the vital question which I bring to you tonight is, are we today attempting to correct this evil, or are we persisting in teaching national jingoism, as of old?

For an answer, it is necessary to look only at the history of the American Revolution as it is taught in American as compared with British Schools. The American child is taught something like this: "England burdened the colonies with a heavy load of unjust taxes. She stationed soldiers in American homes. She ignored the colonies' petition for redress. Our fathers to a man rebelled at this injustice, and with a cry of 'No taxation without representation', they sprang to arms and threw off the yoke of British tyranny." The English child grows up with this conception: "England fought a long and expensive war to protect the colonies from the French and Indians. When Parliament justly asked the Americans to pay a small part of the cost of that war, the ungrateful upstarts broke out into an infamous re-

bellion, and with the help of the treacherous French, separated from the mother country."

One other illustration: that of the Mexican War. We teach the American child this version of that affair. "The Mexicans tried to repudiate their treaty with Texas and steal a great chunk of land north of the Rio Grande. When we sent soldiers to defend this territory, the villainous Mexicans fired upon them, and in the words of President Polk, 'shed American blood upon American soil.'" The Mexican child is taught this version. "Those Gringo land-grabbers stole Texas from Mexico, and then for no excuse at all stole New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Some day they will want the rest of Mexico."

We are not concerned which of these versions is correct; the essential fact is that they are contradictory, and serve to prevent any true sympathy and understanding between the U. S. and England on the one hand, and the U. S. and Mexico on the other. This goes on throughout the world. The French children learn nothing but the glories of France. The Germans are just recovering from the bitter consequence of forty years of nationalist education. Americans, English, Mexicans, French, Germans—every people in the world has been trained to think only in terms of "ourselves alone."

Nor is this the only indictment against our public school histories. They seem bent upon eulogizing war, and apologizing for periods of peace. Among

great men, the generals are accorded the limelight and the schoolboy's greatest ambition is to be a second Napoleon or another Caesar. Is it any wonder, when so prominent a textbook as James and Sanford's History of the United States devotes more space to the actual fighting of the Civil War than it does to the whole time following down to the present, and when Fite's History, which by law is used in every high school of the State of Indiana, devotes more than three times as much space to the seven years of the Revolution as it does to the seven years of the critical period in which our great constitution of today was created and put into operation? Is it not apparent that we must make a radical departure from our present methods of teaching public school history before we can educate our youth for peace? Professor Henry Morse-Stephens appeals for a higher ideal in teaching of history in these words: "Every generation writes its own history of the past. The historian is influenced by the prevailing spirit of the age, and he feeds the spirit of national intolerance in the days gone by. . . . May we not hope that this will be but a passing phase of historical writing, since its awful sequel is so plainly exhibited before us, and may we not expect that the historians of the twentieth century may seek rather to explain the nations of the world to each other in their various contributions to the progress of civilization?"

Now it seems to me that if we could bring to-

gether the greatest of these historians of the world, representing every nation, every race, every civilization, that they should be able to suspend their prejudices and intolerance, and write for us a standard universal history, embodying a true account of the past, and a proper balance of the forces of history. Such a history could be made a guiding light of the youth of our world, just as the Bible has been the guiding light of Christendom. Some of the greatest, most inspiring books and documents of mankind have been produced by committees: the Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the English translation of the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States are all the production of committees. A few years ago Mr. H. G. Wells produced his Outline of History. In spite of the fact that it was, in Mr. Wells' own words "a corrupting mass of faults and minor inaccuracies," it was enthusiastically received in England and America. How much more eagerly would a finer, sounder and more authoritative work have been received! If one man can write a universal world history which is read wherever there are English speaking peoples, why should we not have a great educational conference of historians, yes, of scientific men and teachers of all kinds from all the civilized peoples of the world; and why should they not write a standard world history for use in the world's schools? That first draft could be revised by scores

of specialists, discussed and rediscussed, polished and finished, translated into all the languages of the world, and made the basis of a common world culture, of a common world understanding of the past. With that accomplished, jingoistic education would be throttled at its source. We would have a unifying instrument by which we could hope to educate our youth away from our present drift toward confusion and disaster.

Some of you might ask, "What would be the new features of our world history?" Naturally it must correct the evils we have been discussing; it must include a true account of the past, and it must avoid an over-emphasis of war. But it must go further than this. It must reveal to us the progress of nations in science and art and intellectual movements and economic tendencies. It must exhibit more clearly the effect of religious movements upon life today. It must expound to our youth the great triumphs of commerce and transportation, and of the magnificent advance of world amity through conciliation and arbitration. It must, in short, teach us how the present grew from the past, that we may with greater wisdom control the tendencies of the future.

If our history can aid in accomplishing these changes in the thought of the world, the League of Nations will no longer rest as it does today upon the quicksand of distrust and antagonism. We will have helped to establish the necessary foundation

for enduring human unanimity. We will have made possible world peace!

We may object that this project of a world history is too large a task, but we must remember that world progress is measured not in years, but in centuries. Men must dream today that they may achieve tomorrow. Seldom has any man seen the fulfillment of his greatest dream. Christ dreamed of a Christian world yet we are still far from that noble goal. Washington dreamed of a great and prosperous America but he died full of misgiving for the nation to which he had given so much of his life. So we cannot expect to see the fulfillment of our dream. But if we are to have peace tomorrow, we must act today. We cannot wait for a favorable wind to waft our clipper ship toward the port of peace; we must begin today to create the impelling power that others tomorrow may pilot the ship onward. And that impelling spirit must be created in the hearts and minds of our youth.

In hearts too young for enmity
There lies the way to make men free;
When children's friendships are world-wide,
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease.
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace.

The Real Problem of World Peace.

HOWARD T. BEAVER.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

THE movement toward international peace is midway in its course: behind are tremendous triumphs; before are gigantic obstacles. Irresistible forces of evolution, nearing completion, have brought greater progress toward peace in the last quarter of a century than in all previous history. A new age is dawning. The present century should witness the completion of the most widespread reform ever attempted,—international disarmament and world peace.

But evolution is not enough. The final force which seizes its opportunities and molds them into finished institutions is the human will. Maturing conceptions of law and justice remain suspended in solution until the shock of a Runnymede brings precipitation and Magna Charta. Evolution but prepares; human action completes. Evolution has brought potential peace; human action must perfect it.

The obstacles to the consummation of world peace are still great. But they are gigantic only in bulk and dimension, not in difficulty of removal. There is needed universal compulsory arbitration

and a fully empowered international supreme court. Instead of viewing hopelessly the tangled maze through which such measures must usually pass, the world must come to realize that a path may be cut straight to the goal by the action of the rulers of a few powerful nations, forced into leadership by an aroused public opinion. Hence, the problems of peace depend for their solution on the united movement of individuals. Peace will never come until the citizens of the world increase their desire to an absolute, unequivocal demand. The real problem of world peace is to arouse into action the common citizen. What evolution has now made possible, an aggressive social order must complete.

What is the present status of the peace movement? First of all, the civilized world is beginning to feel that the most senseless, wasteful, and destructive institution of man is international war. The world has paid for war during the past century forty thousand millions of dollars. The resources of the great powers have thus been strained to the breaking point by enormous war debts. Nevertheless there has been spent annually for the past fifteen years in sustaining armies and navies one thousand millions of dollars. The United States, though isolated from the rest of the world and secure from any attack, spends three-fourths of its yearly revenue for wars past and prospective. This pagan fetish is luring on the nations in a mad race to bankruptcy. Under the heavy burden of

war debts, the industrial classes—those least able to bear it—have been struggling for decades, paying a grinding tax to satisfy covetous greed and ambition's folly, or to decide a trivial dispute among political gamesters.

Nothing but the sentimental glamour of a barbaric history can justify the horrors of war. Go out to the battlefield, and amid that carnage, let the cries of the wounded and dying move the soul to agony; look upon the indescribable, nauseating sights about you; feel the awful tragedy of that insane, useless slaughter. Then realize, if you can, that this is but an infinitesimal fraction, that upon the altar of the insatiable god of war we have sacrificed during the past century alone the lives of fourteen millions of men. Go then through devastated fields and orchards, past empty storehouses and granaries, to saddened homes, bereft of those dearly loved; see there the vacant chairs, empty through the long, lonely years; watch the slow inroads of poverty, the pinching of faces once fair, the never-ending misery of those who suffer unseen.

But this elicits only our sympathy. If the problem of the world is in rearing better men, we must note the biological effect of war on the world's manhood. We must see that war destroys the choicest; that it leaves the weak, the degenerate. "The final effect of each strife for empire has been the degradation or extinction of the nation which led in

the struggle. Greece died because the men who made her glory had all passed away and left none of their kin and therefore none of their kind." * Because of the inroads of the Napoleonic wars, the French soldier of today is two inches shorter than those of former times. War means the survival of the unfit.

In money and lives, in bereavement and suffering, in robbing the world of her choicest manhood, war exacts frightful toll,—but the indictment is still incomplete. It is in the moral sphere that war and militarism do their most pernicious work. The individual and national qualities of honesty and justice, developed with such difficulty through long years of discipline, are swept away in one brief day of fiendish lust of conquest. In man, war is the triumph of the brute. In the nation, it is the overthrow of the eternal principle of justice. The supreme end of civilization is to enthrone in the hearts of men truth and unselfishness, and in the hearts of nations justice and peace. War completely overthrows these virtues and leaves its foul scar on the very soul of the world.

I say that men have never felt in its fullness the horrors and loathsomeness of the Moloch of war; although today, with increasing financial burdens, and higher ethical standards, the extent of its wanton, prodigal waste is being more fully realized.

* David Starr Jordan.

In addition to humanitarian and financial motives, the peace movement of today is being strengthened by resistless economic forces, which are binding together the men of all nations into one great family.

As the division of labor came among people, so the division of labor has come among nations. Industrially, they have reached the day of specialization, and independence has given way to interdependence. Each nation has forsaken its domestic workshop to co-operate in the common factory of the world. Nurtured by interdependence and better acquaintance, international friendship and cordiality are springing into fuller life. We are discovering the fact that all over the world men have the same motives, the same purposes, the same feelings,—that all men are brothers. The result has been the formation of a new consciousness and a new center of loyalty. As through a process of evolution we came to national fealty and pride higher than that given to the state, so today we are mounting upward and are emerging into world consciousness and world patriotism, the grandest conception of human relationship that man has ever achieved, on a plane where war cannot exist.

Urged on by the re-emphasis of the devastation of war and the new sense of world brotherhood, the obstacles to international legislation are slowly being disintegrated. Where once were distrust and fear, now exist mutual understanding and friendli-

ness. International arbitration has proved itself a glowing success. During the past quarter of a century, over one hundred important international differences have been settled by this peaceful method. Within six years, scores of treaties of arbitration have been signed by nations of the world. The achievements of the Hague Conferences have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine supporters of the peace movement. There, representatives of nearly all nations of the world met together in the space of one room. The Permanent Court of Arbitration with its Peace Palace, the International Prize Court, obligatory arbitration of contractual indebtedness, freeing for all time the South American republics from exploitation by the powers,—with an international Supreme Court almost achieved,—the age-old movements toward peace are approaching fruition.

We have now reached the position where the passage by the Hague Conference of a world treaty of compulsory arbitration and a provision for gradual disarmament by the nations will make the age-long dream of world peace an accomplished fact! Heralded by unmistakable signs, world peace is dawning. Out of the dismal night of war and conflict is breaking the golden era of the brotherhood of all men. Across the diminishing stretches is coming the light which shall enfold this tired world in the glow of a newer and more Christ-like day; when—

"The war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furl'd
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

But, disregarding this rapid evolution toward peace, the nations are in frenzied preparations for war. While in the past half century the population of the world has doubled, expenditures for war have quadrupled. This paradoxical system of competitive armed peace consumes in its hungry maw more than half the revenues of the world. The proportion of war expenditures in the United States has increased so that when we expend one dollar for all other needs combined, we expend three dollars in useless preparation for war. How long shall we permit militarism to delay the consummation of world peace? Must this illicit prostitution of the resources of the world continue through the years? Oh, that there might arise such an impassioned outburst of public sentiment that the rulers of the nations shall be compelled to consummate world peace! Once for all strip this question of the fallacies so long surrounding it! Lay bare the soul of the problem! What is it found to be? It is not the changing of human nature; it is not the extirpating of the war camps of Europe; it is not the overcoming of the hostile commercial interests,—parasites fattening on war and armament; it is not the awakening from apathy of the leaders of the nations. No! The problem itself

is deeper and underlies all of these. It is to arouse into a united demand for world peace the common citizens. Then shall these superficial obstacles be swept into oblivion before the conquering march of an exalted public opinion.

The people of the world must arise! Nine hundred years ago when the farmers and merchants of Norway and Sweden declared against war, the monarchs bowed and there was peace. And today, the united voice of aroused society, more authoritative than ever before, must demand world peace, and then peace shall come. The unanimous vote for peace by three hundred thousand men in Berlin was a notable spectacle. But such manifestations must not be the end; they must be but the beginning of a mighty movement for a "People's Peace" that shall shake into fragments the tottering structure of war.

With a rapidity unforeseen by human seer, evolution's forces have brought us close to peace and disarmament. Living in a nation ruled by reason and justice, we, as individual citizens, must champion this cause and hasten the day when war shall cease. America must lead! We are not hampered by entangling alliances. Splendidly isolated, independent, powerful, ours is a position of international leadership. The spirit of our government urges us to hasten to the forefront of this movement. As the nation that furnished to the world its first thrilling spectacle of sovereign states obey-

ing a national Supreme Court, we must lead in establishing an international Supreme Court. Thus, the solution of the real problem of world peace is ours. The world waits for America. We must be the first to tear from its world-old supremacy the hideous idol of war, and we must be the first to lead the nations to that chaste temple where in resplendent glory World Peace sits enthroned!

I Am Innocent of This Blood.

ALFRED CHRISTIAN EUGENE WALDAMAR REIMAN.

The prize winning oration of the Oregon State Peace Contest.

IT is over nineteen hundred years since the streets of old Jerusalem stirred with crowding mobs and echoed the words, "Let him be crucified!" And yet, how clear the picture which survives! A crown of thorns pressed upon His head, the Savior stands before the magistrate of Caesar. Cries for his life come from every side! And now the yielding magistrate washes his hands in a basin of water, exclaiming, "So do I wash my hands of this matter; See! I am innocent of His blood!"

We have been told of the last war so frequently that we are calloused to the most lurid descriptions of the nauseating scenes from its battlefields. Like Pilate, we are not to blame. It is for this reason that I do not propose to go into all the

sickening details. More am I interested in the causes of war. Today we have our Leagues, our Courts, and our countless peace pacts. But none of these have destroyed the bitter hatreds of the last war. They have not appeased the secret wrath of the debtor nations at America's collection of the war debts. They have not lessened our resentment against Britain's rubber monopoly nor any of the countless jealousies between nations. The League is functioning; and the armies of France and Spain are tonight marching against the Riffs. The World Court is at work; and nations all over the world are hurling threats at one another over oil interests, coal interests, and all the other interests with which nations are concerned. The Treaty of Locarno was signed; and two days later Damascus was shelled by the guns of a Christian nation! We have had disarmament conferences; and today France is feverishly building a more powerful air-force. Japan is constructing war-cruisers. England is investigating the possibilities of Ray-warfare, and America as she carefully guards her gas formulae seeks a unified power in the air. Battleships are junked; and better ones are built. Dreadnaughts are junked; and super-dreadnaughts are built! Sea-planes are conquering the ocean air. The rattle of gathering armaments is heard in every nation and the stir of war-like preparations sensed among every people on earth. Are these the harbingers of peace?

Our courts and our pacts might well be compared to magnificent structures erected on the crater of a volcano. A senate-house here—a cathedral there. Yes, a League here—a court there. But beneath them the living volcano burns! and some day it will burst the paltry bonds and in irresistible fury will erupt again. Peace! We talk of peace; but we prepare for war! The rumble of potential destruction may even now be heard as the lava boils within the crater.

What are these forces beneath? Why need nations talk of peace and prepare for war? Ladies and gentlemen, it is because we have never included in our calculations all of ourselves. We have forgotten that within every human heart two potent forces pulse: love and the bestial instinct to kill. We have veneered this primitive instinct with civilization and love for life; but when economic and political interests clash, millions of men swarm upon the battlefield while the mobs at home cheer them on. We protect the cursed instinct; we keep the veneer thin! At his mother's knee the growing boy is led to believe that his country can do no wrong. He plays with toys symbolic of war; he kills ruthlessly in his childish imagination. He is taught that other countries are scheming and other peoples unworthy of trust. He is told at bedtime of great deeds in war. In his mind is created a hero of battle. His trained pulse will soon stir to the beating drums and the rhythmic step of

marching soldiers' feet. And his misled mother smiles. Here then is the beginning. You mothers all over the world, you are sowing the seeds of death in the minds of your own sons. You are molding their minds to consider war a very natural thing, and the battlefield the place where true glory is gained. But you say it is too much that I lay the blame at your doors. You refer me to your tears and to your prayers. You think no man can have the right. Let me go back to the summer of 1917. A young man was fighting his way across No Man's Land. From the other side another approached. These two had been friends before; but now one approached the other in the smoke of a battlefield. There! Something moving! A form! A bayonet flashes! The sharp point is thrust into the vital parts of a human being. With his victim pinned to the sticky trench wall he leans closer. The dying soldier recognizes his friend and gasps, "Arthur, did your mother teach you this? Oh, it burns! Remember our school? the little church? Christ never intended this! Arthur, don't take out that red-hot steel. Let them who are responsible take it out!" A hush. "It is getting late, Arthur." The spot can still be found where a friend of mine once said, "Did your mother teach you this?" I contend I have the right. Mothers! how will you take out that burning steel?

And then the growing boy leaves his home and goes to school, among other things to study the his-

tory of his country. In America he reads of our conquests of Texas, of Florida, of the Philippines, of Haiti, and of Panama. Yet it is not permitted that a single considerable doubt shall enter his mind as to the god-like conduct of his nation. Instead he is coached to despise the people who dare to question the conduct or challenge the motives of his country. He is veritably saturated in national egotism. Then he reads of the glorious deeds of our soldiers in every war we ever fought. He sees the war hero dash gallantly across the pages of our fiction. He sees his name on the pages of his history book covered with praise and glory; and he sees his memory preserved in the deathless stone of magnificent memorials. Deep in his childish heart he glorifies war and idolizes the career of military fame. When we realize that in home and school these same things are occurring in every nation on earth, need we be surprised that peoples prepare for war?

It has been said that the church will outlaw war. But from our pulpits during the last war came the most eloquent pleas for more soldiers, came petitions that God's blessing fall upon every soldier that he might not falter, upon every rifle that it might not fail, upon every precious cartridge lest a single bullet stray from its human mark. Sanction of the war rang from every chapel. It was in the name of Christ that we sent our soldiers to fight. As my dying friend gasped that memorable day,

"Christ never intended this!" And now as we again wash our hands in a basin of water, we cannot fail to know that in the hour that heralds the awakened volcano, the water will turn to blood.

The world is hungry for peace today. Despite its blind gropings it is eagerly looking for a power that can destroy the suspicions and jealousies which separate people from people and race from race, and bring the contending forces of the world into a co-operative whole. But it must go deeper than the surface—to the sources themselves. The homes, the churches, the schools—these are the forces charged with the mission of peace. It is theirs to make the underlying unity of all peoples patent to every age. Their vision, guidance, and motive may bring the dream of permanent peace into reality tomorrow. And if their effort be worldwide, earnest and unfaltering, then may the angelic message with which they are charged ring throughout the earth as a trumpet call for peace everlasting. Then may the fires beneath be forever stilled; and the blessings of peace without end fall upon the harrassed souls of men.

O fathers and mothers, can you not see that if we fail we betray our own children? Will they be exempt when tomorrow's gauntlet of war is thrown down? Let us see the truth at last! And seeing let us purge our homes, our schools, and our churches of every trace of this accursed thing!

The mob is stirring again in the streets of Jeru-

salem. The voice of Pontius Pilate is speaking to-night. "I am innocent of this blood; see! I wash my hands of it!" And our children who must fight in the senseless wars to come, stand innocent and accused.

America and Peace in the Orient.

J. G. Emerson.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

In the heart of the southern Andes there has been erected a statue of the Christ. Standing on the border line between Argentina and Chile, with bowed head and upraised arm, it seems to pronounce a benediction upon the nations at its feet. Carved in the base of the statue are these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines shall break this peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain." This statue is prophetic of the coming time when all nations shall dwell together in harmony. It is significant of the trend of modern thought toward universal peace.

In this movement for world-wide peace two features stand out predominant; one, the problem of peace in the Orient; the other, the natural qualifications of America for leadership. True, the Occident itself presents something of a prob-

lem; yet it must be remembered that Latin America is approaching a condition of stability and concord, that the trouble in Mexico is but local in its effects, and that the real seat of the rivalry between England and Germany lies not in Europe, but in Asia. The danger in the Occident is insignificant in comparison with the larger danger in the Far East. Here is where the interests of the world are converging. Here, in fact, lies the problem of the age —the colossal problem of eight hundred millions of people awakening for the first time to a sense of their power. Can these people, emerging from obscurity, struggle upward side by side without friction? Diverse in creed and color, will they seek to settle their differences always at the bar of reason? This is the problem which the peace movement is facing—not an abstract, but a specific problem—not the remote question of peace in the world, but the immediate and pressing question of peace in the Orient.

The Russo-Japanese war did not harmonize conflicting interests in the Far East. Russia, undaunted by her defeat, still clings to her dream of vast empire. Shorn of Port Arthur, she now looks for an outlet to the Pacific through the unprotected provinces of northern China. Rapidly colonizing her Siberian frontier, she is paving the way for future expansion. Soon China may find her huge wall again inadequate, and once more may see her provinces overrun by the Tartar hordes.

This is the menace to peace, in the North. Far to the South, lies India, restless and uncertain. India is the hotbed of revolution. Her millions are inclined to superstition and political fanaticism. They are fertile soil for the seeds of insurrection. They form an ever turbulent sea of rising and falling passions, an ever present menace to English rule in Asia.

In the midst of it all the great empire of China is awakening from its sleep of centuries. The past with its traditions no longer binds her to its ideals of a forgotten day. A progressive civilization has knocked at her door and is pointing her to the larger ideals of the future. As a result of this awakening, profound changes are affecting the life of China. That civilization, so long unaltered, is undergoing transformation. Long established institutions are being broken down; a thousand distracting forces are springing into existence; the mighty elements of China's potential strength are being set in motion; and, to add to the confusion, the nations of the Old World are taking advantage of her present weakness and are encroaching upon her interests. China has unlimited possibilities for development; but whatever her hope for the future, the fact remains that she stands before the world today disorganized and helpless, a prey for her stronger neighbors, the storm center of the threatening conflict in the Far East.

Just off the coast of northern Asia lies Japan,

constituting the immediately disturbing factor in the Orient. Reacting from the so-called "jingoism" of certain leaders, Americans have tended to underestimate Japan as a factor in world politics. She too has awakened out of a dreamy past—awakened to a new sense of national consciousness, ambitious for expansion and power. She has met and defeated China and Russia. The pent-up energies of centuries have thereby found expression. The desire for peaceful solitude has gone; and in its place, perhaps, has come the lust for conquest.

Japan declares officially that her policy is wholly intensive. Yet amid her declarations of friendship she is voting her millions into dreadnaughts, and furthering a program of military education that reaches even to her public schools. Within the next five years Japan will have ready for service a score of armored cruisers, will be able to launch an equal number of dreadnaughts, and can put into the battlefield two millions of trained soldiers. This equipment far exceeds her ordinary needs for defense. Over forty per cent of the total revenue of Japan goes toward increasing her armament. To support this outlay, taxation has become so burdensome that today the average Japanese pays out in taxes alone twenty-five per cent of his total income. If Japan's policy is wholly intensive, why does she overtax her people for the sake of building more gunboats? Why does she divert from the channels of industrial progress a million of her strongest

men to become proficient in the art of war? Looking beyond the diplomatic assurances of her foreign representatives, we see Japan promise to Korea the right of self-government, only to break that promise the moment she has secured a foot-hold on the continent of Asia. We see her subjects spreading throughout the Orient, carrying with them the gospel of Japan. We see her masses hoarding their money in anticipation of coming war. We see her great statesman Terauchi declare in a speech before the Diet that "The Pacific is destined to become the scene of the next great conflict;" and that the people will bear an increase in taxation "to provide for the future development of the empire." Believing that these utterances made at home reflect the prevailing sentiment in Japan, we cannot but fear that she contemplates further expansion in Asia, that her policy is imperialistic rather than peaceful.

The Japanese archipelago stretches from the frigid shores of Saghalien to the tropical island of Formosa. It embraces climatic conditions favorable to every crop. Japan produces more than she consumes. Her four thousand islands, sweeping in a long line down the Asiatic coast, place her in a position of tremendous advantage in time of war. Western nations must cross oceans or continents to reach the Far East. She is already on the scene of action. Japan's leaders are masters of organi-

zation. Her government is a model of centralized efficiency. Her people are increasing in numbers and are aggressive, sturdy, and loyal. If Japan strikes it will be as a great national unit—a compact, irresistible ball of energy hurling herself into the maelstrom of Oriental politics. The result—there can be but one: at first, helpless confusion on the part of the other nations; then a slow gathering of titanic forces, an ignition of the coals of passion and hatred; and then, the bursting forth of a conflagration of war unparalleled in all history.

Thus they lie: the huge Russian bear waiting in its northern fastness; the powerful Indian tiger crouching to spring at its mistress; the great dragon of China awakening from its slumber of ages; and hovering watchful on the outskirts, Japan, the hawk of the Pacific.

This, then, is the situation which the nations are facing—a world crisis—a problem whose magnitude involves within its scope every interest of the earth. There is but one nation to lead in the solution of this problem. That nation during her brief history has established the rights of neutrals upon the seas, extended a protecting arm to her sister republics to the south, liberated a race from bondage; and finally, has given Cuba her freedom and wrested the Philippine Islands forever from the hands of tyranny. America stands today for ideals of peace and brotherhood—a nation whose guiding

principle is the protection of her weaker neighbors, a people whose cosmopolitan character links her in ties of kinship to every nation in the world.

In 1898 America acquired the Philippines and Hawaii, thus becoming a definite factor in the Orient. In 1900 she prevented the partitioning of China and launching her Hay doctrine, reaffirmed the policy of the "open door." In 1905 she summoned the conference at Portsmouth, and through her influence the Russo-Japanese war was brought to an end. Today the Panama Canal goes forward to completion with the manifest purpose of strengthening her power in the Pacific, while awakening China in the midst of her peril is reaching to America for guidance and help. America has a mission in the Orient. Shall she now adopt a policy of disarmament and do away with the one element of her strength which is making the accomplishment of that mission possible? In an hour when the politics of Asia is nearing a crisis, when argument unsupported by force commands but little respect, when hatred and selfishness supplant reason and justice, shall she attempt to meet foreign gunboats with diplomacy and, weakening her influence for right, throw away her opportunity for service to the Far-Eastern world? No! The American flag has been raised over the islands of the Pacific. It is not jingoism to say that in those islands it must never be lowered. That flag went to the Philippines not as an emblem of tyranny, but

as a guarantee of protection. It is not a flag of conquest; it is a symbol of peace and justice. Rather must America continue in the development of the open door policy. Rather must she demonstrate to the world that the political exploitation of China must cease; that the principles of justice must prevail among the nations of the Orient; and that, should diplomacy fail, she stands ready to defend those principles by force of arms.

Today America faces a world-wide duty—world-wide in that its proper performance concerns the welfare of all nations. It is a duty, arising out of America's opportunity through her island possessions and the friendship of China, of fostering friendly relations among the nations of the Orient. It is a duty based upon her leadership in the cause of peace. It may be that consummate diplomacy will meet the requirements of that duty, that America's strength as a peace power will stay the threatening storm. Yet America must not forget that war is a possible contingency, and that the near future may see her battling to hold her own in Far Eastern waters. The Japanese minister protests that Japan's intentions are peaceful, but even as he speaks his colleagues at home are advising the people to make ready for war—a war which they declare will take place within ten years. While Czar Nicholas was issuing his call to The Hague Peace Conference, the Russian government was tightening its grip on the Chinese province of Man-

churia. These nations may profess friendship toward the people of other lands, but beneath it all Japan is still ambitious and the Czar yet longs for a Russia that reaches from sea to sea. Well may we doubt the sincerity of their declarations. Well may we conclude with Lord Beresford that "Unless a definite solution of the situation in the Far East is thought out and brought into effect war is certain, and the whole civilized world may be compelled to share in the conflict." America's mission is to effect that solution and by that action meet her responsibility as the leader in the cause of peace, making the ideal embodied in the Christ of the Andes the ruling force among the nations of the world.

The Influence of the Press on World Peace.

MYRON G. PHILLIPS.

The prize winning oration of the Indiana State Peace Contest.

WHEN Thomas Jefferson said that government without newspapers would be worse than newspapers without government many persons accused the Virginia sage of dealing in daring paradox. But, today, it is obvious that his seeming paradox is true.

Let us consider the power of the press. Today the newspaper reaches to the remote corners of the earth. When it speaks a myriad people listen to its

voice. The Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Oriental, all comprehend it. It reaches down amid the dim lamps of poverty and up into the splendor of riches. It weaves into the warp of the past the woof of the future. It makes the heart beat with passion or tenderness. It stirs the pulse of nations. It is the laughter and tears of the world and its influence shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

Some would deny the influence of the press on the ground that no one ever changed his opinion on account of an editorial. But the influence of the press is in no way dependent upon direct persuasion. Our opinions are only individual reactions to facts and for these, all of us, from the casual listener to the careful historian, are dependent upon the press. There was a time when one nation's ambassador to another was a man. But, today, the world and its people are traveling at a faster rate. People are no longer content with news of foreign affairs gleaned only from the letters of statesmen—the newspaper has become the real ambassador of nations. The man in a foreign capital today is somewhat of a figurehead, for nine-tenths of what we know of foreign affairs comes through the press and the attitude of every civilized nation in the world toward every other is largely dependent upon whether the press is friendly or hostile.

The power of the press then, is the power to

shape opinion by the presentation, emphasis, suppression or distortion of facts.

Let us consider this power from several angles—first the business angle.

Tonight, at any newsstand, you can purchase a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* for the nominal sum of five cents, yet, according to the business manager of that magazine it costs the publisher thirty cents to put it before the public. Now, how can such a thing be done? The answer is simple—from charges to advertisers. The cost of one inside, uncolored page of advertising in the *Saturday Evening Post* is $8,000 and for one outside page is $20,000 and the publishers of that magazine will not contract for an advertisement for less than twelve consecutive weeks.

Who pays such fabulous prices? Well, last year, one of these advertisers, the makers of Ivory Soap, spent $2,700,000 to tell the public that their product floats and is ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent pure. The makers of Listerine spent $1,900,000 to tell the people of their cure for halitosis and the Campbell Soup Company spent $1,-700,000. But humor aside, why did they do it? Simply because they know that enough readers of their advertisements will be influenced to buy to make that vast expenditure of money a paying proposition. William Wrigley, the gum magnate, and a pioneer in the field of advertising once said, "If I had $100 with which to start a business I would

spend $75 of it for advertising." Such, then, is the vast influence of the press over the public.

But let us go further and view this power from another angle—the political side. And, my friends, if you remember no other word that I speak tonight I shall be content if you go out of this hall and ponder deeply upon the significance of this one astounding fact—a fact so amazing that I would not repeat it here were it not carefully verified by the *Wall Street Journal* itself. Namely, that in every one of the seventeen presidential elections, from and including 1860, down to the present time, save one, the party with the largest campaign fund has been victorious. The one exception was in 1916 when Wilson, with a smaller campaign fund, just barely won, although he had every other conceivable advantage over his opponent. What does it mean? Why, simply this. We know that seventy per cent or more of campaign funds are spent for newspaper and magazine publicity and that means that in sixteen times out of seventeen the winning party has been the one with the most paid newspaper publicity. It may be no tribute to the American people to say that it was a subsidized press which stood at the polls, and with an invisible hand, marked the ballots of the majority of voters, but we are not here for compliments tonight but to face the facts of the power of the press and to see how that power can be applied to the problems of world peace.

As a first step in the application let us inquire how the press uses this vast power.

Open any copy of that self-styled "World's Greatest Newspaper," the *Chicago Tribune,* and there leaps out at you from the editorial page that jingoistic catch-phrase, "My country right or wrong. May she always be right. But right or wrong—my country," and under that warlike caption there appears day after day editorials sowing the seeds of distrust and hatred in the minds of a million readers against all foreign nations.

And yet the *Tribune* is an Angel of Peace in comparison with the papers of Hearst. His vast syndicate of newspapers has done more harm to the cause of peace than all the intriguing diplomats of the last decade. It was Hearst's exaggerated but vainglorious boast that he forced the American people into the Spanish War, even though he had to manufacture the evidence to do it. His papers harassed Presidents Taft and Wilson without end for refusing to interfere in Mexico. Why? Because Hearst owned extensive oil interests and a million-acre ranch in Mexico and he placed personal interest above the peace and welfare of his country. This very month he combined with the *Chicago Tribune* to kill, politically, a United States Senator from Illinois. I refer to Senator McKinley. For what offense? Simply because that Senator voted for America's entry into the World Court. For thirty years Hearst has used every

ounce of his power through the press to make world peace impossible and the American nation today is reaping the whirlwind of his seeds of violence.

This is how the power of at least a part of our press is being used today.

Now, my friends, in all this talk of peace there are two things, and JUST two things, that we must have before the goal is attained. The first is the will of the people demanding peace, and second, some sort of machinery through which the will may function.

Let us draw an analogy. We may have a locomotive perfectly constructed and completely equipped, but the engine can never turn a wheel until there is live steam to drive those pistons through the cylinders. Our peace machinery may be the League, the Court, an Organization of Nations, the Outlawry of War or what you will but the power MUST be the will of the people.

When we in America are constantly harried by our jingoistic, yellow journalism we can never hope to promote world peace until the better element of the press joins hands in a veritable crusade against such organs and all that they stand for—until they point the way to a better plane of thought that teaches the brotherhood of mankind and the perfect understanding in which war can have no place.

Do you say this is a beautiful but impractical idea? Then let me carry you back to an event of

January 1, 1831, when there appeared the first issue of an obscure newspaper. Its editor was young and friendless, without literary training—indeed—almost without an education. Added to this already seemingly hopeless plight he was without funds and with a credit so poor that he was compelled to mortgage his press in order that he might purchase the stock paper for each issue of his publication. His printing shop was an attic where not only the business of printing was carried on but which served as a home for him and his assistant. The floor of that dark and dusty garret was the pillow for his head and the stone bench was the dining table from which he ate the scant meals that his business afforded—scarcely enough to keep his soul and body together.

A hopeless undertaking for any publisher but seemingly more hopeless when we consider the task this poor, uneducated printer had set up before him, for the man was William Lloyd Garrison and he had set himself to the work of destroying that gigantic institution of slavery.

But Garrison had the dream of empire in his heart. He had a vision—a vision of a free America. He set it forth in his first issue of the *Liberator*. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not retreat a single inch—I WILL BE HEARD!"

A futile hope, said even his kindest friends. A score of times his life was threatened, and once he was dragged through the streets of Boston and barely escaped death.

But he carried on even though the *Liberator* was never a financial success. In all of the thirty-four years of its existence—down until Garrison's dream became a reality—its circulation never exceeded 3,000.

But those 3,000 counted in the political life of the nation as though they were 3,000,000 for they struck white-hot blows upon the anvil of American conscience—they welded the sentiment and formed the opinions of many in favor of that most humane of causes. As the readers read the things which this martyr placed before them they told their friends and their neighbors, and so on and on like a great forest fire that idea of a free America engulfed all in its terrific and unquenchable progression, until—the fire had reached its peak and in the wake lay the gray and scattered ashes of an Old South but ahead one could see the green and verdant fields which marked the beginning of a race.

It is a Garrison that we need today with a press that will tear from its editorial head the jingoism of "My country right or wrong" and put in its place, "My country—may she always be right. But if she is not right we will make her right," with a press that will teach truth, justice, understanding and a higher regard for foreign nations,—a press

that will be a "pillar of fire by night" and a "pillar of cloud by day," until the dream of peace has been achieved.

The Old Order Changeth.

BRYAN A. GILKINSON.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

MAN is a progressive being. In the process of attaining civilization he has robbed the elements of their terrors, has removed the barriers of distance, and has forced the earth and the sea to yield up their treasures. As man has thus far conquered economically, so he has conquered socially. For the promotion of his happiness he has sought to regulate human relations by the creation of a complex system of law and government. So far as this system of law and government has been evolved, it has been highly beneficial to the human race. But, as yet, this system is far from completion,—indeed so far from completion that the relations of man as an international being are regulated by no law that any nation is bound to respect. For such a condition of human relations, with its logical consequences of international disorder and violence, no descriptive term is adequate save that of international anarchy.

How has this condition of international anarchy

evolved? What prospects are there of its improvement? How can its improvement be accomplished? These are among the gravest and most urgent questions which lovers of humanity are asking in these days of trial and struggle.

The law which governed the actions of our savage ancestors, the cavemen, was the law of the jungle. Brute force, guided by primitive instinct, was the dominant factor in the relations of man and man. For a long time, the savage families refused friendly relations with each other, and stood opposed in desperate warfare. At length, becoming convinced that union was preferable to fruitless conflict, the families united into tribes; and reason scored a mighty triumph. Following the same course, the tribes spent countless generations in vain struggle with each other. But reason again triumphed, and the tribes united to form great nations. Each of these groups, as it was formed, made laws, suppressed crime, and established order and justice within its own domain. But between the groups there was no law or government to regulate the relations of one group with another. Family fought family, tribe fought tribe, and nation fought nation, whenever the impulse seized them. Even to this day there is no law to prevent one nation from invading and laying waste the land of another nation. Anarchy, abolished between the families and between the tribes, reigns yet between the nations.

For many centuries after the formation of the first nations, international anarchy was scarcely challenged. Wars between the nations were considered as inevitable as the rising and setting of the sun. But at length a few great minds came forth with new conceptions of international relations. As early as the sixteenth century, Martin Luther denounced war as "one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity." In the seventeenth century, Hugo Grotius caught a vision of world peace and founded the science of international law and arbitration. Since then, many men have declared with Charles Sumner that the true grandeur of nations consists not in warlike preparations, but in Christian beneficence and God-like justice. Slowly attaining strength, the peace movement brought about in 1864 and in 1868 the conferences of Geneva, at which thirty-eight nations adopted means of lessening suffering in time of war, and pledged their efforts toward securing peace. Following these came the Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907. But, although these conferences did much for the cause of peace, some of the nations had not yet learned the lesson of international anarchy, and refused to limit their power of aggression by any law.

Today this lesson is being taught in a more terrible way than ever before. How the nations of Europe expected the present conflict and prepared for it, how they surreptitiously evolved their

diabolical instruments of destruction,—their "forty-twos" and their "seventy-fives,"—how they fanned the smoldering flame of jingoism till it ignited the magazines of national hatred, is a matter of common knowledge. But the destruction of life that has resulted is not yet within human comprehension. The French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon sacrificed the lives of two million men in a period of twenty-five years. The present war has sacrificed three times as many in a period but one tenth as long. And for the future the possibilities of destruction are even more appalling. Our scientists inform us that if America were invaded it would be possible for them to produce poisonous gases and destructive instruments many times as deadly as those used in Europe. Look at the scientific magazines and see the descriptions of the warlike inventions already foreseen,—giant engines of steel capable of crushing whole cities within an hour. Exaggerations? Certainly. But not without their terrible portent. Think of the machine gun's stream of bullets; think of the thousands gasping for breath in the clouds of chlorine gas; think of the steel-clad "tanks" lumbering their slow but deadly way over corpse-strewn fields; and then ask yourself what modern inventive genius will do for wars of the future. Truly, if international anarchy is to continue, the prospect for humanity is nothing less than fearful.

Such, then, has been the evolution of interna-

tional anarchy. Anarchy between the families of our savage ancestors gave way to tribal peace and security; anarchy between the tribes gave way to national law and order. As the next logical step, anarchy between the nations must give way to—but no, the militarist says there can be no forward step. "War is inevitable." "There will always be the trampled fields with the silent, upturned faces." "Peace is but a Utopian dream."

Are these sayings true? Has the evolution of law and order halted, to move no more? Is the ideal of the brotherhood of man a mere dream? Are the discoveries and inventions of the future to be devoted to the degradation and destruction of man, instead of to his benefit and his advancement?

To answer in the affirmative is to deny the fact of human progress. The mind of man is not static, but evolutionary; evil institutions are not permanent, but transitory. In the past, government by kings, no matter how tyrannical, was said to be divinely ordained and therefore inevitable. But the people grew wiser, and tyranny was forced to give way to democracy. Slavery was long said to be inevitable, and so it seemed to be until an enlightened public sentiment proved the contrary. The brewers told us that intemperance was inevitable; yet public opinion is fast securing its abolishment. The duelist, the corrupt politician, the child-labor exploiter, and a host of other enemies of

progress have told us that their favorite institutions were inevitable; but not one of them has been able to withstand an awakened public conscience. Even poverty, disease, and crime were long said to be inevitable; yet today we are alleviating and hope to eliminate the great suffering caused by these evils.

And is our progress to halt here? Shall we deny tyrants the privilege of exacting a paltry tax, and allow war to oppress our children's children with its colossal burden? Shall we deny men the right to drive other men to work with the lash, and allow governments to drive their conscripts to slaughter at the point of the bayonet? Shall we deny men the excesses of rum, and allow them the diabolical excesses of war? Shall we ban the duelist, imprison the corrupt politician, eliminate the child-labor exploiter, and allow the minions of war full sway? Shall we struggle to eliminate poverty, disease, and crime, and allow war to reap its harvests of misery and destruction? No. Man destroys and abandons the evil institutions which bar his progress, and moves on to better things. Call it evolution, if you will, or call it social progress; few will deny that.

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfills himself in many ways."

The present conflict may not be the last great conflict between the nations, but it is hastening the

coming of world peace. Public opinion, that power against which no evil institution can prevail, is aroused, never to rest till the curse of war is destroyed. Sympathy with the cause of permanent peace is fast becoming universal. England, fearful for the cause of peace, accepts a conscription law because of temporary necessity only after the strongest opposition. Germany, fast learning the fallacy of war, hints at her willingness for disarmament. France stretches forth her lacerated hands and cries "We fight that our children may be spared the curse of war."

Even the rulers of the warring nations are looking forward to the day of peace. They are realizing that "government is the law of life,—anarchy, eternally and in all things, the law of death." The idea of a league to enforce peace, advocated by former President Taft and recommended by President Wilson, has been endorsed by the cabinets of twelve nations, including England, France, and Germany. The idea is undoubtedly crude and imperfect, but it is a long step toward the abolition of international anarchy and the introduction of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But a league to enforce peace alone will not guarantee peace. The old fatal philosophy that might makes right must give way to a broader philosophy, the philosophy of the Golden Rule. The international mind must be cultivated. Nar-

row nationalism and short-sighted patriotism must give way to the spirit of internationalism. Militaristic fatalism must be abandoned. Incipient antagonism between the nations must be destroyed by active international friendship. This program will take time and patience for its completion; for the present the nations must take the most practicable step for the prevention of future wars. Let us demand a league to enforce peace.

You will remember Tennyson's description of the great hall which Merlin built in the city of Camelot for King Arthur. Around that beautiful hall were four galleries of sculpture. In the lowest gallery beasts were represented as slaying men. In the second gallery men were slaying beasts. In the third gallery men were slaying men. In the fourth and highest gallery men were represented as standing erect with growing wings. Man has passed through the first two eras of progress so represented, and is now living in the third. May we not hope that he is soon to enter upon the fourth? The vision of that era rises before us. We see the lands of the world teaming with harvests, the seas dotted with the countless carriers of peaceful commerce. We see the pagan nations of Asia and of Africa, clothed and taught, taking their places with the powers of the world. We see Latin and Teuton, Slav and Anglo-Saxon, Oriental and Occidental extending to each other the hand of friendship and confidence. And, "far down the

future's broadening way," we see man regenerated, disabused of his hatred, suspicion, and fear, his poverty and suffering alleviated, and the shackles of his economic and social slavery broken, walking in closer fellowship with that Wonderful Counselor, that Healer of the Nations, the Prince of Peace.

The Pitfalls of Peace.

WILLIAM C. PERDEW.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

PEACE destroys; war constructs. Paradoxical and antagonistic to the popular conception as this statement may seem, yet it thunders a warning which America cannot ignore. Peace has been considered as a time for recuperation of national strength, for the rebuilding of industry, for the replenishment of food supply, for the development of resources; it has been looked upon as a time of prosperity and happiness, a time of growth and expansion.

But peace presents to a nation problems just as momentous and risks just as precarious as those involved in war. Unless the nation is strongly safeguarded, peace becomes a time of pampered luxury, a time when greed and selfishness and corruption threaten to choke the very life of the nation.

For almost two decades America has been at peace. Her inventions revolutionized industry; her scientists led the world in their discoveries; her commerce found its way to the furthermost island of the sea. Her farmers raised more agricultural products; her miners took more wealth from the earth; her factories made more and better products; her merchants enlarged their sphere of activity year by year, until it seemed that Midas-like, everything to which this nation put her hand turned to gold. The nation prospered. Wealth increased on all sides. America became the banker of the world. But with all this glorious development, with all this magnificent increase in wealth and prosperity, there came, insidiously and silently inserting itself into the very heart of the moral and economic life of the nation, a spirit which is utterly foreign to the ideals of freedom of which America is the champion. A spirit of grasping and greediness; a spirit of economic oppression; a spirit which crushed the weak if gold could be wrung from their labor. The standard of values came to be not personality, but wealth; not the soul, but the dollar; not character, but gold. Gold, synonymous with power, became the ideal of our nation.

A people may be judged by the men they crown and the ideals for which they strive. The constant concentration upon the goal, and the incessant striving for it, eventually fix it in the very foundations of their character. For half a century before

the German nation has been held the ideal of German world domination and world conquest. The German soldier was styled a superman; and conquest—ruthless, bloody, ravaging conquest was the goal for which he strove. This ideal swept all before it. In 1848 Germany had been the center of liberal ideas of government in Europe. But under the baneful influence of this new ideal of Blood and Iron, the love for freedom and liberty was crushed. The God of righteousness became the German Woden—a god of war and conquest, a god who delighted in the shedding of blood. Instead of the Cross of Calvary, there was substituted the Iron Cross. What was the result?

A thousand desolate villages yet reeking with smoke and corruption from the torch of the Hun; ten thousand fair acres of northern France and Belgium, war torn and blood soaked; a million skeletons of murdered Armenians, bleaching and burning to dust in the deserts of Asia Minor; a hundred thousand Belgian and French girls enslaved by Teuton taskmasters; a host of women and children drowning and strangling in an icy sea; a multitude of Red Cross nurses, stricken down while performing their errands of mercy; and that army of brave and courageous men who sleep beneath the poppy-strewn fields of Flanders, on the banks of the Somme, among the shattered fields of the Argonne, before the fortresses of Verdun, in the valley of the Marne, on the heights

of Vimy Ridge, and beneath the ruins of Chateau Thierry, all testify to the result. And we hear as one great volume of human agony, welling up from the very heart of humanity, "Mankind crucified upon a Cross of Iron." This is the crystallization into action of Germany's ideal.

Our ideal was not conquest; our ideal was gold. We became known to Europe as a nation of money grabbers. We complacently attended to our own affairs of making money and then more money, and were content that little children should toil and strain in the cotton mills of the South, mortgaging their lives for a pittance, literally selling their birthrights of healthy bodies and sound minds for a mess of pottage to keep them from starvation. Day after day they were weaving their souls into cotton thread, while we counted our gold. Huge corporations have come into being and carried on their activities without regard to those who toiled unremittingly in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated factories. Selfishness and greed ruled the day. Factional strife, the natural result of economic oppression, made its appearance. Class differences and antagonism were fanned into flame. Every individual became obsessed with the idea of his own aggrandizement at the expense of others. The very foundations of our government were threatened.

Our nation became selfish and self centered. We held the dollar so close to our eyes that it

shut out the whole horizon. While Autocracy and Democracy were fighting to the death, we were reaping a bountiful harvest in gold. But while we were gaining gold, we were losing our conscience. America was often hailed as the champion of Liberty and Democracy, yet to the cries of the St. Louis negroes, men and women, hunted through the streets of that city like rats and compelled to perish amid the flaming ruins of their own homes, to those to whom she had guaranteed protection, America turned a deaf ear. To Belgium who was suffering more and worse tortures from the ravages of the Hun than the Spaniards ever dared inflict on the defenseless Cubans, to Belgium a few far-sighted Americans sent pitifully small amounts of flour, when the whole country should have united in sending not only food, but rifles also. And France! France, the brave; France, the self-sacrificing; France, the invincible! When France, to whom we were bound by the closest ties of friendship and gratitude, beaten down and crushed by the iron heel of the German destroyer, yet still brave, still self-sacrificing, still invincible, looked at us with pleading eyes, we turned away, back to our gold.

But at last came the crisis. And on April 6, 1917, we timidly tip-toed our way into the outskirts of the world conflict. Since that day America has been finding herself. She began to discover that honor is of more worth than money,

and that liberty and freedom are priceless possessions.

With Democracy and Humanity as her watchwords, victoriously has America striven for her new ideal. We have been tried by fire. The dross and impurity of our old sordid ideals have been swept away; and there has burst forth before the startled gaze of a wondering world such a purity of motive and holiness of ideal as have never before been recorded among the historical annals of civilization.

Proclaiming to all peoples her high purpose of establishing justice throughout the world for the weak and for the strong, for the small and for the great, America took her stand in the bloody arena. She felt the throb of a new ideal. 'Twas not the spirit of greed, but the spirit of unselfishness which sent two million soldiers across the sea to give their lives for humanity. 'Twas not the spirit of factional strife, but the spirit of brotherhood which caused all class differences to be swallowed up in the one great task of winning the war. 'Twas not the ideal of oppression, but the ideal of Democracy which made America the champion of the liberties of the world. 'Twas not the ideal of gold, but the ideal of Humanity which made possible the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., and which led this nation to pour out thirty billion dollars to establish Freedom and Justice for all peoples.

Scorning deceit and loving truth; pouring out her treasure for the benefit of mankind; denying herself food that others might be fed; fired with an unquenchable hatred of injustice; sustained by an unwavering faith in the righteousness of her cause; borne onward by an unfaltering perseverance and an invincible courage; strong in a motive pure as the sunlight; inspired by an ideal, holy as Calvary's Cross; America has given her all that the Iron Cross might be dashed in a thousand pieces, and that mankind should be made forever free. This is the crystallization into action of America's new ideal.

But ahead lie the pitfalls of peace. America has seen a new vision; will she follow it? America has striven for a new ideal; will she be true to it? America has risen to new heights of service; will she still press upward, or will she retrace her steps? America! If, after having struggled your way up from the slimy cavern of greed and corruption into the pure sunlight of Justice and Humanity, you are content to return to your old life and ideals, the sacred blood of ten thousand heroes, shed with such holy purpose on the battlefields of France, has been shed in vain.

But America shall not turn back. From Flanders fields there comes a voice as of a multitude, "To you from failing hands we throw the torch; be yours to lift it high." And America has lifted it high; and in the onward march of a thousand cen-

turies yet to come she shall continue to lift it high, lighting the way for the progress of Liberty, Democracy, and Justice. Heroes! whose blood was shed that these might endure, sleep on. For your blood was not shed in vain. America shall not fail.

The Challenge of War.

GARFIELD V. COX.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

AMERICANS today are striving for a right understanding of the present European struggle. With half a world engaged in the most terrible war of history it is evident that something is wrong in Western civilization. The tragedy of Europe is a shocking lesson to the Western world. Civilization for generations to come hangs upon our present ability to read correctly the meaning of this war, and to face the tasks it reveals.

In past times war was regarded as the natural means of settling differences and realizing ambitions. Desires for fame, for conquest, for national exaltation were the open causes of conflict. But today the situation is without precedent; with a desire for peace, more general than ever in the past, twelve nations have gone to war. Never has there been such disproportion between the magni-

tude of the events and the ends in view. A war involving five continents and the highly organized efforts of twenty million men is an event made possible only by the material achievements of the last half century. In the forces that have led to these achievements lie the deeper causes of the present conflict.

The railroad, the telegraph, the newspaper, and the school have made possible the binding of great aggregates of men into national unity. Modern industry has made some nations rich and powerful. Each has caught a vision of the impelling destiny possible to a people that can think, feel, and act as one. But nationalism, while contributing to civilization, has been a tool that cuts both ways. Each nation increasingly self-conscious, and ambitious for more resources and commerce, has felt with growing keenness the clash of business interests and national ideals. National leaders, eager for dominance, have fanned the ambitions of their respective peoples into flames of commercial aggression, in this way enkindling the nations to mutual fear. The millions have accepted as a national policy the doctrine of domination. Statesmen have measured worth in terms of population, territory, and power. Talk of war and increasing armaments have turned into an international curse the new patriotism which had promised to be a national blessing. Nationalism, rightfully the guardian of civilization, has sold itself to the enemy

of civilization and used the material achievements to destroy the hope of a world.

We were told that modern industrialism would be fundamentally opposed to war; that industrial communities would regard war as a fatal interruption of work; that modern trade, weaving a network of international interests, would bind the nations for peace. Yet this age of triumphant industrialism has given birth to the greatest conflict the world has known. How is it, then, that the ways of industrial progress, which were to have been paths of peace, have led to war? The peaceful effects of the industrial system have been undone by the destructive influence of that industry upon human character. It is true, indeed, that when men first created tools and machines it was to clothe bodies, to feed stomachs, to serve the needs of life; then communities turned from plunder to production. Wealth increased. Men built machines of great complexity and cost. But these machines, at first the servant, became the master. Once constructed, their idleness meant economic ruin; their constant use meant wealth. This possibility of vast riches stimulated to fever heat the greed of men. Thousands of millions were invested in machines, and whole nations employed in keeping them going. No longer was the main object to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, or meet the needs of growing intelligence; the wheels must be kept turning, for wealth beyond measure

awaited the nation that would serve most diligently this slave now mounted in the saddle. So human need was forgotten, and efficiency became the goal. Thus has Mechanism come to dictate the terms on which man shall live. The poor, struggling for bread, regard wealth as the end of effort; the rich, equally blind, lose sight of human values. Capitalism dominates governments; it demands expanding markets for its goods, and immense armaments to protect its commerce. The resulting clash of business interests is backed by national and racial egoism. Thus the products of industrialism, bought at the price of human life, are sold to militarism to furrow a continent with trenches and cover it with death.

Not alone in industry have we pursued an empty purpose to return with ashes in our hands. The nineteenth century has been a period of brilliant intellectual achievements. With startling rapidity have we uncovered the secrets of the universe and harnessed her forces. The man of today, equipped with vast information, inventive genius, and the methods of science, regards no dream impossible. Yet the very instruments and methods that have conquered nature have separated man from man. Men thread the earth with the telegraph, but not with the spirit of international law. Men analyze human problems, but cannot remove misery from their cities. Men invent ideal systems of ethics, yet plunge into the worst war of history, and re-

shape principles to defend national perfidy. How comes this disparity? In ages past the human mind gave birth to ideas that enriched religion, government, home. Such ideas clothe themselves in poetry, eloquence, art. But today, though the world storms with mental effort, the mind would rather conceive a machine that utters a God-inspired sentiment; and the needs of the soul, the true end of thought, are abandoned in the zeal for method. Men dissect great literatures, but do not create. Art and religion, made to delight and to inspire, become food for the critical powers. Systems of education are stamped upon the young without awakening their souls. Prayer becomes mere ritual; the sermon outweighs worship. Human personality is thrown into the chemist's crucible, to dispel its mystery and measure its worth. In this age of increasing social interdependence, men forget that every act affects the weal or woe of unnumbered human beings; men of conventional virtues, honest in personal life, kind in the home, benevolent in the church, practice a standardized morality; and, while thinking themselves good, they rob, rebate, graft. And now, in this time of armed upheaval in which the realities of life are laid bare, we find ourselves wanting; we see intelligence become mere cunning, spontaneity sunk to formality, creativeness lost to a routine soul pledged to Mechanism.

The causes of social conflict lie deeper than rivalry and strain between nations. The passing

of militarism alone would not bring peace. Within the nation itself the ties of brotherhood are weak. The war broke out at a moment when England stood on the verge of civil strife; France seemed demoralized, Austria was seething with discontent, and Russia was threatened by a new revolution; and, though danger from without has reconciled for a time the contending forces within, their differences remain unsettled. In every Western nation dominated by a purely industrial creed exists this growing unrest. In our own country the recent conflicts at Calumet, at Lawrence, at Ludlow, the growing fear of the industrial disturbances that are brewing for the coming year, warn us that "the common pursuit of wealth is not a human bond," that a nation making wealth its object, and pursuing it on terms laid down by the economic machine, is sowing potential struggles more bitter, more destructive of civilization than the present conflict. Within each of the nations now at war these unseen, disruptive forces of industrialism have for years been suppressed by the constant fear of foreign aggression, and the common need of military defense. Militarism must go; but remove the fear it inspires, without strengthening the "human bond" within the nation itself, and the chains, which now bind a people into one, will rust through and break.

The attainment of world peace lies in the problem of reconciling industrialism with the sanctities

of human life. To give stability to the social order men must share each other's dreams and passions as truly as material wealth. They cannot build an enduring civilization upon legislation, system, and forces alone, for the essentials of civilization are the conscious values and mental attitudes of men. So long as men prize wealth and efficiency above the worth of human souls, the strong will find opportunity to exploit the weak. Men must have both the social thought and the social will to extend the national principle to all humanity, and to make the final object of industry, not wealth, but the just supplying of human needs, the attainment of joy in creation.

This is not a futile dream. Just as the modern age has intensified these evils, so has it provided powerful forces which may be directed to their cure. This age has given the school, the library, and the press. It is producing both the social sciences and the men who can apply them as a living source of guiding principles. America has men of knowledge and power, men neither crippled by poverty nor blinded by wealth, who can lead the Western world into a brotherhood of man, and to a labor which is its own reward. Into the night of a world of conflict gifted men now carry the torch of hope. Booker Washington, spending his life to bring ten millions of his people within the vision of manhood; Louis Brandeis, forgetting the race for wealth to write into our cold, harsh laws,

humanity; Colonel Goethals turning from a public career to unite two oceans for a world—this is the supplying of human needs, this the joy in creation. Let the same spirit that built the cathedral at Rheims now build the reapers and the turbines, let it mold the life of the Western world, and turn despair into a mighty dream, for

> "We are what we imagine, and our deeds
> Are born of dreaming,—
> Let not imagination's soil be sown
> With armed men, but justice, so that we
> May for a world of tyranny atone
> And dream from that despair—Democracy."

Then the soul of man will become master of the mighty Mechanism he has for generations served.

Too long has Mechanism dominated the souls of men. The young men of Europe are dying on the field of battle, a sacrifice to the blunders of their fathers. They are fighting our battle, a sacrifice, too, for their sins are akin to ours, and the seeds of their mistakes are blown on every wind to this Western continent. Their health is our health; their disease triumphant would prostrate ours. Civilization is at the cross roads, and the way it will take depends upon the intelligence and character which the youth of the Western world can bring to guide it at this hour. It is for us, free from the curse of war, to lead in throwing off this bondage, to turn men from the race

for power, to call them to the sacredness of living —this is the challenge of the war.

The Unfilled Promise.

EDITH HOOTMAN.

Awarded second prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

EVERY nation is like a child; it must have its toys and those toys are words. It selects one, plays with it, vaunts it before other nations, then suddenly discards it to choose another which will in turn be toyed with and bandied about, then forgotten—unless it has become no longer a mere toy but something without which a nation cannot exist. In 1776 that something without which a nation cannot exist was Freedom; in 1861 it was Union and Equality; in 1916 it was Democracy. Freedom, Union, Equality, Democracy, all four have remained honored, loved, and cherished indispensable to the nation's welfare. Now that dominant word is Peace. Everywhere we hear it, Peace lectures, Peace funds, Peace associations and Peace conferences. Yet this word is not a new toy. Men and nations have played with it often before, but always it has been laid aside, a toy of which they have grown tired. Never has it been retained as a vital necessity.

It has been nearly two thousand years since the

promise of peace was given to the shepherds on the hill near Bethlehem. Nearly twenty centuries have elapsed since God sent his messenger to those lowly worshippers with the immortal words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace and good will toward men." We still repeat the promise, but does it carry with it today the same hope and the same faith in the goodness of the Almighty which it did then? After we have lived through such an experience as the World War, after we have seen villages torn down, acres and acres of land devastated, womanhood dishonored, manhood maimed and murdered, are we to turn away from God and say, "He has had nearly 2000 years in which to fulfill His promise? He has failed His people, and His book is worthless? Many have done so. Many have lost their faith and placed the blame on God. Yet ought we not first to look back and see where we may have failed the Creator, where we may have thwarted the fulfillment of that promise? I repeat, we are not the first to demand Peace. Following the pain and ravages of every war has come the inevitable plea for Peace. No conqueror, no ruler, no president ever asked for the control of a state without first giving to the people a promise of Peace. Some have never tried to fulfill it; some have tried hard; many have failed.

This is an age of logic and reason. Ought we not then before we conclude that Peace is im-

practical and impossible to use that same logic and reason which has guided practical America in all of her scientific research and business? The first steps in such a study of Peace and its possibilities would be to decide what institutions might be the basis of Peace. There are six of these—first, governmental organization; second, military power; third, economic success; fourth, religion; fifth, leadership, and sixth, education. To test the stability of these institutions as the bases of Peace, we can secure our facts from history.

Under the ancient Emperor Diocletian, Rome rose to the highest success where she remained for nearly a hundred years, then fell. No country ever had a more ideal organization of government, yet we read that it bred discontent and unrest among the people and brought the nation to bankruptcy. We might organize the world with its tribunals and courts; the organization might be perfect in its details, yet that would not bring Peace. Organization is not only the machinery of government; many more factors are needed to make it function properly.

Next, military power. Rome also tried that. Colonies and provinces were garrisoned with her soldiers. Did they bring Peace? For a time, yes. But the power soon weakened. Too much attention was paid to the army; agriculture and commerce suffered so that when the barbarians swept down from the north the armies could not hold

them back. The military power could not protect the organized government without the economic support of the country. Is it then economic success which is needed?

We need not go back far in history to find a country which excelled in all three of these institutions. That country was the German Empire. She had a wonderfully well-organized government; she had power to back that organization; she had economic prosperity. Equipped with all these, what caused her downfall? Her ideals! She lacked religion, not religion in the narrow sense, for the Germans were devout worshippers, but that religion which comes direct from God, which breeds sympathy and understanding and unselfishness—the principles of Christianity. That religion was not strong enough to dominate the policy of the nation. One thing more is needed. We cannot hope for peace while men exist who do not possess the desire for Peace, who enjoy war because it brings them personal gain. All men must be dominated by God's policy of good will toward men—the religion of Christ.

But can religion alone bring Peace? Can the desire to have Peace make it certain? We have seen the work of many an honest pope who was trying to bring Peace to the world, fail utterly as soon as his personal power was gone. Great rulers have brought Peace to their realms through this same policy, but invariably we find that Peace end-

ing at the ruler's death. The principles of humanity need someone back of them to put them into action, to place them before the people, to explain them so that all will seek to follow. Wise leaders, then, are another essential to Peace.

Many people today are saying, "We have a wonderful plan for world organization. We can have power to put this plan into action. We have economic prosperity. We have a working religion. What we need now is a leader. I ask you, "Has the world ever produced a greater leader than the late President Wilson?" But you say, "He has not given us peace." Was it because he was not a leader or because the citizens of the world were not willing and not capable of following? There was a time when a genius, a great leader, a national hero could grasp the torch of progress and carry it practically unhampered far into the fields of advancement. After he had gone ahead and lighted up the way, the rank and file of humanity would have followed. Now a leader, no matter how brilliant, no matter how courageous is shackled to that rank and file. He cannot move without dragging them with him. He can point out the way and explain the course, but to forge ahead is not in his power. And do they follow willingly? Not at all! Humanity today demands an explanation, a guarantee before every step it takes. I am not condemning this lack of blind hero worship. I would rather laud it. I do say that the great mass of

humanity which casts the vote should be able to recognize progress, should be able to comprehend a leader. True we need leaders, but more than leaders we need a trained and intelligent public. And that training can come only through education. William B. Butler gives the aim of education as the control of individual life, of national life, and of international life. The control which it seeks is one of knowledge, wisdom and skill, resulting in happiness. Here, then, lies the one factor which alone has not been tried. All others have had the test and failed. Yet this one factor which will include all others and is the basis of each has remained neglected through the centuries.

Democracy and Peace go hand in hand. For a successful democracy, we need governmental organization; we need sovereign power; we need economic stability; we need religion, we need leaders, and last of all, since government is still of the people, by the people, and for the people, we need a trained and educated people, a people who can back that organization of government with a comprehension of its principles and sound legal and political judgment; who show their recognition of the state's sovereignty by respect for its laws; a people who enjoy economic prosperity because they are skilled laborers and trained thinkers and can convert that labor and thought into financial success; a people who can select leaders of merit, who will follow those leaders intelligently or dis-

card them when they would lead astray; a people who not only know and desire to follow the principles of Christianity, but also know how to follow and how to put them into action; a people who have in their souls the ideal of Peace and a determined purpose to make that ideal a reality. Children must be taught the feeling of universal brotherhood. We must outlaw war as we have outlawed piracy, not by physical force but by that force which never fails—moral force—public opinion. Is this possible? The answer is: Are children born with hatred in their hearts? Can the seed grow unless it is first planted? Then let us destroy the seed before it finds a place to grow.

How shall we proceed with such a task? Last year the mayor of one of America's greatest cities prohibited the use of a certain history text because it gave a few reasons to vindicate England in the Revolutionary War. That is the way not to proceed. Let us not teach wars only in so far as they are needed to explain the periods of Peace. Let us cease to glorify war heroes while we allow great Peace heroes to go unmentioned. Psychologists say that the only successful way to break one habit is to replace it by another. Let us replace the habit of love for adventure in war with the habit of love for adventure in Peace, the adventure which attends pioneering in the fields of business, science, engineering and honest politics. Let us replace the hatred of nations by the hatred for war.

Every leading nation has at some time held sway over the known world. Every leading nation except America. Let America now come into her own! Let America conquer the world! Not with her statesmen, not with her merchants, not with her soldiers, but with her ideals, for all else will perish, but ideals live on forever. Let us help Germany's starving families; let us aid Russia's poverty-stricken students and let us keep recruiting ever an army of red-blooded Americans, citizens of the world, an army equipped with bayonets of wisdom, grenades of knowledge, and swords of Christianity, an army which will make everlasting and victorious the crusade for Peace.

The promise sung by the angels is still unfulfilled. For two thousand years we have missed the true significance of that promise. To whom did God give the promise? To the Emperor at Rome? To Herod? To the priests or scribes? No, he gave it to the shepherds, common people. It was to them he gave the promise and through them we must seek its fulfillment. Would you make the word Peace more than a mere toy? Would you make it a challenge? Then you must instil in the hearts of the nations the ideal of Peace. Would you instil in the hearts of the nations the ideal of Peace? Then you must instil it in the hearts of the people. Would you make the word Peace lasting? Would you make the ideal a reality? Then you must teach the people the way to Peace. In no other

way can be fulfilled the divine promise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace and good will toward men."

The Path to Peace.

NORMAN LITTELL.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

Two years ago half the world stood united in a common effort. We were fighting to spare our children the tragedy of war, confident that the idealism which sustained us in the struggle would find permanent solution for the international problem. Then came the Armistice and for months the world hung in the balance crying for an evidence of mutual trust which alone could unite us in making peace as we had been united in making war. But in the great moral venture demanded of them statesmen faltered and then failed. The treaty was signed not because it satisfied but because men saw the necessity of ending a state of war. The hopes of none have been fully realized.

The reaction from war's idealism was universal. Men regrouped themselves behind the forces of special interest and forgot the ideals for which they had fought. Wilson's fourteen points were pushed aside. England hastened to resume her commercial

policies and jealously guarded her right of tutelage over Ireland, Egypt, India, and Persia. With Germany beaten to her knees, her national structure tumbling around her, thousands of her people realized the insanity of their ideals and looked eagerly to democratic countries for sounder principles on which to build a government. But even in this receptive state, they heard only the angry cry of injured peoples and met only economic suppression to punish them for their crimes. France, intoxicated by victory after years of suffering, bitter memories of '71 still in mind and led by the "war dog" Clemenceau, seized the Saar Valley on terms of permanent occupation. Japan clung tenaciously to Shantung; while Italy by force dominated the Adriatic. With a desire for peace greater than ever before, nations jealously clung to their armaments and sought commercial advantage as a means to power. Why must the vicious cycle of history be again repeated, bringing with it a peace not of forgiveness, but of selfishness and revenge? Why at a moment when the world hungered for a settlement which would insure peace for the future rather than punishment for the past, must we abandon that mutual trust which was to set all peoples free?

Bitter as our disappointment is the causes are not far to seek. The destructive influence of industrialism on human character has undermined the path to peace. There was a time when the

objects of men's toil were food, clothes, and shelter. The craftsman wrought with simple tools and master strokes to serve the needs of life. The wage was small, the satisfaction large. Then came the age of great machines to take the craftsman from his bench and lose him in a mammoth mechanism. Men saw the infinite possibilities of wealth awaiting the people who would consecrate their lives to industry. Industrialism gathered impetus. It threaded continents with railroads, bridged oceans with cable and steamship. It welded all peoples into one great family of interdependent nations. With these influences growing, peace seemed near at hand. Then war burst suddenly upon us. The wheels of industry thundered a mockery of peace as they wrought new engines of destruction. And today we learn the lesson of our broken hopes. Industrialism has meant not the common pursuit of service but the common pursuit of wealth, and the common pursuit of wealth is not a human bond. Wherever industry has left its golden touch men have sold themselves to gain its prize. A few, successful, have raised themselves above their fellows, high priests of an industrial fetish-worship. The weak protest, the strong lose sight of human values. Wealth has become the symbol of the power which men crave, the goal for which men strive, the vain religion in which men worship. Capitalism in its magnitude demands new markets for its goods and governments are won to the support of its program.

Honest competition gives way to bitter and unscrupulous rivalry. Diplomats quarrel over the land of an African savage or contend for possession of a Persian province. Nationalism consecrates itself to industry and stretches over it a protecting hand. Protection of commerce demands increasing armaments until seas are dotted with floating forts and continents are garrisoned with armies. Thus nations prepare for war under the illusion that they are keeping peace. The legitimate purpose of government gives way to an insane national vanity which men clothe in the garb of patriotism. Industrialism, which was to have brought peace, betrays the world to war.

Nor has the full price of industrial preeminence been paid upon the fields of France. War with all its cost in life calls forth some nobleness of spirit. Against the tragic background of the struggle stands out the heroism of the Argonne and the Marne. But the industrial rivalry which leads to war lacks even this compensating virtue. It recounts no deeds of sacrificial service. It blights men's finer instincts with a material creed. It sells poison for profit as willingly as bread. It damns the yellow race with opium and liquor to fill with gold the pockets of the white race. It saps human energy by speeding production that men may have wealth and nations power. It regards the toiler not as a personality striving toward an ideal but as a machine to swing a hammer. It views the pub-

lic not as a people to be served but as a market to be exploited. It turns our cities into deserts of dreariness which only forgetfulness can make bearable and only excitement make men forget. Systems of education bow to the industrial creed and train young men for the acquisition of wealth. The church, which should work to transform industrial life, fastens itself as a parasite on the existing order. The human spirit is broken on the wheels of industry as it seeks to gain infinity by adding to itself all that is finite. Men have sold themselves into slavery to a system they themselves have made. They have sown for wealth, to reap decay; planted greed, to harvest misery and pain; dreamed of peace, to taste the bitter fruit of war.

Small wonder that we emerge from war to see a mirage of peace vanish before our yearning eyes. Small wonder that both national and international life are paralyzed by strife. Statesmen cannot build an enduring peace while nations are dominated by an inhuman industrial creed. A civilization to endure must have a conscience, but men lose conscience when they are mere cogwheels in a vast machine. "The attainment of world peace lies in reconciling industrialism to the sanctities of human life." Young business men must refuse to be caught in the meshes of the present system. Inspired by motives of comradeship and service they must work for a new spirit in industrial life. We

must have shops in which the manhood of the workman is held more precious than profits or autocratic power, factories in which monotony for the workers is dispelled by satisfaction in service, plants in which the burden of toil is lightened by joy in creation and by sense of comradeship in work. We must have business in which service to the public means more than dividends. We must have commerce that values the blood of our children more than the possession of economic rights on foreign soil.

These are not the ideals of an impractical dreamer. They are a living reality, which every day is gathering power. Slowly but surely these nobler motives have begun the transformation of our social order, a reconstruction that strikes at the roots of the causes which make for war. We have swept from our land the liquor traffic that sold its product at the price of human life. We have abolished child labor because it created wealth at too great human cost. Scores of captains of industry are recognizing with Charles Schwab that man was not made for industry but industry for man. We have shortened the working day that men may have time for recreation and education and for a better family life. In more than three hundred and fifty industries the workers share in directing the policies of the factories in which they work. England, too, is asserting the manhood of her toiling millions by giving them a voice in the

management of industry. Already in these shops and mills the workers are quickened by a growing sense of the joy of comradeship in work, and by a reawakening of the craftsman's instinct for creation. Before the growth of these forces the fatal system of pitiless rivalry is breaking down. Countless individuals today are living proof that the power to serve is worth more than the power to acquire, that there is a labor which is its own reward. John R. Mott rejects high offices of business and of state to lead the Christian students of three continents in a work of world redemption. Thousands of the world's most capable men are rejecting the prevailing industrial creed to devote their lives to human betterment. Sherwood Eddy, the heir to a fortune, hears the call of the backward races whom industry exploits and turns his back upon the struggle for wealth to lift these peoples from darkness to light. Herbert Hoover dedicates himself and his fortune to feeding the starving and in spite of allied boycott keeps the babies of our former enemies alive when the whole world is turned against them. These men know the satisfaction of service. Theirs is the joy of creation. Theirs is the spirit without which any peace must fail, the spirit which alone can turn nations from an inhuman rivalry in pursuit of wealth, and which alone can free peoples from that distrust and hate whose fruit is war. Their example urges the world in a new direction. Social science points the way.

The sufferings of history plead for the new ideals while peace beckons to us from afar.

Too long has human energy been dissipated in the race for wealth, and industry been a mockery of service. Millions of men in America and Europe are hungering today for a new spirit in industrial life, for a world in which manhood shall be held more precious than profits and power. Eighty millions of black men in Africa, the millions of India, starving yet hopeful, the people of China, awakening to new life, reach out to us for help instead of exploitation. We have come to the cross roads. One way leads to enduring peace; the other to a destiny which men refuse to contemplate. The tragedy of war warns us of the path we must not follow. Our dead in France cry out for peace that they may not have died in vain. It is for us, the young men of America, born in war's idealism, consecrated to human service, led by the hopes of dying comrades, to point men to the sacredness of living—this is the path to peace.

What Price Speed?

J. Russell Lane.

Awarded second prize in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League.

In a recent play with the cryptic title R. U. R., or Rosson's Universal Robots, a scientist is repre-

sented as at last perfecting a mechanical device in the shape and actions of a man, which in a mere machine-like way can perform the ordinary movements of humans, but which can neither feel, reason, nor think, for itself. These pseudo "men" can walk, lift, dig, climb, fetch and carry, handle machinery and tools, keep books, even take dictations, and operate a typewriter. As machines they are amazingly satisfactory, they are tireless and uncomplaining; but unfortunately they must have some human mind to guide them and direct them as must any other machine. The story of how they were made, of their increase in skill, of their ultimate revolt, though weird, is most suggestive, for these figments of a dreamer's fancy, unreal as they must seem, threaten to become a reality in America in a most unexpected way.

I am to talk tonight to people interested in education about a new venture in our schools, a venture hailed by its sponsors as the solution of an acute educational problem, even as the dawn of a new day for the youth of the land; verily a new way of making men and women. I wish to talk about the recent spread of instruction in rapid silent reading as an educational gospel. I wish to discuss this with boldness, and, for a layman, even with presumption. I am going to insist that if the enthusiasts of this cult have their unchecked way, our schools will send forth, not vigorous men

and women able to think straight, feel richly, and live sanely in our civilization and our society, but a dangerous race of mechanical, mindless, soulless, helpless Robots.

Recently educators have discovered that school children read from the printed page with painstaking slowness, and that many who read the slowest do not understand even after they have read. Investigators have piled up an impressive mountain of evidence to show the tremendous leakage and waste in past methods of teaching boys and girls to read from the printed page. Following up their findings they have invented devices for speeding up the silent reading of the pupils in the grades, and with most interesting success. They know now how to teach pupils quicker eye movements, steadier progress across the page, and richer apprehension of what the page contains. For these achievements society owes them great praise. In an era of print and books, the man prepared to meet the world must be able to read fast and must read with ready apprehension. For this gain we should be nothing but thankful.

But the advocates of rapid silent reading have not been content with their discovery and its simple implications; with it now they propose to revolutionize all education. They have become crusaders. They now threaten so revolutionary a move as to abandon all study of the mother tongue in the grades other than the art of reading to one's self

as rapidly as consistent with clear comprehension. The most ardent of these reformers, and some of them in high places, very high places, even propose to eliminate from our grades all instruction in reading orally, all use of the voice in reading, and without offering necessary compensatory instruction in speech. They propose to confine all lessons in language and speech to the one task of rapid reading to oneself alone. From now on our boys and girls are to be voracious devourers of the printed page and this only. And it is this elimination of the oral factor in studying the mother tongue that I denounce here tonight as a deep injustice against the defenseless youth of the land.

Let us look into the case for wiping out oral instruction in the grades. Say the exponents of rapid silent reading, it would take any person far too long to read all of the printed matter he must read for his life's work if he does not master a system of reading it rapidly, a page at a time rather than an idea at a time. With such a method, they say, he can cover much more ground and learn many more things. In this they are correct. Obviously he can cover more ground and read much more. Granted—but more what? Bald facts, and facts only, or else only outlines. Yet psychologists tell us that facts are of no use unless they have some emotional attachment, unless they cause reverberation in our feelings and sentiments and moods. What kind of ideas are best acquired by rapid silent

reading? First, narrative, fiction or else the supposed facts of history; second, the simplest of expositions, various data and statistics; third, outlines and summaries. These anyone skilled in rapid silent reading can acquire with great economy of time and effort. Yet in all fairness we must note that a dangerously large proportion of this type of reading is mere opinion, sheer guesswork, and even bold attempts to deceive. When the reader has snatched this pabulum of narration, statistics-like data, and skeletons of thought, what has he? It may all be false; altogether too often this type of matter is too false or too dull to be acquired at all either by reading fast or by reading slow. To increase the amount of this sort of reading is at best of doubtful benefit. The most thoroughly skilled may easily be the most thoroughly undone.

But something vital is lost when reading is rapid and rapid only. What is this? Some of the greatest values possible from reading. Reduce our reading to mere data and you have most certainly dropped out the best of the world's greatest literature. Read fast and fast only and you are forever barred from most of the world's poetry, from the drama, from thoughtful essays, and from what men generally would call the best of prose. Teach children only how to hurry their reading and offer them no compensating instruction in oral reading or in speech, and to them forever Tennyson, Browning, and Shelley are but mouthers of non-

sense, Milton a befuddled theologian, and Shakespeare a thief of other men's stories. The faster you speed their reading without compensatory oral instruction, the more surely you shut them out from the glories and beauty of poetry, of drama, of eloquence, and of the verbal paintings of beauty in all its forms. Speed them, and speed them, and speed them, and never can they glow with the philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra or suffer with the loneliness of the Lady of Shallot or dream with The Intimations of Immortality. Never can such a one tremble with Lear, laugh with Falstaff, coquette with Rosalind, or mourn with Ophelia. As well try to get the spirit of a Messiah, or an Elijah, or a Tannhauser or an Il Trovatore by acquiring a talent for skimming over the score and the book with all possible speed.

For how is it that you and I ever by ourselves reading the printed page come by a sentiment, or a moment of uplift, of joy, ambition, sorrow, hate, or terror? How are we taken from the here and now into the land of everywhere or never-was? By being able to speak it with sense and feeling. When you and I read Shylock or Antony or Macbeth and get a thrill from it, our thrill is in exact proportion to our ability to read it as if we were reading aloud though we make no sound. Read as fast as you can Shylock's "Many a time and oft, Señor Antonio, you have rated me on my moneys and on my usances" and you have nothing

but querulousness; read Othello's address to the senators with all possible speed, and you have nothing but barrack-room boasts. The only possible way to get from such printed matter its rich freight of meaning is by competence in reading it aloud with all the poise and deliberateness and richness it demands. Cut out from the reading of our boys and girls all the literature that must be read slowly and with deliberation if it would enhance their lives with balance and rhythm and a full sweep of the voice, and you have cut out most of what has been worth keeping throughout the ages. To take this out of the lives of the coming generation would be simply monstrous. Not a lover of the uplifting in literature before me but would protest the loss of such inspiration from his own life.

Not only is this an injustice to the helpless next generation of men and women, but it has consequences for society that must give us pause. Take away from boys and girls the ability to appreciate the best of our literature and you have taken away the highest incentives toward good character and noble living. The very literature from which they would be ever after shut out is of all things the literature of high ideals, of decent living, of great ambitions, and of enduring hope. Shut them off from this literature and you have shut them off from the best source of training in our entire school system in controlling their emotion, their loves,

their hates, their longings, their jealousies, their generosity, and their patrotism.

The beauty of Keats, the devotedness of Mrs. Browning, the simplicity of Burns, the humanness of Walt Whitman, the meaning of the Gettysburg address, and the spiritual outreach of the Psalms—all these are lost to the one who cannot read them well aloud. And to those deprived of the social profit gained from reading great thoughts and honest sentiments to each other or in each other's presence, the loss is simply inestimable. As well try to get a religious motive from Lead Kindly Light or patriotic fervor from The Star Spangled Banner by reading the song book to yourself alone in your study.

The cure for poor oral reading is not good rapid silent reading for the two serve such fundamentally different aims that neither can ever be safely substituted for the other. The only substitution is good reading for bad, the cure, better reading to get the deeper meanings. Improve oral reading to the *n*th degree if you will, but never consent to leave it out of our school program.

If in our grade schools we cease teaching children how to weigh words alond, how to express with their whole natures the emotions of which they read, how to enter into the thoughts, characters, and even the lives of the great persons of literature, what have we left? Handlers of ma-

chines, hewers of wood and drawers of water, receivers of commands, mere mechanisms, to take dictations, write letters, keep books, do errands, obey orders,—a race of robots. But our kind of government cannot survive with voters untrained in feelings and in thinking. As a matter not of educational policy only then, but of true loyalty and patriotism, I call upon teachers and administrators, upon parents and citizens, upon the coming leaders of educational and civic thought to oppose any and all who would take from our public schools the well-proved inspiration of good literature expressed with feeling and power by the agency of the human voice.

The Renaissance from War.

LLOYD H. RISING.

Awarded first prize in the Interstate Oratorical Association Contest.

CHAOS reigned supreme. The city was in ruins. Earthquake and fire had devastated an unsuspecting metropolis. Built by the prophetic perseverance of two hundred years, the "warden of two continents" lay wasted. But it was not destroyed. The leveling of the old made possible the erection of a new, a greater and grander San Francisco.

War reigns supreme. The world is in agony. The cataclysm of a world war has brought pain

and privation, sorrow and suffering, death and desolation to an unsuspecting humanity. Evolved by the sacrificial struggle of two thousand years, civilization is endangered. But it is not to die. The shell hole of war is to be the cradle of a new, higher and nobler civilization. The dream of the ages is just beyond.

But first most urgent economic, political, and religious problems of reconstruction confront us; already we have begun their solution. Upon their ultimate solution depends the entire future of our social order. Met selfishly, a period darker than the Middle Ages will follow; solved by altruism, the vision of the seer—ever heralded, never realized —will be no longer a vague Utopian dream, but actualized reality.

The war is intensifying economic discontent and forcing America to settle age-old differences. Never before has American citizenship been so challenged to forget its selfishness and to minister to a needy world. Yet in centers of population and in remote corners of industry, capital and labor are selfishly opposing each other. Strikes have increased alarmingly since we entered the war. Patriotism demands that classes shall not exploit their own selfish interests at the expense of the nation. It is imperative that capital and labor work together in an equitable and scientific reconstruction of our economic life. The President's Mediation Commission has endeavored to adjust labor disputes;

it has analyzed the forces which are producing industrial instability; and has recommended a labor policy for the United States. That the production of its labor force may be for use, not for profit, the government now controls fuel, food and transportation. The exigencies of war necessitate a new coöperation. When peace is made and the nation grapples with war's economic aftermath, men will find that the old avaricious commercialism was shattered on the blood drenched fields of Europe.

The war is breaking old customs and creating new standards. The men who return from this war will refuse to acknowledge the present assumptions and conventional rights of wealth. They will demand the equality of manhood now in the army. In our military service the problem of class distinctions has been settled. The conscriptive draft spared none. Artificial barriers have been broken. Rich and poor are eating, sleeping, working, planning, fighting, living, dying together. War knows no distinctions. Common aims and common life have amalgamated all classes. It is from the leveling influence of our army régime that hope comes for a new social order. If tremendous effects can be derived from democratic military organization, momentous results will come from democratic industrial organization. We must carry the war democracy over into the work of economic reconstruction.

The Great War is a political war. Autocracy is

in its death struggle against the inevitable advance of world democracy. No longer dissension torn, we are organized to win. More than to triumph in battles and campaigns, we are pledged to make real the principle that a "government rests upon the consent of the governed." When the people have won the war they will forge a democracy as broad as humanity. The terms of peace will look toward a United States of Nations, "a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." A political internationalization may not be accomplished when peace is first made, but there will be a definite movement toward it. Great movements develop slowly. Even the catastrophe of a world war may not force us into a world organization, but it will thrust us a mighty step forward,

> "Till the war drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man,
> The Federation of the world."

In this movement America must lead. The American thinks fearlessly. What looks politically impracticable to the European seems feasible to an American. Youngest of the nations, we are not trammeled by traditions. Boldest of the nations, we are daringly heretical. With a democratic citizenship, the dream of world federation can be more easily and more effectively inaugurated. By

her position, by her politics, by her people, America, the child among the nations, is destined to lead them to universal peace and brotherhood. America has long seen this opportunity, but she has only begun to feel her responsibility. She has considered herself merely a Good Samaritan among the nations. But a kindly altruism is not enough. America's duty is to be the champion of civilization, the only champion whose genuine unselfishness war-weary Europe dares trust.

But that nation which would make the world safe for democracy must first be quite sure that it champions and exemplifies a democracy safe for the world. The world principles for which America fights in Europe must be realized at home. In Europe we contend for the autonomy of weaker nations, for the rights of down-trodden peasants, for the power of choice for colonial peoples. In America we face the inequality of the black race, the shackling of labor, the denial of the ballot to women. America must purge herself before she can lead the allied cause to victory. As Moses led the children of Israel out of bondage; as Luther awakened the church from the lethargy of formalism; as Washington aroused the colonies against the tyranny of aristocracy, so America can, if she will, free the world from the clutch of an inherent political selfishness and usher in the might of right.

Christ is not dead in these days of hate. Men

serving humanity on the battlefield of Europe tell us that they have seen a white robed figure walking about ministering to the wounded and dying. Such phenomena are difficult to harmonize with the stern dicta of our psychology. But it is not for us who remain safely at home to ridicule the vision of those who in the "danger zone" battle for us. Ours is the task of preserving and strengthening the spiritual life of America; of rallying the church to the service of this Comrade in White.

Under the intensity of the testing time sectarianism has broken down; creeds are forgotten; spiritual life is intensified. No longer are we concerned with the foibles and fancies of a man's life, nor do we inquire concerning his petty whims and prejudices. The stress and strain of war have created a new conception of Christianity. There has been evolved the Christianity of which men have long dreamed but never themselves hoped to see; not a profession but a life. A man's religion is not so much a matter of his relation with a mystical unseen God, as with a present visible neighbor. To serve God in life more than in words is now our aim. The Red Cross brings relief to the suffering. The Red Triangle encloses a religion that touches a man's life as he lives it from day to day. This is Christianity in action; this is religion, not institutionalized, but vitalized. This is the burning message of fire that will reconstruct individuals and nations in the religion of life.

This is a desperate and dark hour in the history of the race. In the number of men and nations it involves, in its destruction of natural resources, in its cost of money and life, this war is epoch making. The world is in the travail of its rebirth. World problems are born that demand the reconstruction of our religious, political, and economic structure. In any work of reconstruction there are three classes of prophets; those who see the need and offer a lawless solution—anarchists; those who see the need and offer a social solution alone —socialists; those who see the need and offer a social solution, plus God—they are Christian statesmen. Some hope that Tolstoi's "strange figure from the north will come as a giant to lead the world out of its chaos, to mold from the fragments of a wrecked past the actualized dream of a brotherhood of man, and from the débris of a shattered civilization to usher in the rebirth of the world." But one man cannot do it all. In every nation, in every state, in every city and hamlet there must be men of vision and courage, men who have "strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands," men who dare blaze unknown trails. The Renaissance From War requires heroic leadership. The golden tocsin rings out the clarion challenge for men. There is great promise if men will lead us—now.

The House in Order.

HARRY R. EVANS.

Awarded first prize in the Illinois State Oratorical Contest.

TODAY there is great demand for eyes that see, ears that hear, minds that think, and hearts that feel. There are too many of our so-called respectable citizens who have become too content in their own respectability, too cultured, and too fastidious in their own conceits to think of the matters of reform. As the black and bloody page of world's history has been unfolded in their presence they have shut their eyes to its tale of mankind's distress, closed their ears to the call of reconstruction, narrowed their minds by provincialism, and hardened their hearts by selfishness. They have failed to live the life that is patriotic, thinking, sympathetic, and self-denying.

Shall we think that because we have been numbered with the victors in the recent warfare our work is done? It is well even that victors tighten their helmet straps. Victory is not accomplished until eyes that see not, shall be made to see; ears that hear not, shall be made to hear; minds that think not, shall be made to think; and hearts that feel not, shall be made to feel. As Mazzini has said, "the morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve."

We must not discount the gains of the war, yet

we can not afford to shut our eyes to its devastation. The war has had its glories and its honors; but they have been purchased with a stupendous price, and Germany is not the only nation that must pay that price. The total expenditure was two hundred billion dollars, a sum equal to one-third the total wealth of the belligerents, and one which leaves ten million dollars a year to be provided out of the treasuries of nations that are all but paupers. The cost in the destruction of materials and property was fifty billion dollars, but we do not need to consider so much the financial cost of the war; for the real cost must be estimated in terms of humanity. Seven million live no more as the result of starvation and disease! More than twenty million were wounded, five million of whom were left crippled for life! Six million are the emaciated victims of war poisons! Twenty million women are without homes! The nations have been beaten black and blue!

America's loss is less than that of any other nation. The war was not waged within the confines of her territory, and she has broad prairies that are colored with the yellow harvests and perfumed with the scent of shrubs and flowers that have not known the hoof of hostile cavalry, the tramp of millions of infantry, nor the destruction of enemy artillery. Such is not true of Flanders Fields. We gave our noble patriot sons to the cause freely, but we hear the hum of industry as

before and realize that many of them have returned to the factory and the home fire. In Canada there is scarcely a home that is not in mourning. We see gold flowing into our national coffers and know that we can give our soldiers, sailors, and marines the financial aid they so richly deserve. Picture, if you can, the brave French poilu who gathers about him the faded remnants of his old blue uniform to face a home that is a mere mockery of sacred memories, and think of this America today owning one dollar out of every three, twice as many as any other nation. In a spirit of patriotic exaltation we exclaim, "We are rich! We are independent! We are free!" But there is a still small voice that echoes back the answer, "America, thou must set the house of the world in order."

It seems to be the will of the Almighty that America should have a position of great influence in the parliament of the nations. When she reared her structure of national ideals, she electrified the whole world. Her ideal in government was democracy; in society, equality; in education, cultured character; in industry, emancipation; and in religion, tolerance and freedom. When the American flag was first unfolded to the breezes it meant deliverance to a distressed and struggling people. Why can it not mean the same today? The time has come for America to take her natural position as the leader of the nations. One of the brightest pages in all the world's history was written when

the young western giant among the nations heard the cry of the helpless and war-torn peoples and obeyed the Macedonian call. The date of America's entry into the war, April 6, 1917, has been written in the hearts of men in letters of fire. There is, however, a date that is just as important, the date of the rout of the enemy, November 11, 1918. In the prosecution of the war America did not stop until the last of the enemy's guns were silenced. Now she is called upon to finish the fight, to win the war. She must make secure its idealistic gains and lead in the movement to insure the world against future wars. She must think in terms of coöperative nationality. The world craves peace, but the world will not secure this peace until some wrongs are righted and ideals advanced. America, because of her wealth, her splendid inheritance, and her present influence will be able to defeat or win the final victory.

For this great task of world house cleaning some statesmen speak of a League of Nations and some of The Hague Tribunal. But a League of Nations, however constituted, or The Hague Tribunal, although it may possess police power, will not be the factor most needed for this task which looms before us! War is always preceded by wrong. The world today needs the platform of the Nazarene statesman, the righteous Prince of Peace who died on Calvary's cross in order that men "might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

I recently looked upon a great masterpiece of pictorial art. It was a picture of the Man of Galilee in prayer upon the mountain of Capernaum. The owners of the picture told me that it was worth seventy thousand dollars. As I looked at it, however, I thought that it was sacrilege to say that its worth could be estimated in such a manner. It was worth a lifetime of struggle to have created such a work of art. In it I saw the Sea of Galilee, six miles away,—calm, restful, and reverent, as though even Nature knew that the Son of Man was at prayer. Here and there the stars of the night peeped forth and watched in benediction upon the Christ. The evening star cast its reflection in the calm waters of the sea where the winds and the waves had heard the command, "Peace, be still!" In all the natural life about was the sublime, uplifting, reverence of the sanctuary. I saw the glistening white of his garment and thought of the purity of his soul. I thought of his love for humanity,—beautiful as the Rose of Sharon and enduring as eternity. History does not inform us of the contents of his prayer, for doubtless it was composed of thoughts and feelings that lie too deep for expression. But in the tensed muscles, tightly clasped hands, and buried head I saw and knew the prayer. He was praying for his kingdom of the human heart where love and righteousness rule supreme. He was praying that America, the chosen nation of the twentieth century, might ful-

fill her peculiar mission. In fancy I saw him arise, strike off the fetters of wrong, and proclaim a new heaven and a new earth. Then with tear-stained eyes I saw the Stars and Stripes and the other flags of the nations of the world intertwined with the blood-red banner of the cross floating over the house in order.

The Sacrifice that Failed.

J. H. Bumby.

Awarded first prize in the Wisconsin State Oratorical Contest.

It is Armistice Day, 1922, in the nation's capitol. Respect for the war's heroes is expressed in a two minutes' silence. When the guns boom at the appointed time every wheel stops turning. A coal man kneels down in his coal wagon. The carpenter stops laying his shingles and bows his head. Statesmen sit with folded hands. Veterans of the war stand stiffly at attention. Mothers who had given their only sons stare blindly, as the tears fall from their eyes. In "S" Street, a former president of the Republic, shattered in body but still alert in mind, stands with uncovered head before a silent throng of people who have gathered before his home on this memorable anniversary. Every heart knows its own bitterness and its own hope. The two minutes are quickly over. The guns boom

again. So many thoughts, all in two minutes! Memories crowd fast upon the mind. We live once more in the past as in a dream.

Four million men, the flower of American youth, seek with righteous motives the registration offices to enlist in a great army of knights errant in the cause of human freedom. Two million men take "solemn and tender leave of their loved ones," and steam away to France over submarine infested seas, "to do and to die for the eternal truth."

America's forces reach France in time to snatch victory from the hand of humanity's oppressors. There by the bloody Marne, in Belleau's charred wood, in the Argonne's torn forest, on Château-Thierry's summit, in the village of Saint Mihiel they perform deeds that will never be forgotten. There they exemplify the splendid courage and irresistible energy of the American soldier—a courage and energy that wrench the fruits of victory from the veritable jaws of death. With a light upon their faces—the light of those who fight in the spirit of self defense, of national honor and of humanity—they inspire confidence in their weary Allies and force the enemy back to the Rhine.

But in this struggle for right and justice, thousands upon thousands of our American boys made the supreme sacrifice and now sleep serenely in the poppy fields of Flanders and on the sunny hillsides of France.

On November 11, 1918, the Great War came

to an end almost as suddenly as it had begun. The Armistice was signed. The homecoming was triumphant. But the hell of the war had left its print upon every returning veteran. Some who had departed young and carefree, now returned old and careworn. They had left their youth in France. Some returned groping in darkness. They had lost their sight in France. Some returned tubercular. They had given their health in France. Some returned in body well enough. But they had spent their minds in France. Some returned sad and sorrowful. They had buried their comrades in France.

And why had these tremendous sacrifices been made? Because these men and the nation had caught a vision of elemental and eternal things. The American soldier went forth to battle in this war for the cause of human justice and freedom with no hatred in his heart for any people, but with a loathing for war and the things that lead to war. As a representative of the world's greatest democracy, he offered his life as a sacrifice for the victory of her principles of right and justice over the armed forces of autocratic and military rule. In war's light he saw the basis of universal peace and the brotherhood of man. He fought to make his beloved nation the leader in a new order of international understanding and good-will.

But having brought the war to a successful con-

clusion, we withdrew our interest and our influence, leaving the rest of the world in a state of general prostration, misery, and despair. When we should have brought the breath of spring by our guiding influence and cooperation, we left Europe in a perfect maelstrom of international feuds, racial hatreds, suspicions, disturbances of every kind. Huge standing armies are still maintained. People distrust their neighbors. Nations are still thinking only of themselves. Confusion multiplies. Distrust spreads apace. Wars and revolutions menace Europe like angels of wrath. Yet realizing these conditions, we fail to find any way to use our great reservoir of moral power, of idealism, of influence to bring the beauty of hope for the desolation of ashes; the oil of a new joy for the burden of mourning; the garment of peace for the spirit of heaviness.

No nation ever entered war with loftier motives. But no nation ever failed more completely to realize its wartime ideals.

Four years ago the nations of Europe looked upon us as the most idealistic, unselfish, and generous people on the face of the earth. It was universally recognized that the United States was entering the council chamber of the world. For the first time in history the common people, their rights and their welfare were being considered in general conference. The militaristic spirit was losing ground. The thought of a new order of peace was

in the minds of the peoples. But suddenly a strange thing happened. There was a change for universal evil. The spirit of fear, the spirit that doubts the reign of justice, resumed its sway over the minds of men. The United States had announced a policy of isolation. The most important chair at the council table became vacant. With a policy of selfish exclusiveness we forfeited our place of trust and leadership among the nations of the world. Europe pointed to America with the finger of scorn.

We went into the war to depose an ambitious and militaristic ruler. We established a republic in Germany. But her people are now floundering in flagrant lawlessness, suffering desperately because of deflated currency, and struggling helplessly in industrial demoralization. Her financial and industrial fabric is tottering to its ruin. But in face of these conditions we coldly say to her, "Set your house in order." Unable to adjust herself to the terms of the Versailles Treaty, the foundations of her daily life are destroyed. But we leave her friendless and alone.

We went into the war to protect France from the ravages of an autocratic invader. But we have left her bankrupt and bleeding. We have left her in mortal fear that her enemy may grow strong again and fly at her throat. We have left her without any assurance that her young men will not be dragged from their homes in the future and her churches, fields, and orchards devastated anew.

With apparent indifference we have seen her forced to occupy the Ruhr Valley, a policy which is sowing dragon's teeth in Europe and causing incalculable loss to our own people.

We went into the war for the delivery of the world from the curse of secret diplomacy and intrigue—to have one great concert of nations, free from trouble breeding alliances and balances of power. We propounded the doctrine that every nation, great or small, has a right to live its own life, to determine its own policies, and to carry out its own ideals. We asserted that no nation, great or small, has the right to interfere with the life of any other; and that any aggression, any interference from the outside with the domestic concerns of other nations or any dispute between nations which might lead to war, is a matter in which we and in which every other peace loving country of the world should be consulted with the object of preventing an outbreak. But we have steadfastly refused to unite with any permanent organization which might bring about this desired result. While boasting of our "splendid isolation" we have witnessed the successive paralysis of the foreign exchanges, a revival of the spirit of militarism; the tottering of the most democratic government Germany ever had, a fresh crisis in Europe every few months; and for us an enormous decline in our export trade, with its inevitable effect upon domestic contentment. Yet we refuse to take

our place in a new order of internationalism. Even with civilization on fire, a great Christian nation sits unmoved.

It is folly to dally with delusions. We have spent four precious years in cowardly hesitancy. The streets of Europe are crowded with hungry men and women waiting impatiently for the wheels of industry to turn and the nations to become pacified and rehabilitated. Laid waste with war, the nations groan under the burdens of debt and gaze blankly into the future. Yet Congress refuses to call a conference to discuss the adjustment of debts and methods of reconstruction. The richest and most favored nation in the world, we do nothing to bring about a better international situation. Knowing that the world is a neighborhood of nations, we close our eyes and pass by on the other side, leaving our neighbors stripped of their raiment, wounded, and half dead by the roadside.

In the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, on a beautiful hillside sloping to the placid Potomac, with the magnificent panorama of Washington in the distance, lie the remains of an unknown soldier who gave his life in France for the honor, the integrity, and the ideals of this nation. Who can measure the sacrifices! Who knows what ambitions surged through his breast! Who knows what love burned in his heart! Who knows what father and mother loved and cherished him, denied themselves for him, and looked forward to the

time when, in their declining years, he should be their pride and comfort! Who knows but that somewhere within the broad limits of the nation some mother is still waiting, still watching, still praying for his return! Must we tell that mother that her sacrifice and that of her son have been in vain? Must we proclaim it to the world that because of our lack of vision thirty millions of lives and three billions in property have been placed upon the altar of international brotherhood—and that this colossal sacrifice has failed?

How long will the American people accept this failure? When will the leaders of our nation begin to pursue peace in the same spirit in which our soldiers pursued war? When will America rise to the height of this great argument, to the greatness of her idealism and her magnanimity, and express herself actively in sympathy and cooperation with a broken world? Our fighting men did their full duty. Our civilian authorities must carry on the supremely important work turned over to them unfinished when our soldiers were ordered to stack their arms. A divine agency made us a part of the world and no human device can change the order of things.

Still preserving our national traditions and satisfying our national aspirations, we must sit once more around the council table of the nations and bear our full share in lifting the burdens of the world. May God speed the moment for this great

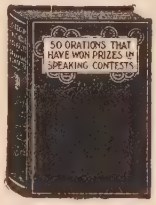
decision! Then shall we lift up our eyes and be glad. Then shall we bow our heads and say with honest hearts, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven." Then, and then only, shall we have the blessed satisfaction of knowing that those who gave so freely in the cause of humanity did not sacrifice in vain.

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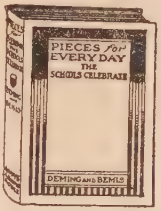
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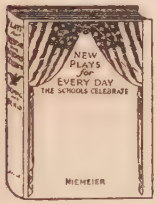
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